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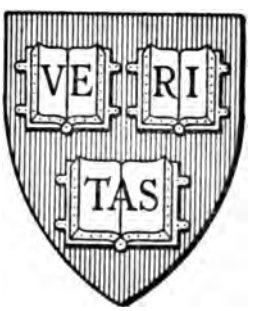
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Robert Troup Paine

A VISIT

to Harvard College

TO

GREECE AND CONSTANTINOPLE,

IN THE YEAR 1827–8.

BY HENRY A. V. POST,

ONE OF THE AGENTS OF THE NEW YORK GREEK COMMITTEE.

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"A Visit to Greece and Constantinople, in the year 1827-8. By Henry A. V. Post, one of the agents of the New York Greek Committee."

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FRED. J. BETTS,
Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

A VISIT TO GREECE.

&c. &c.



PREFACE.

The author of this volume sailed for Greece on the 12th of September, 1827, as agent for the distribution of a cargo of provisions and clothing among the suffering people of that country. Some time after his return he was tempted by a period of leisure, to prepare for the press a short account of the things which he saw and heard during his sojourn abroad, hoping that it might perhaps be read with some interest, at a moment of such universal anxiety and curiosity respecting that portion of the globe which he visited. It was not, however, until the latter part of the summer of 1829, that he resolved to undertake the task; and since that time the completion of it has been unavoidably delayed by circumstances of a private nature. With a trembling hand, the author now lays the result of his labours before the public: he knows the stern tribunal before which he has to appear, and neither asks nor expects any indulgence. He would only state, in order to justify himself in anticipation against the charge of presumption, that he has not ventured upon the hazardous experiment of publication, without taking the advice of those whose judgment he has reason to respect. If he has been deceived and misled by the partiality of friendship, let the work be consigned without mercy to the flames, and let all the people cry, amen!

A few words of explanation are here necessary, respecting the rule which has been adopted by the author in the writing of Greek names. The general practice of foreigners in this particular is extremely various, and in most cases erroneous. The

French and Italians almost uniformly follow, with regard to the Greek, the same absurd plan which they have adopted in relation to other foreign languages; that of mutilating and distorting and entirely remodelling all proper names, so as to accommodate them to their respective idioms. The English are not often directly guilty of this practice, although they sometimes render themselves accessaries after the fact, by receiving and adopting the perversions of the French and Italians. Another common source of error, is the circumstance of not attending to the distinction between the nominative and vocative cases. As the latter is used by persons addressing each other, it is more frequently heard than the former, and is therefore very naturally mistaken for the name of which it is an inflection. Many foreigners, moreover, either from ignorance of the language, or inadvertency, or the strangest notions of propriety, write the Greek names according to the sound, without paying any regard to the orthography. Owing to these and perhaps other causes, it rarely happens that a Romaïc name is correctly spelled by a Frank. For *Ioannes*, we sometimes find *Yani*; for *Georgios*, *Yoryi*, or *Yorgi*; for *Demetrios*, *Demetri*; for *Nikolakes*, *Nicolaky*; for *Panagiotes*, *Panayotti*; and so with many others that might be enumerated. The names of this description, that occur in the following pages, are given for the most part in their native Greek form, without regard to the pronunciation, or to the corruptions sustained in passing through other languages. The only exceptions to this general rule are some few names of places, which we have been so long accustomed to see in a foreign dress, that they would scarcely be recognised in their native costume. Such, for instance, are Coron, Modon, Navarino, Missalonghi, Scio; which, if correctly written, would be *Korone*, *Mothone*, *Abarinos*, *Mesologgion*, *Chios*.* There are indeed two or three names of per-

* The uniform change of *υ* into *y* may appear to be another departure from the rule laid down; but this letter when unconnected with another vowel, seems in reality, both in ancient and modern Greek, to be the same thing as our *y*, and is always so rendered in Latin; as, for example, in the words, *Corcyra*, *Syria*, &c.

sons, which have inadvertently been slightly changed from their original form, by attending to the sound instead of the orthography; such as *Grivas* and *Tombazes*, which if written with strict accuracy, would be, *Gribas*, *Tompazes*. As some difficulty or doubt may arise, as to the pronunciation of these Romaïc names, it may not be improper to observe, that *ai* must be sounded as *a* in *mate*; *au*, as *av*, or *af*; *ei*, *oi*, and *ui*, as *e* long; *eu*, as *ev*, or *ef*; *b*, as *v*; *g* before *e* and *i*, as *y* in the beginning of a word; *d*, as *th* in *them*; *p* after *m*, and *mp* in the beginning of a word, as *b*; *t* after *n*, as *d*; and the termination *es*, (being formed in Greek by *η*,) as *ees*, with the hard sound of the *s*. These are the chief peculiarities of the Romaïc pronunciation, to which it is necessary to pay attention.

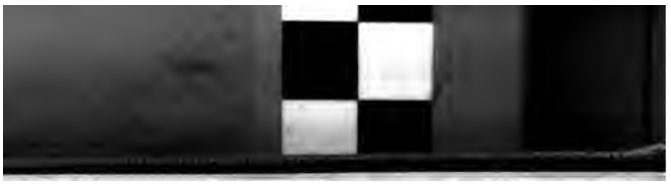
An ode, and a number of political documents in the original Greek, have been placed at the end of the volume, under the belief that they will be interesting to some persons, as specimens of the language, as it is now written among the higher classes of the people.



A VISIT TO GREECE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is an "evil under the sun," and a sore evil too, which the greater part of mankind have never known: it is, to arrive in some tranquil port, after the toils and turmoils of a tedious voyage, tired of the confinement of a pent-up cabin, and delighted with the novel and inviting prospect of a strange city, and though free from the remotest symptoms of pestilence or disease, to be sent off, like malefactors, to the irksome durance of a lazaretto. Such was our unhappy fate, on arriving at Gibraltar, after a month's tossing to and fro, upon the stormy bosom of the Atlantic. We were putting ourselves in order for going ashore, and were nearly ready to step into the jolly-boat, when the health officer came alongside, and, after the usual interrogatories, sentenced us to a five days quarantine. If he had sentenced us all to be hung, our surprise and disappointment could hardly have been greater. It was in vain we represented, that we had left New York without even a suspicion of any contagious disease, that we had had no sickness during the passage, and that all on board were in perfect health: we had come from America, that land of yellow fever, and this alone was sufficient for our condemnation. It mattered not whether we had been fifty or five hundred days at sea: we might have been blown upon and ventilated by Atlantic gales till the end of time, and the pestilential vapours



would still have clung to us. But by the simple process of lying five days in port, in the midst of a congregation of vessels from the most unhealthy portions of the globe, without raising a hatch or moving a barrel, and even without the application of a single bucket of water, the contagious influences were so thoroughly purged away, as completely to quiet the apprehensions of the timid Spaniards, and their most sapient English rulers. The boats, which but the day before had cautiously kept aloof, now came fearlessly alongside of us; the hands, which had not even dared to take a letter from us but by means of long tongs, now "joined gripes" with us without alarm; and we circulated freely through the city, jostling several of the inhabitants on our way, without producing a single case of plague or yellow fever!

The only landing place for every thing that enters Gibraltar, is a small projecting quay or mole, immediately under the guns of a formidable battery of granite. All vessels discharge their cargoes in the bay, by means of lighters, which are constantly crowding with their burdens around this common receptacle. From its contracted limits, it necessarily becomes a place of great bustle and confusion. It is constantly heaped up with bales and boxes of merchandise, and crowded with carts, and horses, and mules, and asses, and an obstreperous multitude extracted from almost every nation under the sun. The pulling, and hauling, and shouting, and braying, and bellowing, raise together a din and hubbub never surpassed by either Babel or Bedlam. Many of the peasantry, from Algeciras and the other neighbouring towns, were standing on the mole when we landed. I shrunk from them involuntarily, as though I had been surrounded by so many banditti. They have a singularly savage and cut-throat appearance, which cannot fail to excite suspicion and distrust in the mind of every stranger who sees them for the first time. From the well known character of the Spanish peasantry in general, the samples that we saw of them were probably no better than

they seemed. But it is dangerous to condemn a man from his physiognomy alone; and even these desperate looking Spaniards may perhaps "belie their countenances," as Addison significantly expresses it, and, in spite of their big black whiskers, sunburnt complexions, and fierce-rolling eyes, may be as honest fellows as any in the world. Their costume is quite picturesque. It consists of a small spherical hat of wool, with a broad band of figured velvet, a short jacket, a red sash round the waist, tight breeches, and leggings below the knees, of figured leather.

The farfamed rock of Gibraltar is an oblong and rugged hill, jutting out into the sea, and rising abruptly from the water to the height of nearly 1500 feet. Its summit is a broken, undulating ridge, of which the most elevated part is the southernmost peak, called the Sugarloaf. It is nearly insulated, communicating with the mainland by only a low and narrow sandbank. The town is built much in the Italian style, and stands upon the side of the rock, facing the bay. It is securely defended from any assault in front, by a long line of fortifications, handsomely built of large blocks of hewn granite, and strongly mounted with heavy artillery. When viewed from the bay, it has a gay and inviting appearance; but like many other a seeming fair one, loses many of its charms upon closer inspection.

It has an odd effect, to see English names to Spanish streets, and English signs upon Spanish houses. The city is decidedly continental; but a walk of five minutes through the streets, proclaims at once the usurped dominion of the mistress of the seas. The present Governor is Sir George Don: his bust fills a niche in the *façade* of the Exchange. The population is a motley and heterogeneous mixture. The ruddy Englishman, the swarthy Spaniard, the tawny Moor, the turbaned Turk, the wily Israelite, and the meekly plodding donkey, (among whom the latter two hold the most conspicuous rank,) crowd the streets, and present probably as



striking a variety of costume and character, as is to be met with in any city of Europe.

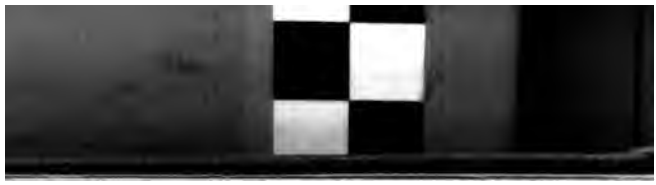
It is rather remarkable, that in a town like Gibraltar, containing so large a number of English residents, there should be no Protestant place of worship besides the private chapel of the Governor. It is the more remarkable, because the English are in general, above every other nation, scrupulously attentive to the external observance of their religion. In every city on the continent, which is at all frequented by them, they have their own chapel, (sometimes indeed nothing more than an ordinary chamber,) where service is regularly performed by some one of their clerical travellers. This reproach, however, will soon be removed from the English at Gibraltar; for they are now erecting a large and elegant church, in the Moorish style of architecture, which, when finished, will be the finest building in the city. Another fact perhaps still more surprising is, that there is but one Catholic church in the whole town: a fact, from which we may venture to infer, that the Spaniards here are little more devout than their English neighbours.

We formed a party of six or eight Americans, and spent a day in an interesting walk over the rock and fortifications. The subterraneous excavations are probably the most stupendous works of the kind in the world; not even excepting the admired galleries of the Simplon, or the famous outlet of the lake of Albano, executed by the ancient Romans. They consist of an immense labyrinth of winding galleries, cut through the solid rock, and in the very bowels of the mountain, and large enough for a carriage to drive through. From these principal avenues, branch off at intervals a great number of lateral corridors, terminating in small chambers with deep sunk port-holes, in which hundreds of the largest guns lie constantly in ambush, ready at any moment to blaze forth their deadly contents upon the intruding foe. The most remarkable parts of the excavations are Cornwallis' and St.

George's halls; two large vaulted chambers, hollowed out of projections in the mountain, with walls, floor, and roof, all of one entire mass of solid rock.

After groping for an hour in subterranean darkness, we emerged into the upper air, and ascended to the signal-house, a neat little building, perched upon one of the highest peaks of the rock. Its elevation is 1276 feet above the level of the sea. A gun is fired here at sunrise, sunset, and nine o'clock in the evening. After the sunset gun, the gates are closed, and nothing is permitted to enter or leave the town. Here also is the telegraph station, which gives notice of all vessels that make their appearance in the straits. We were regaled with bread, cheese, eggs, and wine, by the sergeant's wife, a tidy little woman, who claimed relationship to us, on the ground of having been born at Halifax. Our entertainment was gratuitous; that is, no price was set, but it was left to our generosity to give such an honorarium as we pleased; a device very common in Europe, by which the host not only gains credit for his hospitality, but is sure of receiving five times as much as his bounty is worth.

From the signal-house we descended towards point Europa, the southernmost extremity of the rock, to visit a natural curiosity, which threw far into the shade the artificial works which we had just been admiring. This is St. Michael's cave, a frightful cavern which opens its tremendous jaws upon the astonished beholder, with sufficient terrors to be the "descensus averni," or the mouth of the bottomless pit. The entrance is through a stupendous arch, which leads by a steep and slippery path, farther than the enterprise of man has yet ventured to explore. It is the vulgar belief that it extends under the bed of the sea, all the way to Apes hill, on the opposite continent. This notion has its origin in the strange and mysterious visits which are sometimes made by the monkey tribes of Africa; for it seems taken for granted that they must cross over from the African side. As they are never seen



upon the water, and the distance in fact seems too great for them to swim, and as they are not known to possess the power of flying, or in other words, as they neither pass through the water, nor over it, it is natural to infer that they must find their way under it; and the idea is rendered sufficiently plausible to the vulgar mind, by the existence of this singular and unfathomable passage through "the solid entrails of the earth." The first part of the cavern is immensely high. Its lofty arched roof, and long pendent stalactites call forcibly to mind some rude Gothic cathedral. As you descend and advance, the ascending stalagmite rises to meet the descending stalactite, the rocks are thrown together in every grotesque variety of form and colour, the passages become narrow and intricate, and all is soon lost in impenetrable darkness. The dimly seen stalagmites rising in fantastic shapes in the distant obscurity, and spotted here and there with a few scattered rays of light, look like so many spectres or goblins, lurking in their silent and gloomy abodes. The awful sublimity of the scene is greatly heightened by the incessant chirping of crickets, and the chattering and fluttering of bats, which, together with the slow trickling of water, and the voice or tread of some occasional visiter, are the only sounds that ever disturb the death-like stillness of this singular place. Another similar, though smaller cavern, was discovered some years ago by a soldier, who, pursuing a young hawk, at the risk of his life, high up the rock, suddenly came upon its mouth.

We left Gibraltar with a propitious breeze, which carried us, in the short period of eight days, to Cerigo, the southernmost of the Ionian Islands. This is the ancient Cythera, the birth-place, or rather the landing-place of Venus, where she was carried by the Zephyrs, as she arose from the foam of the sea. Cerigo is a most unclassical looking spot of earth, and unless it has very much changed in character, as in name, from the ancient Cythera, must have been a most unfit abode for the Goddess of love and beauty, or any Goddess at all, but

the Goddess of barrenness and deformity. We came to anchor at Kapsali, the principal harbour in the island, to make the necessary inquiries respecting the situation of affairs in Greece. We here received the joyful intelligence, which has since thrilled the heart of every Christian and philanthropist throughout Europe and America, that the formidable armaments of Constantinople and Alexandria, which had been sent forth to Greece with commissions of death and destruction, to crush the last hopes of liberty in that devoted country, by one final and exterminating blow, had been totally destroyed but ten days before, by the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia, in the ever memorable battle of Navarino. The long expected and long delayed interference of the allied powers, arrived just in time for the salvation of Greece. She was nearly expiring, the miserable victim of the private feuds and jealousies of her unprincipled rulers; without money, without resources of any kind, without any other means of defence, than a few wretchedly equipped vessels, and a handful of half-starved, undisciplined troops; without even the spirit to attempt any resistance against an attack, which threatened her with instant and certain destruction. But the haughty Moslem dared to insult the majesty of England—the insult was avenged—and Greece was delivered. At the moment when she had given up all hopes of safety, and her trembling children, resigning themselves to their fate,

"Stood motionless expectants of her fall;"

while the exulting Turk was bending with his envenomed poniard over his helpless prey, the dreadful blow was arrested, and Greece was forever freed from Turkish tyranny and oppression.

We had good reason to rejoice in this important event, in an interested point of view; for if it had not taken place, we should probably have fallen in with the Ottoman squadron,



and if they had discovered our destination, we might have been strung up to the yard-arm, or carried off to the shambles of Smyrna or Constantinople. We were congratulating ourselves upon our happy escape, when the same voice which had communicated the glad tidings of the victory of Navarino, cautioned us in the same breath to beware of the piratical vessels, which were swarming along the whole coast of Greece. The same caution was repeated to us by the captain of the British frigate Glasgow, who came alongside of us off St. Nicholas, another harbour in the island, and consoled us with the additional information, that one of our countrymen had been robbed a few days before off Cape St. Angelo.* We were ill equipped for fighting, our only weapons, offensive and defensive, consisting of one old six pounder, three muskets, two pair of pistols, a rusty sword, and a few boarding pikes; but we determined nevertheless to put on a bold face, and if need should be, to try the fortune of war with the first invader. There is no telling what prodigies of valour we might have performed, in case we had been attacked; but we were unfortunately deprived of so favourable an opportunity of distinguishing ourselves. We continued on our course without "let, hindrance, or molestation," until sundown the next day, when we dropped anchor before Napoli di Romania, within sight of Argos, and at the head of that magnificent bay, whose waters once bore the proud ships of Agamemnon.

* This was the Phœbe Ann of New York, which was taken into Monembasia, robbed of her cargo, and then released.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY the next morning, the governor and several of the other dignitaries of the town, paid us a visit, in a huge, clumsy caique, accompanied by a pompous retinue of splendidly equipped soldiers. They were richly arrayed in the graceful and manly costume of Albania,* and armed with gold and silver-mounted swords and pistols, of elegant and costly workmanship, the spoils which had been taken in battle from their

* The Albanian costume is universally worn by the Greek soldiers, and very generally among the other classes, except in the islands, where the Hydriote dress prevails. It consists of a short embroidered jacket, made without any collar, with sleeves opening from a little below the elbow, and displaying around the wrist, the loose, ungathered sleeves of the shirt; a close buttoning vest of the same materials and workmanship; a *phoustanella*, or sort of petticoat, of white linen or muslin, gathered close around the waist and hanging in voluminous folds a little below the knee; tight embroidered leggings of cloth; a sort of nondescript sharp-pointed shoes, and a sash around the waist. The forehead, temples, and face, excepting the upper lip, are shaved close, the hair suffered to run wild behind, and the only head-dress is a scull-cap of red cloth, with a silk tassel in the centre. The *phoustanella* from its ample dimensions, is the most singular part of the dress; its ordinary circumference is from twelve to eighteen yards. Those who carry arms, wear over the sash, a broad leather belt, in which they stick their pistols and *ataghan*. The Hydriote costume consists of a jacket and vest of similar fashion, but less gaudy decorations; pantaloons in the form of an immense bag, drawn up close around the waist, with holes at the corners for the legs to pass through, and reaching just below the knees; plain shoes and stockings; and a sash, in which is generally worn a small silver-sheathed knife.



A VISIT TO GREECE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is an "evil under the sun," and a sore evil too, which the greater part of mankind have never known: it is, to arrive in some tranquil port, after the toils and turmoils of a tedious voyage, tired of the confinement of a pent-up cabin, and delighted with the novel and inviting prospect of a strange city, and though free from the remotest symptoms of pestilence or disease, to be sent off, like malefactors, to the irksome durance of a lazaretto. Such was our unhappy fate, on arriving at Gibraltar, after a month's tossing to and fro, upon the stormy bosom of the Atlantic. We were putting ourselves in order for going ashore, and were nearly ready to step into the jolly-boat, when the health officer came alongside, and, after the usual interrogatories, sentenced us to a five days quarantine. If he had sentenced us all to be hung, our surprise and disappointment could hardly have been greater. It was in vain we represented, that we had left New York without even a suspicion of any contagious disease, that we had had no sickness during the passage, and that all on board were in perfect health: we had come from America, that land of yellow fever, and this alone was sufficient for our condemnation. It mattered not whether we had been fifty or five hundred days at sea: we might have been blown upon and ventilated by Atlantic gales till the end of time, and the pestilential vapours

noble appellation of mules, but bearing some most suspicious marks of donkey pedigree. Our route lay principally over the beautiful and classic plain of Argos, once ruled by the "King of men," but now presenting a melancholy prospect of desolated fields and deserted villages, the sad and mournful traces which successive invaders had left behind them. A few olive, lemon, and fig trees, with here and there a small patch of cotton or tobacco, were the only signs of cultivation, over the whole of this extensive and fertile territory. We passed from time to time a few wretched peasants, who were guarding the little spots which they had sown, uncertain who should reap them; or watching the numerous flocks of some rich *Kapitanos* or *Proestos*,* which were fattening upon the rank herbage that sprang spontaneously from the soil.

The ruins of Tiryns are but a very short distance from Napoli. They consist of nothing more than some masses of Cyclopean walls and substructions, which are only interesting as the vestiges of remote antiquity and as memorials of the city which gave its name to the Tirynthian hero, and whose walls, according to Pausanias, were accounted no less a wonder than the pyramids of Egypt. A ride of three hours and a half brought us to the splendid city of Perseus, and capital of the "far-ruling Agamemnon." This celebrated place was in ruins long before the Christian era, and was regarded by the ancients themselves, as a venerable remnant of antiquity. But even its ruins have nearly disappeared, and the renowned abode of the Atridæ has passed into the hands of a few shepherds, who have built their huts in its vicinity, and who know nothing of the soil upon which they tread, but that it furnishes them an indifferent pasture for their flocks. The few remains of Mycenæ are of Cyclopean structure, and having stood for three thousand years, will probably resist the un-

* Primate.

assisted efforts of time to destroy them, and continue to stand, until the great destroyer himself shall be no more. The entrance to the citadel is still in good preservation, with a part of the walls on each side, and above it a pair of sculptured lions, as they are generally called, though, in fact, they would pass for tigers or panthers about as well as for lions. This is evidently the production of a rude age, and is perhaps the earliest specimen of Grecian sculpture, that has been handed down to our times. But the most remarkable and interesting of these ancient relics, is the conical edifice, which is known by the contested names of the treasury of Atreus, and the tomb of Agamemnon. It would be superfluous to repeat the discussions of antiquarians in relation to this subject; suffice it to say, that the more general and approved opinion is, that the fabric in question was erected, not for the treasures of Atreus, but for the ashes of his illustrious grandson. It is of a conical form, fifty feet in diameter, and about the same number of feet in height; and being covered to the top with a considerable thickness of earth, forms externally, a huge, irregular mound. It is constructed of enormous blocks of stone, which it must have puzzled even Polyphemus and his stout workmen to wield. The slab which forms the lintel of the doorway, is thirty feet in length, fifteen in breadth, and five in thickness. This proud Mausoleum of the Grecian Hero, is now applied to the most profane and degrading uses. Its unguarded entrance lies open to the feet of every intruder; the shepherd makes it a fold for his flocks, and the husbandman a stall for his cattle; they light up their fires and drawl away their whining ditties, heedless of the mighty ghost that haunts the spot; the passing traveller takes shelter under its solid canopy from the wintry blast or scorching sun;—and even the devout pilgrim, who, like ourselves, finds his appetite aroused by the unwonted fatigues of his journey, begs from the first peasant that he sees, a portion of his barley loaf and sheep's milk cheese, and seating himself down upon some

striking a variety of costume and character, as is to be met with in any city of Europe.

It is rather remarkable, that in a town like Gibraltar, containing so large a number of English residents, there should be no Protestant place of worship besides the private chapel of the Governor. It is the more remarkable, because the English are in general, above every other nation, scrupulously attentive to the external observance of their religion. In every city on the continent, which is at all frequented by them, they have their own chapel, (sometimes indeed nothing more than an ordinary chamber,) where service is regularly performed by some one of their clerical travellers. This reproach, however, will soon be removed from the English at Gibraltar; for they are now erecting a large and elegant church, in the Moorish style of architecture, which, when finished, will be the finest building in the city. Another fact perhaps still more surprising is, that there is but one Catholic church in the whole town: a fact, from which we may venture to infer, that the Spaniards here are little more devout than their English neighbours.

We formed a party of six or eight Americans, and spent a day in an interesting walk over the rock and fortifications. The subterraneous excavations are probably the most stupendous works of the kind in the world; not even excepting the admired galleries of the Simplon, or the famous outlet of the lake of Albano, executed by the ancient Romans. They consist of an immense labyrinth of winding galleries, cut through the solid rock, and in the very bowels of the mountain, and large enough for a carriage to drive through. From these principal avenues, branch off at intervals a great number of lateral corridors, terminating in small chambers with deep sunk port-holes, in which hundreds of the largest guns lie constantly in ambush, ready at any moment to blaze forth their deadly contents upon the intruding foe. The most remarkable parts of the excavations are Cornwallis' and St.

George's halls; two large vaulted chambers, hollowed out of projections in the mountain, with walls, floor, and roof, all of one entire mass of solid rock.

After groping for an hour in subterranean darkness, we emerged into the upper air, and ascended to the signal-house, a neat little building, perched upon one of the highest peaks of the rock. Its elevation is 1276 feet above the level of the sea. A gun is fired here at sunrise, sunset, and nine o'clock in the evening. After the sunset gun, the gates are closed, and nothing is permitted to enter or leave the town. Here also is the telegraph station, which gives notice of all vessels that make their appearance in the straits. We were regaled with bread, cheese, eggs, and wine, by the sergeant's wife, a tidy little woman, who claimed relationship to us, on the ground of having been born at Halifax. Our entertainment was gratuitous; that is, no price was set, but it was left to our generosity to give such an honorarium as we pleased; a device very common in Europe, by which the host not only gains credit for his hospitality, but is sure of receiving five times as much as his bounty is worth.

From the signal-house we descended towards point Europa, the southernmost extremity of the rock, to visit a natural curiosity, which threw far into the shade the artificial works which we had just been admiring. This is St. Michael's cave, a frightful cavern which opens its tremendous jaws upon the astonished beholder, with sufficient terrors to be the "descensus averni," or the mouth of the bottomless pit. The entrance is through a stupendous arch, which leads by a steep and slippery path, farther than the enterprise of man has yet ventured to explore. It is the vulgar belief that it extends under the bed of the sea, all the way to Apes hill, on the opposite continent. This notion has its origin in the strange and mysterious visits which are sometimes made by the monkey tribes of Africa; for it seems taken for granted that they must cross over from the African side. As they are never seen

and what is far more deplorable, the injury had extended to the persons of the inhabitants, a considerable number of whom were sacrificed during these unfortunate troubles.

From Napoli we proceeded to Poros, the head-quarters of Americans in Greece.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER landing and securing the remainder of our cargo at Poros, I proceeded with a portion of it to the isthmus of Corinth, where great numbers of fugitives had assembled from different parts of the country, and were living in a state of the most shocking privation and distress. We hired for this purpose a small *martigo*,* well supplied with arms, to resist any attack from pirates or the lawless soldiery, and manned with a dozen stout Poreotes, the most decent and respectable crew that I ever saw on board of any vessel.†

* A kind of vessel very common in the Archipelago, with a single, square rigged mast.

† While the scale of society is in general so much more elevated among the civilized nations of Europe, than in Greece, the Greek sailors are a much superior class of men to those of either England or America. They are not mere hirelings, who ship for a single voyage, and squander away their earnings, the first opportunity, in low and degrading debaucheries; they are frequently men of families, who have an interest in the vessel in which they sail, and to which they are permanently attached. There are many towns, such as Hydra, Spetzia, Tenos, Mykone, &c., inhabited almost entirely by the families of seafaring men. Though they are a good deal addicted to their light wines and *raki*, as their common strong beverage is called, they rarely run into that excessive indulgence, which disgraces the seamen of other countries. An English or American sailor is a mere animal; he

Taking with me an intelligent young Greek as a scribe, and a *Palikari* as a body guard, we set sail on the morning of the 13th November, and being favoured by a strong breeze, dropped anchor on the evening of the same day, in the port of Kalamaki.

Kalamaki is an insignificant place, consisting of nothing more than three or four huts or sheds, one of which is occupied as a custom-house, and the rest as shops, where a few simple commodities are kept for the supply of the vessels that frequent the port. It has a population of half a dozen souls! but the number was swelled at the present moment by a gang of ragged and filthy soldiers, who were lounging about the shops, amusing themselves with their favourite game of

makes himself such by his vices, and is treated as such by his officers. He is placed at an awful distance below his captain, and kept under a useless and humiliating severity of discipline; he is spoken to like a dog, and fed like a pig. The Greek enjoys perhaps the opposite extreme of license and familiarity with his superiors, and, according to the standard of good living which obtains among his countrymen, is fed better than the Frank; at all events, he is better clad. His principal food is bread, cheese, and olives, seasoned with an onion, and varied occasionally by a piece of salt fish, or plate of bean porridge; and there is certainly more refinement in a Greek crew, sitting cross legged upon deck around their meagre table, than in an American mess, crowded into a dirty forecastle, and devouring their more substantial beef and pork, like swine out of a common trough. The American sailor is notorious for his profanity and contempt of things sacred; the Greek is devout or at least reverent in the observance of his religion, such as it is. Every Greek vessel is hallowed by a little picture of the *Panagia*, or Virgin, and sometimes of some saint, with a lighted lamp suspended before them; and a pot of burning incense is every evening carried round by the cabin boy, who officiates as priest, and smokes in turn every one of the ship's company, who all hold their caps over the purifying vapour, and piously cross themselves, while they pray the *Panagia* or St. Nicolas for a prosperous voyage. In point of skill and dexterity in the management of a vessel, the Greek sailors will bear a comparison with any in the world.



scampile,* or drinking *raki*,—such of them at least as had the *parás*, to buy it, or the assurance to take it without buying. I call them soldiers, though they were in fact nothing more than an unorganized militia; but it is difficult to find any civilized titles, that are properly applicable to these wild and undisciplined warriors. They were men who had taken up arms, some for want of other occupation, some from hatred of the Turks, and some perhaps from a patriotic spirit; the most of them had probably served during the course of the revolution, under some *Kapitanos* who was unable to maintain them any longer, and were now out of employ, and out of pay, and ready to place themselves under the banner of any leader, who could contrive the means of keeping them from starving. Several thousand of these lawless, though suffering troops, were prowling about the isthmus, and were the terror of the poor peasantry, by trespassing upon their hospitality, to an extent which they were unable to bear. A ship load of them had embarked for Candia, and lay close alongside of us the day after our arrival. The vessel presented a curious and ludicrous scene, illustrative of Grecian discipline, and Grecian gaiety and vivacity, qualities which they possess in far greater exuberance, than even the mercurial Frenchman. There was no visible difference of rank or authority among them; every man was his own master, went and came as he pleased, and indulged without restraint in the most riotous and boisterous amusements. Though suffering under the most intolerable hardships, and on the eve of a perilous expedition, from which perhaps they were never to return, they seemed to be the happiest beings in creation, capering and frolicking about the deck, or paddling about in their boats, as if from mere excess of joy at some rare good fortune. We were apprehensive that they might cause us some trouble, but our fears

* A game of cards, called by the Italians *Briscola*.

proved groundless; they contented themselves with receiving good naturedly the few trifling articles, which the captain of the *Martigo* had the charity, or the policy to bestow upon them. I quite gave them credit, considering the hard necessities under which they were labouring, and the tempting opportunity that was afforded them, for not boarding us *en masse*, and transferring the whole of our cargo to their own vessel.

It would require the pencil of a Hogarth to convey any tolerable idea of the squalid host that assembled around us on the beach of Kalamaki; the powers of pen and ink are incapable of any thing more than a feeble sketch of the ludicrous, yet affecting, the disgusting, and at the same time interesting scene. We drew up our barrels in a hollow square, to receive the charge of the ravenous multitude, who seemed eager to devour them whole, without waiting for the dilatory process of opening and meting out portions. The confusion and contention were inconceivable. The miserable beings who had been living for months, upon no better fare than the beasts of the field, were almost frantic with joy at the unexpected arrival of wholesome and nutritious food, and many of them, no doubt, would have even risked their lives, in the eagerness of their impatience to secure a single *oka* of flour. General Jarvis, who was quartered at the time in the castle of Corinth, brought down a detachment of soldiers, consisting of ten or fifteen men, the flower and strength of his little band, to keep off the crowd, and maintain some order in the distribution. To effect this, they were frequently obliged to have recourse to violence, for nothing but beating could keep the people within any bounds; but the soldiers took delight in it, painful as the necessity was, and made a frolic of sallying forth from their *tambouri** of barrels, with long rods with

* Breastwork.



which they had armed themselves for the occasion, and putting to flight unresisting groups of women and children. I shall never forget the feelings with which I was agitated, when surrounded by this vast assemblage of poverty and misery: even the brutal Turk, if such a thing were possible, would have felt his heart bleed and his bowels yearn within him, on beholding the awful desolation which his own hands had wrought. There were old men, grey with years and sinking under the infirmities of age,—there were mothers with helpless infants screaming at their breasts,—there were virgins in the prime of their days,—and there were children without number, in the season of playful innocence, all exhibiting the same emaciated and death-like countenances, all clad alike in rags, and covered with filth and vermin, the unavoidable consequences of their homeless and destitute condition. Many among the hapless throng had seen far other days, had been nursed in the lap of plenty, had been clothed in soft raiment, and had eaten and drunk at the table of luxury. Even to those who had been brought up in indigence, and accustomed to struggle with the ills of poverty, the present conflict was indeed dreadful and appalling; but oh! it was enough to melt the heart that had never before known one tender emotion, to see the delicate forms of well-bred females, crouching upon the cold ground, and shivering beneath a scanty covering of soiled and tattered garments, to behold their eyes haggard with grief, and their cheeks pale and wan with hunger and disease; and to hear the cries of distress which would ever and anon break from them in the agony of their despair. It was affecting, almost beyond endurance, to hear the tales of woe which these houseless fugitives related to us; how they had fled from the blaze of their dwellings, and had found refuge in some mountain retreat, from the swords of their blood-thirsty pursuers; how they had seen their friends and families butchered before their eyes, and led away into a captivity more terrible than the most tormenting death: and how they themselves had been wandering up and

down the land, "seeking rest and finding none," and suffering under toils and privations, that had reduced them to the forlorn condition in which we beheld them.

We were occupied for three days in the distribution of our cargo; and as nearly all the people had come from a distance, those of them who had not received their portions, were obliged to remain the intervening nights, in the open air, with no other shelter than what was afforded them by a few low and straggling bushes, and many of them without a mouthful of food of any kind. The weather was cold, and wet, and boisterous, and it seemed as if nothing short of miraculous power could save the poor creatures from perishing; but habit had so inured them to hardships of every kind, that few of them suffered any thing more from this severe exposure, than the temporary cold and fatigue to which it subjected them. One evening, just as we had concluded the labours of the day, and were about to return to our vessel, an interesting looking woman, with a new-born infant in her arms, forced her way through the crowd to the place where I was standing, and with a supplicating look extended her hand for relief. The wind was blowing tempestuously, and the clouds, which had for some time been lowering, now began to spit forth huge drops of rain, the sure precursors of a violent storm. At this moment of dismay, the famished infant, uttering a piercing cry, eagerly and convulsively sought its way to the fountain whence it had derived its feeble support. But the source alas! was dried up: the agonized mother uncovered her empty bosom to quiet the clamours of her babe, raised her eyes to heaven with a groan of anguish, and sunk to the earth in a paroxism of despair, while the cold blast swept over her, and the rain beat without mercy upon her unprotected head. The tears rose to my eyes, and the pathetic ejaculation of our Saviour came forcibly to mind, "Woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck," in days of tribulation such as these!



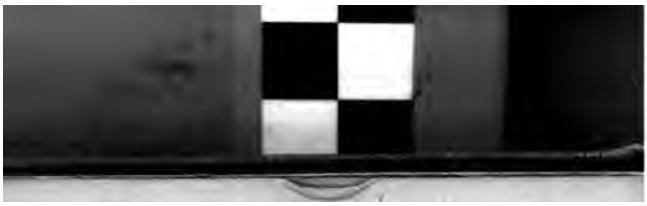
It will appear almost incredible to those who have never witnessed the mercurial temperament of this singular people, that they should have retained any portion of their native gaiety, amid the horrid sufferings which have just been described. Strange as it may seem, the laugh and the jest were loud and frequent, amidst a complication of calamities, which, one would suppose, would have driven the spirit of mirth into the innermost recesses of the soul, never again to show itself in the light of day. It required little more than would serve to please an angry child, to make the light-hearted wretches forget their sorrows, and appear as cheerful and as happy, as if they had never known misfortune. A single illustration will suffice. A pair of stockings, the last remaining article of clothing which we had to dispose of, were thrown among the crowd as we shoved off in our boat to return to the *Martigo*. Like one who has unwittingly fired a train, we stood aghast at the consequences of this apparently harmless act. A general and tremendous rush was instantly made to secure the prize, not so much on account of its value as that it presented a rare occasion for a frolic; and a fierce and frightful conflict ensued, which, though in fact nothing more than a rather rough sham-fight, had all the earnestness and vehemence of a serious *melée*. The multitude was thrown into the wildest uproar and confusion; the foremost ranks were urged forward into the surf, and tumbled headlong upon each other by the furious press from the rear, and the air was rent with acclamations and peals of laughter, mingled with the cries of women and children, who had become entangled in the crowd. The contested hose were bandied about from hand to hand, until they were at length thrown into the water: but the battle did not stop here. A band of the more adventurous competitors plunged fearlessly in, accoutred as they were, and continued kicking and floundering in the water till some of them were half drowned, to the unspeakable delight of the admiring multitude, who had relinquished the contest. A variety of other

little incidents, too trivial to mention, were eagerly converted into subjects of merriment; when the sighs of distress would be drowned in the shout of mirth, and the faces that seemed forever fixed in hopeless melancholy, would for a moment relax into a smile of joy. Many and mournful, however, were the exceptions to the general hilarity during these periods of transient excitement; there were bosoms too deeply laden with grief, to admit of even a momentary oblivion, and hearts too sorely wounded, to enjoy a moment's respite from their agony.*

Mounted upon Jarvis' Bucephalus, and escorted by the General himself on foot, I rode across the isthmus to Loutraki, a miserable village at the foot of Mount Geranion, composed entirely of small huts and sheds, the temporary habitations of the wretched fugitives whom we fed at Kalamaki. We entered several of these abodes of misery, and witnessed scenes of di-

* A number of facts may be cited to illustrate the characteristic gaiety and frivolity of the Greeks. In the first year of the war, out of about 2000 troops who were blockading the Turks at Navarino, all but 150 went home to celebrate the feast of Easter; and those who were induced to remain, amused themselves behind their *tambouris*, with their usual sports, such as drinking, dancing, and discharging their fire-arms. After the festival, the truant revellers returned most dutifully to their posts, and resumed the blockade.—*Howe's Sketch, &c.*

Mr. Waddington, describing Athens in 1824, says: "It will scarcely be credited, that the celebration of the carnival is at this instant proceeding with great uproar and festivity. Drunken buffoons, harlequins, and painted jesters are riotously parading the streets, while Gourra's sulky Albanians sit frowning at the fortress gate, and the Turks and the plague are preparing to rush down from Negropont and Carysto." An Italian Philhellene, who was at Athens during its last siege by the Turks, related to me, that the celebration of Easter was kept up with great spirit, even while the place was hotly bombarded by the besiegers. A bomb, in one instance, fell among a large party who were dancing, and killed several of them. The survivors merely removed to a less exposed situation, and continued their dance, watching the bombs as they flew over their heads, and indulging in sallies of wit, as they exploded harmlessly at a distance.



verified suffering too painful to dwell upon, even in recollection. We dined in a large cave on the side of the mountain, occupied by a number of the more respectable families, who had brought with them in their flight some portion of their effects, and were living in a state of comparative comfort. As we entered the mouth of the cavern, we involuntarily paused for a moment to gaze at the singular spectacle which presented itself within. The gloomy darkness of the apartment was faintly illumined by the glare of a small fire which was burning in the centre, and over which a number of stout and masculine figures were brooding in mournful silence. Several groups of females were sitting in the back ground, amid heaps of undressed cotton, some engaged in preparing it for the distaff, and others busily plying the spindle. The rocky walls and ceiling were black with smoke, and were hung around with Albanian muskets, and a variety of kitchen utensils. A few branches of trees and coarse blankets, which served for bed and bedding, were strewed upon the ground, and completed the simple furniture of the place. All the inmates arose to welcome our unlooked for arrival, and several of the females soon began to prepare for our refreshment such a rude repast as their scanty means afforded. A few eggs, some boiled herbs, and a small piece of half-starved meat, were set before us. Our table was a rough plank, and our chairs, the clay floor of the cavern. As soon as we were seated, a good looking damsel came round with a copper basin and ewer, and poured water upon our hands, according to the ancient and cleanly custom, which is still preserved in the more retired parts of the country. We partook of our coarse and simple meal, sincerely grateful to the Providence which had fed us in the midst of famine, and to our kind hearted hosts, who had given us of their poverty all that they had. As we retraced our way down the mountain, and beheld for the last time the wretched objects that lay starving and shivering around us, we felt rejoiced that we had been the instruments of contri-



buting, in however small a degree, to alleviate their calamities; but it was with the sad and chilling reflection, that hundreds of them must perish ere long, unless that Almighty Power, which once found food in the wilderness for the Jewish multitude, should send them other and more effectual relief, than what had already reached them.

From Loutraki we proceeded to Corinth; but the day being far spent on our arrival, we merely cast a passing glance upon the ruined city, and began to climb the toilsome ascent of the Acropolis. It was late in the evening when we reached the outer entrance of the castle, but the gates were standing wide open, and no other sentinel appeared besides three or four sleepy fellows who were lounging upon some benches in the porch, and who scarcely raised their eyes to notice us as we entered. We passed the other gates in the same manner, and after a long, and cold, and fatiguing march, arrived at length at Jarvis' quarters. I had promised myself some indemnification for the toils of the day, in the comfortable accommodations which I should find under the roof of one of the commanders of the fortress; but never were expectations more cruelly disappointed. Instead of a decent habitation somewhat befitting the rank and title of an αντισράτηγος, I found a small and ill-constructed hut, built of stones laid loosely upon each other without mortar, roughly thatched with the branches of trees, and full of yawning crevices for the admission of wind and rain. The interior of the building was in admirable keeping with its rough exterior, and as dirty and filthy as dirt and filth could make it. The only furniture consisted of half a dozen barrels placed on end for a bedstead, and furnished with a bed of myrtle branches,—a sort of couch of the same materials,—a few necessary utensils for cooking and eating, and a square stone of portable dimensions, intended to be used, as might be required, for a stool or a pillow. Such was the establishment of a General in the Greek army, and an officer high in command in the castle of Corinth!



We seated ourselves upon the ground, before a smoky fire kindled in one corner of the hut, which nearly suffocated, while it warmed us, and after a frugal supper, the best that the castle afforded, consisting of bread and honey, and a savoury cup of wild sage tea, we retired to rest, to prepare our weary limbs for the labours of the morrow. The barrels were, out of compliment, surrendered to me; the General betook himself to his couch of leaves, and a young soldier, who waited upon us, stretched himself upon the bare earth, with his stone pillow placed close to the dying embers, and soon was locked in the arms of sleep. What would the old highland chieftain, that kicked the snowball from under the head of his effeminate son, have thought of this luxurious indulgence?

The next morning we arose betimes, and ascended to the highest part of the mountain, to enjoy the splendid spectacle of the rising sun, from that commanding elevation. Oh! for language to express the feelings of rapture with which I gazed upon the unrivalled glories of that transcendant prospect! I had wandered amid the mightiest wonders of Alpine scenery, and had surveyed with delight the fairest scenes of Italian story; but all seemed tame and insipid, compared with the magnificent panorama that now stretched around us. Standing upon the proud summit of one of the most renowned fortresses of antiquity, and looking abroad upon mountains and cities, and seas, and islands, all teeming with the brightest and most enchanting recollections of ancient Greece,* I seemed transported, for a moment, through the long vista of ages, and to view the fairy scene in the light of far distant days. Beyond the placid waters of the Corinthian gulf, arose the lofty peaks of Parnassus, refulgent with eternal snows, and shooting bright and clear above the morning mists that enveloped its sides. A little to the east appeared the hump-backed Heli-

* The view includes six of the most celebrated ancient states, viz. Achaia, Locris, Phocis, Bœotia, Attica, and Argolis.

con, followed in the same direction by Cithæron, and Parnes, and Hymettus, and the whole promontory of Attica, down to "Sunium's marble steep."* Looking towards Megara, and following the beautifully indented coast of the Saronic gulf,† we just discerned the Acropolis of Athens, appearing like a white speck between Mounts Parnes and Hymettus. Beyond the isthmus lay stretched before us the dark blue expanse of the Saronic gulf, with Ægina, and Salamis, and numerous smaller islands, rising majestically from its bosom, and the clustered Cyclades dimly seen in the distance. Following the view towards the south, we beheld the black and lofty promontory of Methana, and the rugged mountains of Argolis; while the plain of Corinth, extending towards the west as far as Sicyon, and terminated by the mountains of Achaia, completed the spacious panorama.

But though the imposing grandeur of this interesting scene, and the romantic associations connected with it, were of a nature to excite and captivate the imagination of the beholder, there were circumstances of an opposite character, calculated to call up many a sad and painful reflection.—"'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more." The classic haunts of Parnassus and Helicon—the ancient and sacred abodes of the Muses, the once powerful city of Megara, and more than all, Athens—the mother of learning, the country of Solon, and Socrates, and Miltiades, was polluted by the feet of the barbarous Ottoman. The gay and opulent city of Corinth lay in ruins beneath us, and its fertile territory, till lately one of the most flourishing spots in Greece, abounding in the most valuable productions, and enriched with a hundred villages,‡ was now converted into a barren desert—its villa-

* Now called Cape Colonna, the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck.

† Or Gulf of Ægina.

‡ Sir George Wheeler, who travelled in Greece in 1675, includes 300 villages in the territory of Corinth. Dodwell, in 1805, gives 163

ges burnt, its fields laid waste, its vineyards uprooted, and its olive groves hewn down or blasted. And throughout all the mountains and valleys of Argolis and Achaia, scarcely a village was to be seen, that had escaped the fury of the ruthless invader; scarcely an individual, that was not suffering under the awful calamities of a merciless and exterminating war.

The pass in the mountains, through which runs the road to Argos, is celebrated in ancient mythology for the destruction of the Nemæan lion: it has acquired a new celebrity in the modern history of the country, by the destruction of the Ottoman army, under Dramali Pasha, an exploit almost as incredible as any of the renowned labours of Hercules. The Turks had penetrated, without opposition, to the plain of Argos; but soon found it necessary, in consequence of scarcity of provisions, to fall back upon Corinth, of which they had lately gained possession. As soon as they commenced their retreat, the main body of the Greeks, under Kolokotrones and Ypsilantes,* followed up in their rear, while Niketas, with a chosen band, hastened forward to waylay them in the narrow defiles through which they were obliged to pass. The rear-guard was overtaken before reaching the defile, and numbers of them slain; but night coming on, the attack was suspended till the following day. The Moslems resumed their march in great confusion; Niketas and his brave followers concealing themselves behind the rocks, and waiting till the pass was filled, be-

as the number at that time existing. The number in the text is used in the poetical and indefinite sense. In ancient times, the richness and fertility of this region were proverbial; as may be inferred from the response received by the man who consulted the oracle to know how he might become rich. The oracle replied that he had only to make himself master of all that lay between Sicyon and Corinth.

* These names are generally Italianized by foreigners, and written *Colocotroni* and *Ipsilanti*. The proper Greek names, however, are those given in the text.

fore firing a shot, or giving the enemy any intimation of their presence. When the favourable moment had arrived, a signal was given, and the Greeks, suddenly starting from their ambush, poured down a tremendous fire upon the solid column below them. The pass was instantly filled with slain. The Turks were seized with superstitious terror, and, without attempting any resistance, pressed madly on, over the bodies of their fallen comrades, throwing away their arms, and even stripping themselves of their clothing, to accelerate their flight. Five thousand of them were cut down in the space of a few hours; and not a Moslem would have escaped, if the Greeks had not relinquished the work of slaughter to take possession of the baggage horses, and secure, each for himself, as large a share as possible of the booty. But it was only a short respite which the fugitives enjoyed. Niketas, with a band of six hundred Mainotes, again dashed forward to occupy the extremity of the defile, opening upon the plain of Corinth, at a point where the rocks approach each other very nearly, and rise precipitously on either side. The scene of carnage was here renewed. Reserving their fire, as in the first instance, till the pass was filled, the Greeks poured down upon their enemies a shower of lead, which instantly choaked up the road with heaps of the dead and dying. The terrified survivors recoiled for a moment; but as if surrendering themselves at length to the guidance of some invisible power, rushed blindly on to meet the inevitable fate which awaited them. "The Mussulman rode into the passes, with his sabre in its sheath, and his hands before his eyes, the victim of destiny." Several thousand more were cut down by the incessant fire of the Greeks, before the army was able to pass the awful defile, and reach the open plain. Niketas, with a few of his most intrepid associates, stood, sword in hand, and "piled the ground with Moslem slain." The exploits of this glorious day procured for him the rather inelegant, though complimentary surname of Τουρκόφαγος, or Turk-Eater.*

* Howe—Blaquiere.

The Acro-Corinthus itself is one of the most commanding objects in this enchanting region. It is a lofty and rocky hill, rising abruptly and precipitously in the form of a truncated cone, and standing aloof from the neighbouring group of mountains. Its summit is enclosed by walls and battlements, forming a circuit of several miles, and containing a considerable town, with a number of mosques and small churches, at present, however, in a ruined and dilapidated state. The walls are principally of modern construction, though they contain some vestiges of the most remote antiquity. In some places, particularly on the northern side, they exhibit to the eye, in regular gradation, the workmanship of successive ages: first, the rough Cyclopean, then the later Grecian, then the Roman, and lastly the Turkish and Venetian.

In that part of the castle called the Dragonera battery, is a fountain, supposed to be the ancient Peirene, where Pegasus was drinking when mounted by Bellerophon; if indeed the fountain Peirene was upon the Acro-Corinthus, and not, as some contend, upon Parnassus or Helicon.* On the north-eastern face of the rock is a cavern, which popular tradition has connected with the residence of St. Paul at Corinth. It is called the cave of St. Paul, and is believed to have been the apostle's favourite retreat for devotional meditation.

The only point from which this majestic fortress is at all vulnerable, is a hill a short distance to the southwest, from which it was stormed by Mahomet II., when he took it from the Venetians in 1459. This important point is now defended by a battery of five large cannon, called the *Pentescouphia*, or Five-Caps. By properly securing this place, the Acro-Corinthus may be considered as impregnable; yet it has several times changed hands since the commencement of the revolu-

* Pliny, however, (l. 4. cap. 4.) speaks of it as being on the Acro-Corinthus.

tion. It was surrendered to the Greeks in 1822, but fell again into the power of the Turks the same year, in a manner too singular to pass over unnoticed. When the immense army of Dramali Pacha poured down upon the isthmus, the fortress was left, through the weakness and improvidence of the government, in the hands of an inefficient garrison, commanded by a Hydriote priest, named Achilleus. As soon as they saw the Turkish hordes filing out of the Geranian passes, they abandoned their strong hold, and fled before the approaching torrent, after putting to death the Turkish commander of the castle, who had been their prisoner, since its capitulation.

"Hopeless of reducing the proud fo[illegible] which towers above the isthmus, the Turks were march[illegible]ntented with having sent a reconnoitering party to ob[illegible] This party, on approaching close to the walls, observed som[illegible]descending the hill, waving a white cloth. It was a Tu[illegible] woman, whom the Greeks had left, and she informed he[illegible]ntrymen that the fortress was deserted [illegible]ctin[illegible]are, the soldiers carried her before the Pac[illegible]g in the same story, a party was sent to examine; they found it as she said; and in a few minutes the banner of the crescent was floating over the Acro-Corinthus."*†

The manner in which the citadel came into the possession of its present occupants, is still more remarkable. It had, some time before, been retaken from the Turks, but had become a subject of contention among the Grecian chiefs. In the month of July, 1827, the garrison, who had lost their commander at the battle of Athens, offered the place for sale

* Howe.

† Corinth was taken in the same manner by Lucius Mummius. The general of the Achæans abandoned the city, and the gates stood open three days, before the Romans, who suspected some stratagem, had courage to enter.



to the highest bidder, refusing to admit the authorized agents of government. It was purchased by Tzavellas, a Suliote chief, associated with other *Kapitanoi*, at the price of one hundred and thirty thousand piastres.*

Descending to the plain, we halted among the ruins of the capital, the once magnificent city,

> "Whose gorgeous fabrics seemed to reach the skies;
> Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
> Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder viewed;
> Whose name for Pallas' heavenly art renowned,
> Spread like the foliage that her pillars crowned."†

The deserted city now presents a frightful picture of desolation. Both its ancient splendour and modern insignificence have been nearly obliterated, by the dreadful and oft repeated shocks it has from time to time received. It was pillaged and destroyed by Lucius Mummius, the Roman general, and remained in a desolate condition, until Julius Cæsar revived it, by making it the seat of a Roman colony. The new glory which it acquired as the capital of the Roman province of Achaia, suffered a still more terrible catastrophe, when Alaric and his savage hosts overran the plains of Greece. Fresh disasters befel the devoted city, when Mahomet II. turned his arms against it; and it was for a long time involved in the frequent wars which the Turks and Venetians waged against each other, for the mastery of the Morea. During the present contest, it has been alternately devastated by Greek and Turk, until there is no longer any thing left to devastate or destroy. The only remnants of antiquity are seven deformed Doric columns, a marble fountain, some excavations in a rock, and a few vestiges of brick work. The modern buildings, with the exception of a mosque, the castle of the Turkish Bey,

* About 8500 dollars.

† Falconer.

and a large house, occupied in 1822 by the Greek government, are almost entirely demolished; and the only inhabitants of the city are two or three miserable shop-keepers, who gain a few *parás* by the retail of tobacco and other simple commodities, among the wandering soldiery and peasantry.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to collect all the various reminiscences, that history has preserved to us, of a place like Corinth; but it is interesting to reflect, while surveying its desolate site, the scene of so many changeful events, that here once stood the gayest and the wealthiest, and at the same time the most corrupt and effeminate, of all the celebrated cities of Greece. The costliness of its pleasures and luxuries, gave rise to the well known proverb, "non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum." We may form some conception, both of its opulence and licentiousness, from the thousand courtezans that were supported by a single temple sacred to the Goddess of Love and Beauty; and the epistles of St. Paul addressed to the Corinthian church, convey to us a most appalling picture of the dissolute morals of the city.

From Corinth, we rode to the remains of the Isthmian town, long renowned for the celebration of the Isthmian games. It is situated about half way between the ruined village of Hexamilia and Kalamaki, facing the gulf of Ægina. Confused heaps of stone and rubbish lie thickly scattered over the soil; but nothing is left standing. The site of the famous temple of Neptune is marked by prostrate columns, and numerous fragments of marble. A part of the site is occupied by a small Greek chapel, constructed of materials found upon the spot, and containing two large antique capitals, which serve the purpose of altars.

After surveying these interesting ruins, we returned to Kalamaki, and embarked once more for Poros. We took under our protection an old man, who had nearly completed a century, whom Jarvis had found crawling among the tombs in search of snails, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Three sons, the



only dependence of his old age, had fallen in defence of their country, and he now stood alone in the world, nearly famished, and with no other covering for his feeble limbs than a few squalid rags, which were a living and loathsome mass of vermin. On arriving at Poros, we furnished him with clean and comfortable clothing, supplied him with plenty of wholesome food, and gave him the sinecure of doorkeeper in the hospital. He examined and paraded his new clothes, with all the childish glee of an infant; his sunken cheeks soon began to fill up, the furrows of age and misfortune seemed to grow smoother every day, and I verily believe that the old man fancied himself the happiest of mortals. When I last left Poros, he was still alive and flourishing, and in a fair way to fill up, and perhaps exceed, the measure of a hundred years.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY, the 25th of November, was a day rendered memorable in Poros, by the consecration of the American Hospital. In order to inspire the people with confidence in the institution, it was necessary to humour their superstition so far as to have the building sprinkled and fumigated, and dedicated to the *Panagia*,* after their own fashion. The important ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Damala, and was honoured by the presence of the venerable Miaüles, the two Admirals, Emmanuel and Iakobakes Tombazes, and several others of the principal men of the island. A pine table was placed in the portico as an altar, and furnished with

* The All-Holy, the common title of the Virgin.

wax tapers, a jar of holy water, and a small earthen pot of incense. The bishop and assisting priest, holding tapers in their hands, chaunted alternately the magic formula from curiously emblazoned and illuminated little volumes, the people crying at intervals, "*Kyrie Eléeson, Kyrie Eléeson, Kyrie Eléeson,*"* and bowing and crossing themselves the while, with the most ludicrous vehemence and animation. The reverend bishop then sprinkled the floor three times, by means of a little mop formed of a stick with a rag at the end of it, describing each time the form of a cross; the smoking incense was carried round the company, every one devoutly raising his cap, and crossing himself, with his head over the sanctifying vapour; and to conclude the solemn mummery, each one went up to the altar in turn, and had the little mop, streaming with holy water, drawn over his forehead in the form of the blessed cross.

After the ceremony, we retired with our distinguished visiters to an inner apartment, and entertained them with coffee, according to the universal custom of the country. I was delighted with the unaffected simplicity and affability of the old Admiral Miaules. He was dressed in a plain Hydriote suit of green cloth, and his weather beaten features wore an expression of simple honesty and good nature, which could never fail to captivate and ensure respect. He is one of the few men in Greece, whom all parties unite in acknowledging to be a sincere and disinterested patriot, who has with singleness of heart devoted his fortune and his talents to the sacred work of emancipating his country. In walking through the chambers of the sick, he remained for a long time in conversation with a man who was a prisoner on board of a Turkish ship at the battle of Navarino, and who had been terribly shattered by the explosion of the vessel; and it was interesting

* Lord, have mercy.



to observe the exultation of the old admiral in listening to the then fresh details of this memorable event, form the mouth of an eye-witness. His brig, which he owns and maintains at his own expense, returned to Poros a few days before from a cruise, and he had since been living in retirement upon the island.* The Tombazes are fine looking and gentlemanly men,

* When Cochrane was appointed Admiral in Chief of the navy, the station which Miaules had occupied before him, and to which his long-tried and faithful services entitled him, the venerable patriot, forgetting the feelings of mortified pride which would have been natural, and in his case almost excusable, and thinking only of the deliverance of his country from the Ottoman yoke, surrendered the proud frigate which he had before commanded to the new admiral, and returned to his own puny brig, without a murmur of discontent. The following letter, addressed on this occasion to the Greek government, shows a feeling of disinterested patriotism rarely to be met with:

"For these seven years, I have combatted without any interruption, along with my brethren, and with all my force, against the enemy of our country. Neither the consciousness of my incapacity, nor the greatness of the burden imposed on me by the country, have been able to terrify or make me hesitate. I consider it the first duty of a citizen, to do the utmost for the salvation of his country; and I have always endeavoured to fulfil this duty. If I have not always succeeded, it has not been for want of good will.

"As well as all the nation, I have long founded my hopes on the arrival of the great man, whose former splendid achievments promise our country a happy issue out of the long and arduous struggle which it maintains. This man has arrived, and I congratulate the government and the whole nation upon the event.

"The Greek marine may justly expect every thing from such a leader, and I am the first to declare myself ready again to combat, and with all my might, under his command. This task will doubtless be difficult for me, on account of my age and my want of experience, yet my heart is contented; for it has never desired any thing but the happiness of my country. Begging the supreme government not to doubt the sincerity of my sentiments, I remain with the most profound respect, the very obedient patriot,

ANDREAS MIAULES."

and have several times distinguished themselves during the war; but they are suspected, with what justice I shall not pretend to decide, of having been concerned in the frequent piracies which have so long disgraced the country.

November 26th. This day is a minor carnival among the Greeks, and is observed as a day of feasting and rejoicing, to atone in some measure for the long privations to which they are subjected during the Lent of forty days which follows. The Poreotes celebrated it in their usual manner, by drinking, singing, dancing, and firing their pistols. The fast and feast days ordained by the Greek church are far more numerous than among the Catholics; the year in fact is divided between the two. Their fasts, moreover, are much more rigid, than those observed by the Catholics. During this period of forty days, commencing on the 27th of November, not only meat, but butter, eggs, milk, and cheese, are prohibited. Fish and oil are the only articles, besides vegetables, that are allowed to be eaten. During the great Lent, which corresponds to that of the Catholics, and lasts forty-eight days, they eat caviari but no fish, and olives, but no oil. Wine also is forbidden. An exception is made, however, on Saturdays and Sundays, in favour of oil and wine. There are besides two days when fish is allowable: the Ευαγγελισμος, or Annunciation, and the Κυριακη των βαΐων, or Palm Sunday. The Lent of the Holy Apostles lasts from nine to forty days, varying in different years. During this period, fish and oil are permitted, but neither butter, eggs, milk, nor cheese. The Lent of the *Panagia*, commencing on the 13th of August, continues fifteen days. The rules for its observance are the same as those of the Great Lent, excepting that on the day of the Transfiguration it is lawful to eat fish and drink wine. The 10th of September is observed as a fast day in commemoration of the death of St. John the Baptist. This, according to the strict observance, is a day of

entire abstinence. The 26th of September is the fast of the Holy Cross, the day that St. Helena found the cross, which had been buried by the Jews. And lastly, the 17th of January, the day before the baptism of Christ, is also observed as a fast. In addition to all these, every Wednesday and Friday are fast days: thus making from a hundred and eighty-five to two hundred and thirteen days in the year, in which the poor Greek is obliged to abstain from meat. But it is as well perhaps to make a virtue of necessity, since if every restriction were removed, the poverty of the people is such as to place animal food in a great measure beyond their means, except as an occasional luxury. The Greeks, like their brethren the Catholics, are scrupulously exact in conforming to the requirements of their religion, in relation to their fasts. The man whose trade is murder and rapine, would shudder at the idea of tasting meat on Good Friday. I once saw an arrant rogue go supperless, because his mush had been put in a plate which had had milk in it. Well says the proverb, "Δὲν τρώγει τὸ λάδι ὁμως τρώγει τὸν λαδᾶ." "They wont eat oil, but they'll eat him that sells the oil."

November 28th. We were honoured by a visit from Prince Maurokordatos, who was residing at Poros, in the seclusion of a private citizen. He wore a Frank dress, and was attended by his pipe-bearer; a custom, however, so common in the East, as to be devoid of any appearance of ostentation. He is a middle aged man, of short stature, dark complexion, an intelligent countenance, and a profusion of black hair and mustaches. He wears spectacles, and always appears in Frank costume. His title of Prince, which is given him, however, by mere courtesy, he derives from some of his ancestors, who held the important offices of Grand Dragoman to the Porte, and Hospodar of Wallachia. He is insinuating in his manners, affable in conversation, temperate in his habits, and irreproachable in his private character. Like

most men who are called to guide the stormy affairs of a revolution, he has both zealous friends and bitter enemies; and the accounts that have been given of him have too generally been dictated by the partiality of the one, or the animosity of the other. A candid examination of his life and actions, leaves little room to doubt the sincerity of his patriotism. When the voice of reviving liberty was heard in Greece, calling upon her sons to rally round the sacred standard, he heard the cry in a foreign land, and flew, obedient to the summons, to enlist in the glorious cause. And in the various and important stations which he has filled, in the cabinet and in the field, he has shown a steadiness of purpose, and an inflexible perseverance in the prosecution of his duties, in the midst of the most disheartening opposition, however erring sometimes in judgment, which entitle him to the gratitude and admiration of his country. He is almost the only man in Greece, endowed with the necessary qualifications for managing the affairs of state; and there is probably no individual, who has contributed so essentially to preserve the country from ruin, amid the difficult and dangerous conjunctures through which it has passed. He has rendered himself greatly obnoxious to the military chiefs, by his firm opposition to their arbitrary proceedings, and his zealous endeavours to establish laws and a constitutional government. Though deeply imbued with the intriguing spirit, which has so long distinguished his brethren of the *Phanar*, his intrigues have always been directed to the general good, and not to his private aggrandizement. If every other evidence were wanting of the genuineness of his patriotism, his poverty itself would be a sufficient proof.

November 29th. Captain F., an Italian Philhellene, belonging to Fabvier's disciplined corps, politely sent me his horse, with two *tacticos* as an escort, to convey me to Damala, where he himself was laid up in winter quarters with a small troop of cavalry. This place is on the mainland, about an



hour and a half from Poros. Our route lay through a narrow plain between the mountains and the sea,—one of the most fertile and beautiful spots in Greece, though sadly neglected and unimproved. It contains some plantations of fig-trees and vines, and a number of extensive lemon groves; but it is in general abandoned to the wild luxuriance of nature. Damala is a small town, built, like Poros, without streets or any regularity, at a small elevation on the side of a mountain. When seen from a distance, it has a beautifully picturesque appearance, but the charm soon vanishes on approaching it. In itself it is a place of no importance, but it is worthy of notice, as standing upon the site of the ancient Trœzen, and will be ever memorable in the history of the revolution, as the seat of the National Assembly of 1827; the assembly which signalized itself by the nomination of Capo d'Istrias, Church,* and Cochrane, to the high stations which they have since occupied. It was owing to the dissensions of the leading men, that a place so insignificant and unsuitable was selected on this occasion. The Governing Commission had ordered the Congress to be called at Ægina, while Kolokotrones insisted that they should meet at Kastri, opposite Hydra. The dispute had reached an alarming crisis, when the two factions, through the intervention of Lord Cochrane, concluded to meet each other half way, and accordingly pitched upon Damala. The hall in which the deliberations were held, is a small and rudely finished apartment in a private dwelling house: the rafters are left bare overhead, the walls are roughly plastered and black with smoke, and the unglazed windows are furnished with nothing but ill-adapted and broken shutters, as a protection against wind and weather. It was in such a place that the Grecian chiefs assembled at this critical period, to consult together for the salvation of their country.*

* This, at least, was nominally the legislative hall; although the sittings, it is said, were generally held in a neighbouring lemon grove.



The ruins of Trœzen, or Theseis, as it was sometimes called from its being the birth place of Theseus, are a little to the northward of the present town. The first objects worthy of remark are the remains of two square towers; one of Cyclopean architecture, with a mass of modern masonry superadded to it, the other built entirely of brick, the work of a later period. A little beyond this is a deep and romantic gorge in the mountain, with a copious torrent thundering over the rocks, and turning in its way a number of little mills. Following a steep and winding path along one side of the gorge, we came at length to a small and curious ancient bridge, connecting the opposite precipices, at a point where the chasm becomes so contracted that one might almost leap from rock to rock. Standing upon the dizzy elevation of the bridge, with overhanging precipices frowning above, and the foaming torrent rushing far below, the scene is inconceivably wild and majestic. Half a mile beyond the gorge are the remains of an ancient temple, converted into a church by modern additions, but all now alike in ruins. The interior is filled with fallen columns, and mutilated capitals and entablatures of superb workmanship, and the walls are beautifully overrun with various kinds of shrubs. In the vicinity are numerous foundations of ancient buildings, composed of immense blocks of stone deeply set in the earth; in fact the whole slope of the hills between this place and Damala is covered with scattered ruins.

We were sitting late in the evening in captain F.'s apartment, when our attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of distant music, accompanied by a wild confusion of voices, singing and shouting most vociferously. We soon perceived that the uproar was approaching us, and imagined it to proceed from a party of disorderly soldiers, who had been indulging rather too freely in the pleasures of the wine cup, and were about paying us a visit with some mischievous intention. As soon as the revellers came up to the door, it was assailed with



a loud rap, and several voices were heard impatiently demanding admittance. We thought it most prudent to open to them without delay, when in rushed—not a gang of drunken soldiers, but a merry groupe of lads and lasses, dressed in their holiday silks and embroidery, and enlivened by the jingling harmony of a tambourine and guitar. It was a wedding party, going the round of the village, according to the custom of the country, to announce to their friends, in this characterestic manner, the newly consummated marriage. After a few minutes of boisterous wit and laughter, and a potation to the health and prosperity of the happy pair, the jovial party went singing and shouting away, to renew the scene of merry-making, at the house of the next acquaintance.

The Bishop of Damala is a by-name for a person, who, not satisfied with what he has, endeavours to get more or better, and ruins himself in the attempt. The expression originated in the fate of a certain Bishop of this place, who gave a notable example of the folly in question. A present of fish was sent him for his dinner, but he objected to their size, and ordered larger ones to be procured. On being told that no better were to be had, he refused to believe it, and determined to go out and try for himself. What was the result of his experiment does not appear; all that is known is, that the boat was taken by a Barbary cruiser, and his reverence carried off into slavery, and employed to grind corn and nurse a young Arab, until he one day moved the compassion of his master, by singing a few simple lines expressive of his childish folly. The following are the lines, as given by Chandler, from a copy written down for him by a priest:

"πίσκοπος. Τὲ δαμαλά.
μη τε νε, μη τεμηαλὰ—
Ταλινά. δενίθελες.
Τα μεγάλα. γιρέθες.

Γράβα τὸ χερόμηλο.
κένα. ταρατόσκυλο."*

"A bishop, without brain or sense,
Deserving such a recompense!
With smaller fishes not content—
Author of thine own punishment!
Turn, turn the mill, a fit employ,
And lull to sleep the Arab boy."

Early the next morning we set out for Methana, distant a few hours ride from Damala. The plain was alive with the tinkling of sheep bells, aud here and there was seen a yoke of oxen ploughing: but the greater part of the soil was entirely uncultivated, and overgrown with the various wild shrubs and flowers, which abound in this delightful climate. The neglect of this fertile region is not to be attributed to the Turks, for they have never penetrated so far into the Argolic peninsula; but to a secret and more terrible foe, the malaria, which prevails during the summer season, and prevents the labours of the husbandman. Between the plain and the black volcanic mountains, which form the long promontory of Methana, intervenes a range of round hills, covered with great quantities of the *Arbutus Andrachne*, or oriental strawberry-tree, with its large red berries hanging in rich clusters of most inviting appearance. It is a tall and handsome shrub, with a fruit re-

* It is evident that orthography was not among the accomplishments of the priest who wrote the above, and Chandler seems to have had no idea of its incorrectness. If written properly, it would read thus:

Πίσσω σὲ Δαμαλᾶ,
Μήτε νοῦ, μήτε μυαλᾶ—
Τ' ἀλισὰ δὲν ἤθελες,
Τὰ μεγάλ' ἐγύρεψες.
Γράβα τὸ χερόμυλο,
Κένα τ' Ἀραπόπυλο.



sembling, in colour and texture, the garden strawberry, but of a more spherical form and larger, and of a sweet, insipid flavour.

" This shrub," says Dr. Clarke, " is found all over the Mediterranean: it attains to great perfection in Minorca: and from thence eastward as far as the coast of Syria it may be found adorning limestone rocks, otherwise barren, being never destitute of its dark green foliage, and assuming its most glorious appearance at a season when other plants have lost their beauty. The fruit is one entire year in coming to maturity; and when ripe, it appears in the midst of its beautiful flowers."

From the top of these hills, we saw, high up the opposite mountain, the modern town of Methana; but we limited our ride to the fortifications constructed by Col. Fabvier, upon the narrow isthmus, which connects the promontory with the mainland. He has cleared up a little space among the rocks, and built a small, straggling village for the accommodation of his soldiers and their families, giving it the sounding title of Tacticopolis. The fortifications are of mud, and occupy two eminences, distinguished by the names of Theseus and the Diamond. In the latter lie the remains of Count Gamba, the friend and companion of Lord Byron, who died a few days before the fall of Athens. Fabvier himself was absent, with the flower of his Philhellenes and Tacticos, on his expedition against Scio; but we were received in his quarters by Capt. R. his vicegerent, who hospitably furnished us such meagre entertainment as the poverty of the place would admit. The premises consisted of nothing more than a low, flat-roofed hut, finished in the simplest manner, with no other furniture than a large box, which served as a table, and a few arms, and strings of biscuit, and a bad portrait of the colonel, which were suspended around the walls.

The unfortunate result of the expedition against Scio is already known to the world; but the accounts which have been

given of it through the public prints have been unconnected, and in some respects inaccurate. The particulars of the siege are briefly these. Fabvier arrived at the island in the latter part of October, and soon succeeded in shutting up the Turks within the fortress. He proceeded to erect fortifications, and to invest the place by land, to prevent the garrison from drawing any supplies from the island; but the blockade by sea was not very rigidly maintained, owing to the difficulty which vessels experienced in remaining in the channel in bad weather. They were frequently exposed to serious dangers, and the brig Sauveur, commanded by Capt. Thomas, was finally driven ashore and entirely lost. The winter passed away without any decisive result: a great deal of ammunition was wasted on both sides, in ineffectual cannonadings and bombardments, which formed the standing amusement of the hostile parties, every pleasant afternoon and evening. Towards the latter end of January, the Turks made a sortie, to the number of about a thousand, and attempted to storm the Grecian works. A terrible conflict ensued, and the Turks were driven back to the castle with the loss of upwards of eight hundred men and seven standards. The Greeks conducted themselves with great heroism, many of them attacking the enemy sword in hand, and dealing death about them with terrific fury. Their loss was only forty in killed and wounded. Among the number of the slain was a gallant and much lamented young Hanoverian, of the name of Lutchings, who had joined the cause from a noble enthusiasm, and not from the mercenary motives which had actuated so many of the foreigners who had flocked to Greece. After killing several of the enemy with his own hand, he received a musket ball through the head; and what rendered his death peculiarly unfortunate was, that it took place after the victory was won, in consequence of his rashness, or perhaps inadvertency, in exposing his head above the



tambouri to the unerring aim of the Albanian sharp-shooters.* About the middle of March, the Pasha of Smyrna arrived with several thousand regular troops at Chesme, a town on the continent opposite to Scio. Admiral de Rigny left Smyrna about the time that the Pasha marched out his troops, for the ostensible purpose of preventing their landing at Scio. He stopped for a day at Vourlah, a town on the southwestern side of the gulf, where vessels of war are in the habit of going to take in wood and water; but it was supposed by many, that his object in the present instance was to give the Pasha time to anticipate him, in order to avoid the responsibility which would rest upon him, in case he should interfere to prevent the landing of the troops. Be this as it may, the landing was effected before he arrived, with the assistance of the Capitan Pasha, who had just come from Constantinople with large reinforcements. The troops and provisions were safely deposited in the castle, through the port holes on the water side, being thus securely defended from any attempts of the Greeks to harass them. Having effected his object, the Capitan Pasha spread sail immediately, and returned with his fleet to the Dardanelles. He was scarcely out of sight, when Miaules made his appearance off the island with the frigate Hellas and several brigs; but he arrived too late to render any material service. The Greeks, despairing of maintaining their ground any longer, abandoned their works during the night, leaving their artillery behind them, and took up a new position in the

* These Albanians are probably equal to any marksmen in the world. They were constantly on the look out, ready to fire at any thing they could catch sight of above the enemy's breastworks. They sometimes succeeded in firing through the little loop holes in the Greek *tambouris*. Capt. Crosby, one of Cochrane's officers, who was present at the above affair, was very near sharing the fate of Lutchings. He thoughtlessly raised the top of his head a little above the wall, and instantly received a ball through his hat.

town of St. Helena. Fabvier, dissatisfied, according to his own account, with the conduct of his troops, but influenced perhaps by prudential considerations, left the island and took refuge on board of a French frigate. The French and Greek squadrons remained in the channel for several days, receiving on board their ships the Greek troops, and numbers of the dismayed peasantry, who apprehended a renewal of the frightful massacre of 1822. It would seem that the Sultan himself felt some compunctions of conscience, at the recollection of this horrid transaction; for an order was received from Constantinople, so different from the usual Turkish policy and practice, enjoining the soldiery, under pain of the severest punishment, to refrain from all unnecessary violence. The order was obeyed more faithfully than could have been expected; the only excess with which the troops were chargeable, was the burning of the principal buildings of the town; and even this was perhaps excusable, as the buildings, if left standing, might have afforded refuge to their enemies.

If we adopt the Roman maxim, that success is the first and only qualification of a good general, the military talents of Col. Fabvier will not appear of a very high order; for in all the enterprises in which he has been engaged, in Negropont, at Athens, and at Scio, misfortune and defeat have uniformly attended him. Perhaps his failures were owing to the want of resources, and the difficulty of enforcing his authority among the self-willed and insubordinate soldiery of the country, which constituted his main dependence; it is doubtful, indeed, whether any European, under similar disadvantages, would have succeeded any better. Although he has failed, however, in his principal attempts, he has distinguished himself by several brilliant coups de main, one of the most honourable of which was his entrance with reinforcements into the Acropolis of Athens, through the lines of Kutachi Pasha; but the glory of this exploit was sadly tarnished by the manner in which he allowed his jealousy of Gen. Church



to influence his subsequent conduct. He has been accused of want of judgment, in directing his arms against a place like Scio, which, even in the event of success, would be of little benefit to the Greeks, since its vicinity to the continent of Asia would render its possession difficult and precarious. But it must be recollected, that at the time when this expedition was undertaken, the military operations of Greece were almost completely stagnant, owing to the want of funds and the inefficiency of the government. Fabvier and his troops were lying idle, and the government had not the means of assisting him in any enterprise in which he might be disposed to engage. In this situation of affairs, the wealthy refugees from Scio offered to bear the expenses of the siege, if he would undertake to reconquer their island from the hands of the Turks: so that the expedition against Scio was not a national but an individual affair,—favoured, indeed, and encouraged by the government, who sent their ships from time to time to assist in the blockade.

The promontory of Methana is one of the most remarkable features in the magnificent scenery of the Saronic Gulf. It is a black and naked mountain, rising in bold and majestic masses to the height of several thousand feet. What renders it peculiarly interesting, is the circumstance of its having been formed by the eruption of a volcano, which took place about 250 years B. C., and was not yet extinct in the time of Strabo. He informs us, that "it was sometimes inaccessible from the intensity of the heat which it occasioned, and the sulphurous vapours which it diffused; that at night it was visible from afar; and that the sea was hot for five stadia round."*

* Dodwell.

CHAPTER V.

On the 3d of December I sailed from Poros to Hydra, accompanied by Gen. Jarvis, and an honest and trusty Mainote, named Stamates, whom I thenceforth adopted as the future companion of my travels. By the advice of a number of persons, I smuggled myself on board of the caique, enveloped in a Greek capote and hood, in order to escape the observation of the numerous pirates, who were constantly looking out for plunder, and whom it was dangerous to tempt with the sight of a Frank dress. A number of robberies had lately occurred, which had created considerable alarm, and which rendered it necessary to observe the greatest caution, even in the short voyages from one island to another. A *Trabaculo** had been plundered a short time before in the very entrance to the harbour of Poros, and a caique which had left Poros some weeks before for Syra, with two American sailors, an Englishman, a worthy old Poreote, and several other Greeks, on board, had never since been heard of. There could be little doubt as to her fate. Off the Scyllæan promontory is a little island, which, our boatman informed us, was a favourite lurking-place for the pirates; and the appearance of several suspicious looking caiques under the lee of the island, seemed to give confirmation to his statement. I instinctively drew my capote around me, and we passed by the dangerous point in safety.

Hydra is a rocky and perfectly barren island, four or five miles distant from the Morea. The town is built upon the

* A kind of small vessel.



side facing the main land, around a little horse-shoe bay, which forms a harbour for the shipping. On approaching it by water, it is one of the most singularly picturesque and beautiful places in the world. It extends far up the sides of the rocks, which rise so precipitously from the water, that the houses seem piled upon each other in a lofty pyramid of the most dazzling whiteness. The little promontories which form the harbour are alive with windmills, which, together with the monasteries and batteries that are perched upon the heights in the back ground, produce a *tout ensemble* of novelty and beauty, that never fails to captivate the beholder. To a person fresh from the filthy hovels of the Morea, the town of Hydra has an air of neatness and elegance, which, though real to a certain extent, is no doubt greatly enhanced by the contrast with other places. The streets, though narrow and precipitous, are tolerably clean, the houses, though deficient in architectural beauty, are many of them substantially and expensively built, and are generally furnished with glazed windows, a very unusual luxury in Greece. The gaudy little church belonging to the monastery of the Panagia, would be set down as one of the *videnda* even in the itineraries of France or Italy. Among its curiosities, are a pair of wax candles, weighing three hundred okas each, which were destined for Mecca as a present from the Sultan, but were captured on their way by a Hydriote vessel.

Hydra, superior as it is in many respects to the other cities of Greece, is like nearly all the rest of them, totally destitute of inns or other establishments of the kind for the accommodation of travellers. The inhabitants are at the same time notorious for their aversion to strangers, and except in cases where they come particularly recommended to their hospitality, always regard them with suspicion and distrust. Jarvis found us quarters in the loft of a magazine, where, amid boxes and barrels, we partook of a sumptuous dinner of caviari and olives, squatting *à la Turque* around a little circular board, raised a few inches from the floor, which is the species of dining-table most commonly met with in Greece.

The day of our arrival was the fête day of some saint, whose name I thought it not worth the trouble to inquire; the shops were closed, and nearly all the male inhabitants were parading up and down the quays, or amusing themselves about the coffee-houses, in playing cards, smoking, and drinking punch and *raki*. Taken as a body, they are decidedly the most finely formed and athletic men I have ever seen; and are by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, the most uniformly well dressed population, that is to be found in any city in Europe. Scarcely any appearance of poverty was visible,—scarcely any of the ordinary miseries of war; to have seen them lounging about the cafés and bazars, dressed in their holiday suits, quietly smoking their pipes, and twirling their rosaries, one would hardly have believed them to be at all interested in the calamitous events, which had produced such frightful desolation among their brethren of the Morea. The costume of the males has been already described.* The females wear a plain, tight jacket of cloth or silk, open in front, and a full petticoat, for the most part of some green material, ornamented with narrow tucks almost up to the waist, and a few stripes of red or yellow round the bottom. The bosom of the dress is cut out, so as to leave no covering for the breasts but the chemise or under garment. The *coëffure* consists of nothing more than a large handkerchief folded over the head in a triangular form, the ends being crossed under the chin and tied on the top of the head. The foot is covered with a white stocking, and a neat, high-heeled, yellow slipper. The costume is, take it altogether, far from becoming; though many of the women, who are scrupulously neat in their persons, and very pretty withal, become the costume remarkably well.

The Hydriotes, I speak now of the lower classes, are distinguished by their pride and insolence towards strangers, no

* See page 9, note.



less than by the respectability of their appearance. For my own part, I had no reason to complain of any thing more than an occasional look of conscious superiority; but this is one of the accusations which are generally brought against them. They are likewise notorious for their lawless and unruly dispositions, and their fondness for noise and riot. During my short stay in their city, the streets were every night infested with drunken* revellers, shouting, and singing, and firing their pistols, to the inconceivable annoyance and no small peril of the peacably disposed inhabitants. Disputes and quarrels were very common, and not unfrequently resulted in the shedding of blood. Discreditable, however, as these excesses are, it by no means follows, that the Hydriotes are naturally worse than other people.† Let it be recollected, that the greater part of the population is composed of uneducated seafaring men; that the embarrassments which the war has thrown in the way of their occupations, oblige them to live in a great measure in idleness; that they are unrestrained by the authority of wholesome laws, and that their evil propensities may consequently be indulged with impunity; and we shall find far more reason to admire them for their moderation, than to censure them for their licentiousness. Let the maritime population of any civilized country in Europe or America be collected in a body—let them enjoy the same facilities, and be subjected to similar temptations, and we should see a state of society far more depraved than the

* Intoxication was one of the besetting sins of the ancient Greeks. Their descendants inherit the vice, but cases of beastly drunkenness are extremely rare among them. In fact, I never knew a single instance, during all my intercourse with the Greeks. But they are very fond, and particularly the islanders, of exhilarating themselves to a degree not quite consistent with good morals.

† Their vices are chargeable, not upon the people themselves, but upon the peculiar circumstances in which they are situated.

world has ever yet seen in any Christian land. I had an opportunity, in fact, of observing the contrast during a subsequent visit to Ægina, at a time when several English and Russian men of war were lying in the harbour; and it is a mortifying and disgraceful truth, that there was more drunkenness and debauchery, more noise and uproar, more frequent breaches of the peace, among the few hundred sailors that were let loose upon the town from the foreign men of war, than among the whole populace of Hydra, rioting, as they were, in the unrestrained licentiousness of newly acquired independence.

It must be admitted, however, that the Hydriotes, together with their neighbours the Spetziotes, are more corrupt in their morals, and more ferocious and ungovernable in their dispositions, than the other inhabitants of Greece. But, happily for the national character, these Greeks are, strictly speaking, not Greeks, but Albanians. It would be idle to inquire whether the other tribes that are known by the common name of Greeks, inherit the pure blood of Cadmus, and Theseus, and Agamemnon, uncontaminated by foreign mixture; it is sufficient that they speak the same language,* retain many of the same usages, and have occupied, from time immemorial, the same enchanted soil, to entitle them to the honour of being considered the legitimate descendants of the ancient Hellenians. But with the Hydriotes and their brother islanders, the case is very different; their settlement is of modern date; they still retain the Albanian dialect in their

* The modern Greek differs, it is true, from the ancient, in many particulars, but it has undergone fewer changes, during the vicissitudes of time, than any other spoken language. The same characters are still preserved, the majority of the words are the same in both languages, and the inflexions of the nouns and verbs are very similar. A well-educated Romaïk can understand the sense of the ancient authors without much difficulty.

intercourse with one another; and a striking difference of character and manners is at once discernible between them and the inhabitants of the continent.

Hydra owes its origin to a few Albanian fishermen, who sought refuge from Turkish tyranny upon its then uninhabited shores. It became in time a considerable town, and carried on a trade in small vessels with the neighbouring islands of the Archipelago; but it was not until the events of the French revolution had opened a wider field for the enterprising spirit of the Greek sailors, that the paltry traffic in which they were engaged assumed a respectability and importance deserving of the name of commerce. Before this period, all the foreign trade of the Turkish empire was in the hands of European merchants, many of whom had established themselves in the various seaports of the Levant, under the protection of their consuls, and endeavoured on all occasions to suppress the spirit of commercial enterprise among the Greeks. Cyprus had not a single vessel of its own; Candia had five or six belonging to Turkish proprietors, which traded with Egypt, Salonica, Smyrna, and Constantinople; the islands of the Archipelago, and a few maritime towns which were not inhabited by Turks, carried on an insignificant coasting trade; and the inhabitants of the Greek towns upon the borders of the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, and the Propontis, made occasional voyages to Constantinople with provisions and lumber. This was nearly the whole amount of Greek commerce between thirty and forty years ago. Its rapid extension, which has been one of the most powerful instruments in preparing the people for their long contemplated insurrection, was owing to the protection and encouragement of Russia, to the troubles which distracted the rest of Europe, and to the apprehensions of the Sultan for the safety of his empire, which diverted his attention from the rising growth and prosperity of his Grecian *rayahs*. By the treaty of Kaïnardji, exacted from the Porte in 1774 by the victorious arms of

Russia, the court of St. Petersburgh had obtained the recognition of their consuls in all the ports of the Levant, and a free navigation for their vessels in all the waters under the Ottoman jurisdiction. A number of enterprising Greeks of the Ægean islands, taking advantage of this propitious moment, made themselves nominal subjects of Russia, by means of letters patent obtained from the Russian ambassadors or consuls, and under refuge of this fictitious transfer of allegiance, opened a trade with Taiganrock, an important town on the sea of Azof. This was the foundation of that commercial spirit which the course of succeeding events called forth into such extensive operation. The treaty of 1792, which concluded the second war, confirmed the conventions of Kaïnardji, and raised the influence of Russia to its greatest height. Her ambassador at Constantinople, instead of the simple letters patent which had formerly been granted to the Greek merchants, now commenced the sale of *berats*,* a kind of diploma which more effectually secured the holder from Turkish tyranny, and entitled him to all the privileges of a Russian subject. The ambassadors of the other powers, finding the sale of these documents a fruitful and convenient source of revenue, soon imitated the example of the Russian envoy, and sold their protection to hundreds of *rayahs*, by investing them with the nominal office of interpreters to their respective legations, and thus admitting them to the privileges of the *Berat*. Even the Sultan himself, in order to put a stop to these abuses, or to share at least in the emoluments arising from them, entered into competition with the ambassadors, and established a corps of Greek and Armenian mer-

* These *berats* were, in their origin, certificates conferred, with the consent of the Porte, upon such of the Sultan's subjects as the foreign ambassadors might find necessary to employ in their service. By virtue of these certificates, the holders were regarded as subjects of the power to whose embassy they were attached.



chants, who enjoyed, by right of purchase, peculiar immunities and exemptions. It was indeed a novel and unheard of sight, to see men bartering their allegiance, as they would barter their merchandise—the rights of an alien more prized and coveted than the rights of citizenship—protection from tyranny put up for sale as an article of traffic—and even a sovereign himself retailing to his subjects, as it were by weight and measure, and retailing too for money, the common and unalienable rights of man!

It was at this period that the islands of Hydra, Spetzia, and Ipsara, first became known in the commercial world. France being at war with nearly the whole of Europe, and suffering in consequence from a scarcity of provisions, the enterprising navigators of these obscure islands undertook to supply her with corn from the Black sea. Secure under the protection of the all powerful *Berat*, which had the faculty of transforming their vessels and cargoes into Frank property, whenever it suited their convenience, they passed the Dardanelles under Russian or other Christian colours, loaded with grain at Odessa or Taiganrock, and hoisting the Turkish flag as soon as they re-entered the Archipelago, proceeded unmolested to the ports of France, where they disposed of their cargoes at an enormous advance. In later years, when Spain and Portugal became the theatre of war, they distinguished themselves by the skill and intrepidity with which they attempted to evade the blockade of the Peninsula, and many ample fortunes were realized from the frequent success of these daring enterprises.*

* This account of the rise of Greek commerce is given chiefly upon the authority of a course of lectures on the literature of Modern Greece, delivered at Geneva, by Iakobakes Rizos, a distinguished Phanariote, who held before the war the offices of *Grand Postelnik*, or Prime Minister, to the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, and translating Dragoman to the Reis-Effendi. Besides these lectures, he has published a number of poems and other works which are very highly spoken of.

Increasing rapidly in wealth from their unexampled prosperity in trade, and acquiring confidence from experience, they soon began to venture forth beyond the Mediterranean, and one small vessel, more daring than the rest, even found its way in safety across the Atlantic.*

Such is the short and singular history of the revival of commerce in Greece—an era which ever deserves to occupy a conspicuous place in the eventful annals of her regeneration. It opened the way for the introduction of wealth and civilization, established important relations with the nations of Europe, roused the industry and activity of the people, opened their eyes to the extent of their power and resources, and fostered that growing spirit of independence, which previous events had long since awakened. And when the decisive hour at length arrived, when they ventured to stand forth and assert their rights, it was their commerce which furnished them a ready-made navy, without the aid and protection of which they must inevitably have fallen victims to the rage of their infuriated oppressors. During the first six years of her struggle, Greece had not a single national vessel; her navy was entirely composed of merchant vessels, the property of private individuals, and equipped and maintained in a great measure at the expense of the owners. Her admirals were opulent merchants, unpractised in war, who, with a patriotism almost unexampled, fitted out their own vessels, and took command of them in person, devoting their lives and fortunes to the glorious cause

* The Captain of this vessel, I was informed at Gibraltar, was living in that place, a common beggar. Having miscalculated the expenses of the voyage, and the value of his cargo in America, the enterprise resulted in his utter ruin. He became so dispirited in consequence, that he never returned any farther than Gibraltar, preferring the disgrace of begging among strangers, to the mortification of returning in poverty to his native country.



in which their country had embarked.* In this manner the three islands collected together a joint fleet of fifty or sixty sail. They were all light brigs and schooners, beautifully modelled, and as swift as the wind, but wholly unable to cope with the heavy frigates and threedeckers that were despatched against them from Constantinople. They never ventured, therefore, to meet the Turks in close engagement, but by superior vigilance and dexterity they generally contrived to keep their more powerful enemy at bay. By several well directed and successful coups de main, performed by means of their

* The Hydriote merchants, it is true, hesitated in the first instance to take part in the insurrection; but when we consider the peculiarity of their situation, we can hardly find fault with them for their backwardness. Excepting the payment of an annual tribute, they already enjoyed all the substantial privileges of independence; they were allowed to manage their own internal concerns without the interference of Turkish magistrates, and not a Turk was allowed to reside in their island, or even to enter the town beyond the limits of the quay. They had grown rich upon a prosperous trade, and much of their capital was still abroad in commercial transactions, which the dangers of war must in a great measure interrupt. In joining in the contest, therefore, with their brethren of the Morea, they had very little to gain, and every thing to lose. They had good reason to believe that the rising was premature, and saw very little hope of a successful issue. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should have hesitated, before entering upon so important a step. Patriotism is a virtue, which, except in a few exalted minds, never persuades men to encounter the perils of a revolution, without the hope of bettering, in some way, their private condition. With the merchants of Hydra, as would be the case with the mass of mankind, it resolved itself into a calculation of profit and loss; and it was not until the sailors had forced them to the measure, that they at length declared in favour of the insurgent party. These more prompt and disinterested patriots, already thrown out of employ, and allured by the hope of plunder which the prospect of the war offered them, rose tumultuously in a body, and could not be pacified until the merchants had consented to fit out their vessels and advance them a considerable amount of money.

fireships, they raised to such a degree the terror of their name, that the mere sight of the Grecian flag, waving over a paltry golette, would put to flight the proudest ship in the Ottoman navy. The Turks regarded the Grecian marine, as one regards a nest of hornets, which he has the power of crushing at a single blow, but which he is afraid of approaching on account of the secret sting with which they are armed. This secret sting which rendered the Greeks so formidable, was the dreaded brulot, that tremendous weapon which they knew how to employ with such consummate skill, and which the gigantic but unwieldy power of the Turks was seldom able to avert.

Bidding good riddance to Hydra—to its snow white houses with not a tavern or hostelrie among them all—its pretty little women, and its disorderly and unmannerly men—its savoury caviari—its enormous radishes—its resin flavoured wine, and its spirit-stirring *raki*—together with all and sundry its other luxuries and delights, we chartered a caique, and directed our course towards the low, gray hills of Spetzia. After broiling all day long beneath a December sun, and toiling with sail and oar against one of the most baffling winds that ever tried a sailor's patience, we succeeded at last in reaching our destination. We were just entering the harbour, (alas! the perversity of winds and waves!) when the propitious breeze which we had longed for in vain, came most obligingly to our assistance. But it came, like many another officious friend, at the very moment when its services were no longer needed. For want of better accommodations, we were fain to throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the monastery of St. Nicolas. We were readily admitted within its sacred walls, and were ushered into a dirty, unfurnished, and comfortless cell, by a blind old caloyer, who exercised the functions of *forestiero*. We were disposed to regard his want of vision as some excuse for the ill-conditioned state of the apartment to which he conducted us; but if he could not see the dirt, he certainly might



have felt it, even without supposing the defect of his visual organs to have quickened in the least degree his other senses. On entering the cell we found a lazy and ragged member of the fraternity coiled up in one corner on a little straw mat, and tranquilly dozing by the light of a glimmering lamp suspended over his head. Old Demetrakes,* the *forestiero*, roused him from his slumbers by a touch of the foot, rather unceremoniously administered, and which the sleeping man thought proper to construe as a kick, and accordingly took in high dudgeon. He started up on his haunches with very much the growl and attitude of a bear, and demanded an explanation for so rudely interrupting his repose. Demetrakes, who was evidently in the habit of being obeyed, answered very laconically, that some strangers had arrived, and ordered his turbulent subject forthwith to vacate the premises for their use. The gentleman remonstratrd against the cruelty and injustice of such an order, and resolutely refused to comply. The old *forestiero*, finding the gentle means of persuasion to fail of their usual effect, now undertook to enforce obedience to his commands by dint of sinew and muscle; and a scuffle ensued not very creditable to the Christian patience and forbearance of the holy brethren. We were scandalized at the unbecoming scene, and by our timely intercession extorted from the enraged Demetrakes a reluctant consent, to let the fractious and intractable monk retain unmolested the corner of the apartment which he held in his possession.

* The termination *aκι*, which the Greeks are so fond of giving to their names, is a diminutive, expressive of tenderness or affection, but frequently applied without any fitness or propriety. It is very common, for instance, to hear a stout and savage Kapitanos addressed in this manner, for whom the most harsh augmentative would be far too soft and gentle.

We asked for supper, and the *good old men** furnished us with wine, olives, salt fish, and barley bread, of which we partook in the primitive simplicity of nature, unincumbered with knives, or forks, or spoons, or any of the usual paraphernalia of the table. While we were engaged in our repast, our pious room-mate entertained us with an exhibition of his devotional fervour in the performance of his evening orisons. For a full hour did he toil and labour at the work of prayer, calling in turn upon half the saints in the calendar, bowing and crossing himself the whole while with indefatigable ardour, and stooping down at intervals to kiss the dust and rub his forehead in the dirt with the most praiseworthy meekness and humility. All these performances he went through entirely heedless of our presence, or, rather, in consequence of our presence, and for the sake of pure ostentation. Our own simple meal and the caloyer's laborious devotions being concluded, we wrapped ourselves in our capotes, and stretched ourselves on the floor—for beds and bedding are comforts as yet unknown in Greece, even in far more luxurious habitations than the monastery of St. Nicolas. We soon found that we had other and more offensive companions to pass the night with us, besides the filthy monk, who was now harmlessly snoring in the opposite corner. These were certain nimble-footed vermin, who came upon us like a thousand men, as if to expel us *vi et armis* from the place. My fellow-travellers, long accustomed to such society, seemed wholly unconscious of the attack; but to the uninitiated, like myself, resistance was unavailing. I was fairly driven out of doors, and compelled to pass the night in the romantic, though somewhat tedious and uncomfortable occupation, of gazing at the stars, and admiring the moonlight prospect over "the deep, dark blue Ægean," from the beautiful terrace of the convent.

* The literal translation of the title of the Greek monks, which is compounded of the words καλὸς and γέρων.

Under the portico of the church which stands in the court-yard of the monastery, is suspended a painting—a rarer curiosity of the pictorial art than can be found in the galleries of Rome or Florence! In acuracy of design and beauty of execution, it must yield indeed to some of the Italian chef d' œuvres; for these minor excellencies seem to have been either beneath the notice or beyond the skill of the artist. But in boldness and originality of conception, those nobler and loftier qualities, there are few productions of the pencil that can enter into competition with this truly wonderful painting. The subject is the last judgment; and in depicting the terrors of the awful scene, the unknown author has displayed a wild luxuriance and a reckless sublimity of imagination, which are not surpassed even by Michael Angelo himself, in his representation of the same difficult subject on the wall of the Sistine chapel. But a more particular description will better exhibit the real merit of this curious production.

In the upper part of the painting is a visible representation of the Holy Trinity, with an Angel on each side rolling up a scroll, on one of which is depicted the moon, and on the other the sun and stars. This is probably intended to represent the heavens passing away like a scroll. In the centre of a circle composed of various allegorical emblems, is the throne of Christ with the twelve apostles and two of the prophets ranged on either side of it in little niches. Underneath the throne and occupying the centre of the picture, is another circle, containing a view of Calvary, surmounted by the cross and the various instruments of crucifixion described by the evangelists. Over the cross are hoveriug two angels with trumpets, proclaiming the glad tidings of redemption, and beneath it, without the circle, are two curiously dressed figures stuck in gold leaf upon a dark blue ground, which, as appears from the names written over them, are intended to represent our first parents; for the artist, aware of the danger of misconception, has very judiciously followed the example of the considerate Dutchman

and explained in writing the different parts of his work. Below this last group are the scales of justice, with a dæmon holding a soul to be weighed, while two others are bringing bundles on their backs containing crimes for the opposite scale, and the Archangels are attempting to thrust away with their spears the officiating devils. Next are seen groups of the damned led away in chains by an infernal escort to the mouth of a huge serpent which is intended for the entrance of the bottomless pit. In the mouth is Satan with Judas in his arms, and several caloyers in the act of descending. The main body of the right side of the painting is occupied by a procession of saints headed by St. Peter, about to enter Paradise, which is represented by a row of little gilt houses, like sentry-boxes. In this part of the picture are also seen the dead rising from their graves. On the opposite side is a little pool of water, with a female figure seated on a whale, and holding a ship in her hand. The whale, as well as a variety of other sea monsters are vomiting forth human bodies. This is the sea giving up its dead. Various animals on land are also casting forth different members of the human body, which they are supposed to have eaten. Next comes Moses, with a body of Jews, directing their attention to the Messiah, and Antichrist cutting off the head of Enoch, while Elias stands by in the attitude of remonstrating. The remainder of this side of the painting is occupied by the flames of the pit rising up to devour the multitude of the damned. Such are the principal objects which the grotesque imagination of the painter has assembled together in this singular effort of his art: they are scattered promiscuously over the canvas, without any regard to perspective, and without any connected scenery, the different groups being detached from each other, and painted for the most part upon one uniform ground of gold or dark blue.

In the church is a basso-relievo representation of the patron saint, which is regarded with great veneration. The figure is of beaten gold, and is wrought upon a ground of silver. It is



framed and hung up in the form of a picture, and as such is considered by the Greeks, who though devoutly eschewing the worship of idols or images, pay as much reverence to their pictures or paintings, as St. Peter of the Vatican, or any other favourite statue, receives from the pious Catholic. This mode of working golden figures upon a silver ground is very common in the east, and will serve to throw some light upon the much debated allusion of Solomon to "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Spetzia is, like Hydra, almost exclusively inhabited by seafaring men, the most insolent and ungovernable of all the Greek Islanders. Their dark and savage countenances, and the air of reckless ferocity with which they swagger along, render them the most forbidding and repulsive of all the Greeks that I have met with. Cooped up in their barren island, deprived not only of their wonted means of subsistance, but of their favourite occupation upon the seas, which habit has rendered almost indispensable to their existence, and suddenly reduced to a life of idleness and poverty, they become restless and impatient, as might be expected, from so violent a change in their habits; their vicious propensities are suffered to grow rank and unrestrained, and produce the natural fruits of crime and disorder. Their commerce is gone,—their navy is now scarcely more than a name,—and the gallant vessels which once wafted them riches with every gale that blew, are crowded together dismantled and deserted in the now silent and unfrequented harbour. Such of the inhabitants as have the means of indulgence spend their time in drinking and smoking, and gambling about the coffee-houses, and many of those who have not, will not scruple to obtain them by any mode which fortune may throw in their way. The consequence of this state of things is a degree of anarchy and insubordination, which makes it unsafe for a stranger to venture unprotected into the more retired parts of the town. I was walking one morning with my Maïnote companion, but a short distance from the bazar,

when we were met by a friend of his who assured us that we were in great danger of being robbed and recieving personal injury, if we proceeded any farther into the town. The same caution was afterwards repeated to us by an old priest. Such a state of society is to be lamented, but it would bé unjust and unreasonable to censure men too severely for vices which have been entailed upon them, in a great measure, by their misfortunes; and we should be more especially careful in passing judgment upon these ignorant and unenlightened islanders, when the records of civilization afford such good reason to believe, that even our own countrymen, if placed in the same trying circumstances, with the same temptations to crime, and the same facilities for its commission, would be guilty of far greater excesses than have ever disgraced the populace of Hydra or Spetzia.

CHAPTER VI.

On our return to Poros, we found the frigate Hellas, the steamboat Enterprise, and the ci-devant Turkish corvette,* which had just arrived from a cruise off Navarino, where the admiral in chief had been amusing himself for some days, in sailing about and reconnoitering with his spy-glass the remnant of the Turkish fleet. The principal achievement of this expedition was the capture of a piratical boat, which had plundered a Dutch merchantman. The boat was retained and towed in triumph to Poros; but her crew were delivered over to the enraged Dutchman, to be carried to Corfu, and there dealt with in due form of law. This was the termina-

* Captured by the Hellas some months before.



tion of Lord Cochrane's operations in Greece: the fleet was now laid up in inglorious inaction, and the patriotic admiral had full opportunity to enjoy his favourite amusement of hunting woodcock on the plain of Damala.

In company with the other Americans at Poros, I dined on board of the majestic frigate, the pride as well as the disgrace of our country, and had the honour of an introduction to Lord Cochrane. His lordship—I speak now with more particular reference to his outward man—is as indifferent a specimen of nobility as could well be produced. A weather-beaten and ill-featured countenance, surrounded by reddish hair and whiskers, a tall and awkward figure beginning to be bent by age, and a slovenly style of dress, set off however by the manners of a gentleman, form the personal characteristics of this mercenary hero. He entered freely into conversation about the affairs of Greece, and expressed himself with a cold and heartless indifference to her welfare, which showed that it was neither sympathy for her sufferings, nor the love of her cause, but the tempting glitter of her gold, that had brought him to her aid, and that he would be willing at any moment to abandon her for any other nation, that would offer a higher bid for his services.

Shortly after our return to head-quarters, the town was thrown into an alarming commotion, almost amounting to a civil war, by a "trifle light as air," which would not be worth recording, but to illustrate the singularly inflammable state of the social elements in Greece. I was occupied in one of our magazines, when a soldier named Micheli, whom we had discharged from our service a short time before, came up to me decked out in the most extravagant style of *palikari* foppery, and made the modest demand of a barrel of flour. I at first treated his request jocosely, and asked him if it was upon the ground of poverty that he presented himself as a beggar. He answered very insolently that these supplies were sent out

"for the nation,"* and that he, as one of the nation, was entitled to his share with the rest. Finding it impossible to get rid of his importunity by a civil refusal, I was at length obliged to eject him from the premises by a gentle application of the hand to the back of his neck. His first impulse was to grasp his *ataghan;* but recollecting probably that I always carried a pair of pistols in my pocket, he thought proper to restrain his wrath for the present, and after a few commonplace imprecations, strode away muttering threats of vengeance. It happened, unfortunately, that while his ire was yet in full and overflowing ebullition, he met an old *chamálι* in our employ, accompanied by Francesco, one of our soldier-servants, bringing bread from the oven for the use of the hospital. Micheli seized this first opportunity for wreaking his vengeance, and snatching a loaf of bread from the tray, endeavoured to make off with his booty. But Francesco, true to his charge, laid fearlessly hold of the invader, and strove to rescue the captive loaf. He was overpowered and beaten by a friend of his antagonist, and chased through the street by Micheli himself with a drawn *ataghan* in his hand. A respectable shop-keeper of the town, indignant at the outrage, now interfered in behalf of Francesco, and dealt retribution upon the man that had beaten him. The affair soon became noised abroad, and a general uproar ensued. A large mob assembled about the scene of the affray, and two hostile parties were formed, one declaring for the Americans, the other for Micheli. In the midst of the confusion, the shop-keeper who had taken Francesco's part received a stab in the back from the knife of a fellow townsman, and almost immediately expired. It was now late in the evening, and Micheli and

* "Διά το γένος." This was a plea very commonly made to us by improper applicants for charity.

† Porter.



the murderer contrived to make their escape under cover of the darkness, and fled with precipitation from the island. It was a fortunate circumstance that the night closed in, in time to put an end to the quarrel before it had proceeded any farther; had it been otherwise, the most fatal consequences might have been the result. But it was too dark to fight,—and after a tumultuous war of words, during which an attack upon our hospital was loudly threatened, the contending parties at length gradually dispersed, and betook themselves to the coffee-houses, to drown their animosity in the fumes of tobacco and *raki*.

We had chartered at Spetzia a beautiful armed brig, for the purpose of carrying provisions to the district of Maïna, in the southern part of the Morea, which, we had been informed, was swarming with helpless fugitives from all the neighbouring country, who had been driven from their homes by Ibrahim and his merciless Egyptians.* On the 14th of December I

* Before engaging the Spetziote vessel, old Mauromichales, the former Bey of Maïna, hearing of our intention to send relief to that part of the country, had offered us the gratuitous use of a vessel which he had with him at Ægina. We had nearly concluded to accept an offer made with such apparent generosity; but upon coming to the point we found that we should be saddled with a debt of nearly $200 which the vessel had incurred, and which must be paid off before she could be allowed to leave Ægina. We moreover received information, almost amounting to certain proof, that this vessel of Petro Bey's was the identical pirate which had robbed the American brig Cherub the preceding summer. In consequence of these circumstances, we declined the treacherous offer, and made our bargain with the Spetziote. But the old Bey was so exceedingly anxious that his vessel should be the honoured instrument of carrying the American charities to his native district, that he despatched his brother Constantine Bey to Poros, to renew the proposal. Mr. Miller, with whom he held the first conference on the subject, told him plainly all that he had heard, and said he should have nothing to do with robbers. Upon being faced with this unexpected accusation, the sweat started upon Constantine's face, and after an awkward attempt to exculpate himself, he withdrew. If he had been

sailed from Poros in charge of this vessel, accompanied by Jarvis and a party of his *palikaris*, and on the morning of the

actuated by motives of pure generosity, this rebuff would have prevented him from urging the matter any farther; but notwithstanding the treatment he had received, he still persisted. Having failed with Mr. Miller, he next made the attempt upon me. He came the next morning to the magazine, where I was getting out the flour which he so eagerly coveted, and informed me that if we were desirous of sending another cargo to Maïna, his vessel was upon the point of sailing, and would be at our service. I thanked him for his kindness, and said the present shipment was all we should send to that quarter. He seemed disappointed and made no reply, but stood for some moments in a brown study. To break the silence, I asked him when his vessel would sail. He said, she would probably sail in company with us. Looking him steadily in the face, to see whether he would take my meaning, I observed that Cochrane's brig would also sail about the same time. He was terribly confused and after scratching the ground for the space of a minute with his walking stick, bade me good morning, and walked off in a huff. Still, however, he was not to be deterred from his object. The following day he called at our mansion house. I happened to be alone. He was very civil and courteous, and said he should send letters by us to his brothers in Maïna, requesting their good offices in our behalf, together with his secretary, who would be useful to us from his knowledge of the country. I replied that we should go amply furnished in every respect, and were well acquainted with the situation of the country, and would therefore not give him the trouble, either to write to his brothers on our account, or to send any of his people along with us. Finding him not to be satisfied with indirect hints, I told him frankly, that we had certain reasons for declining his offers altogether; that we had been robbed and cheated so often that we had become suspicious; and that we were determined that the remainder of the charities intrusted to our care should go to the starving and destitute for whom they were intended, instead of falling into the hands of the rich and powerful. I then commented upon the mean, dishonourable, and unfeeling conduct of some of the principal men in Greece, who instead of lending their aid to those who had come from distant countries on charitable errands, had done all in their power to circumvent them, as well by secret and underhanded measures, as by open force. The persevering Bey listened very respectfully to my harangue, but still persisted in his kind intention of sending his letters and secretary. Hearing Mr. Miller's voice without.



third day arrived at Kitriais,* a small town near the head of the bay of Kalamata or Coron. But our proceedings in Maïna will be better understood, by some previous account of this singular and interesting region.

The district now known by the name of Maïna is the mountainous promontory, formed by the range of Taygetus, which constituted a large portion of the territory of the ancient Lacedæmonians. It is peopled by a primitive race, distinct in their manners and mode of living from the other inhabitants of Greece, and who boast that the pure blood of the ancient Spartans still flows in their veins. A difference of opinion exists as to the purity of their origin, but it is pretty generally admitted that they have been preserved freer from foreign mixture than most of their Romaïc brethren. At all events, their claim derives considerable plausibility from the striking resemblance of many of their customs to those which

I now went and called him to my assistance. He flew into a storming passion—walked directly up to Constantine—told him once for all, that we should have nothing to do with either letters or men of his—and challenged him to fight, before he had time to speak a word. The valiant Bey was astounded at the decided tone in which Miller addressed him,—"grinned a ghastly smile" and said "*διαολ*"—wiped his face, and protested that our suspicions were without foundation—and left us with a cool and formal "Δούλος σας," and a most vindictive roll of the eye. Whether or no it was the intention of the Mauromichales to get possession of our flour, and retain it for their own benefit, I shall not pretend to decide. At all events, if there was any intention of foul play, I am disposed to lay the blame upon Constantine, and to exonerate the old Bey, who is acknowledged by all who have had opportunities of knowing him, to be a well meaning and excellent old man. He has given the most unquestionable proofs of unaffected patriotism, and can hardly be supposed capable of descending from his exalted rank, to meditate so paltry an act of dishonesty. If it is true that his vessel has been engaged in piracies, it is but justice to his character to suppose, that they were committed by some other members of his family, without his knowledge or participation.

* Travellers have generally written this name *Kitreés*.

we find described in the ancient writers, and from the singular fact that the histories of some of the Spartan heroes are found interwoven with the popular traditions and superstitions of the country. Besides, the mere circumstance of the general prevalence of such a notion, among a people so rude and ignorant as the Maïnotes, and so entirely removed from foreign intercourse, furnishes of itself no small evidence of its correctness. The country is extremely barren; so much so, that the utmost cultivation of which it is susceptible is inadequate to the support of its scanty population. In consequence of this poverty of their country, which renders subsistence so difficult and precarious, the inhabitants have long been notorious for their predatory habits, both by sea and land. Being conveniently situated for piratical operations, on the grand highway of the Mediterranean commerce, they have ever been the terror of the passing merchantman; and taking advantage of the facilities afforded them by the rugged defiles of their mountains, they have rendered themselves equally formidable to the traveller on land. But with all their lawless propensities, they possess many noble and generous qualities; and are not to be confounded with the desperate adventurers that follow a similar profession in civilized communities. They are no vulgar robbers or freebooters; they are, it is true, bold and fearless in their calling, but they exercise it with a moderation and generosity that are nowhere else to be found in men who live by violence. In the piracies which they have committed, we hear little of cutting of throats, and blowing out brains, and hoisting to the yard-arm, as is the practice with the marauders of other seas. And on land, they are by no means guilty of indiscriminate plunder. The stranger that has in any manner been introduced to their hospitality, is as safe, both in his person and his property, as if guarded by a host; if he has once broken their bread, his protection becomes not only a point of honour, but a sacred duty. Like the *Klephts* of Roumelia, they cherish irrecon-

cileable hatred towards the Turks, and it is upon these their natural enemies that they most delight to exercise their vocation. War, the name by which they honour their predatory excursions, is the occupation to which they are trained from childhood. The rifle is their constant companion from the moment they are able to wield it, and in the use of it they become singularly expert. Every village has its target and shooting ground, where the children receive their education; and even the women take part in these martial exercises, as in times of danger they also take part in battle with their husbands and brothers.

The Maïnotes are governed by native chieftains, who live in square castles, and with the title of Καπιτάνος, exercise a kind of feudal jurisdiction over their respective clans. These *Kapitanoi* are perpetually quarrelling and waging war with each other, when they have nothing better to do; but in times of public danger, they readily forget their private animosities, and make common cause for the common safety. The country has never been completely subjugated by the Turks; its natural strength and the spirit of the inhabitants having enabled them to maintain a sort of midway independence, in spite of the various attempts which have from time to time been made to reduce them.* †The distinguishing feature of their character is a wild and romantic love of liberty, which disdains alike every species of restraint; a

* They paid an annual tribute to the Porte, but not a Turk ever resided among them, or ever entered their territory but at the peril of his money and his life.

† "Là (Maïna) sont ensevelies des actions héroïques, dignes d'être transmises à la postérité par la plume des Thucydides et des Xénophons; là existe encore, et je l'ai vu, un de ces chefs Maïnotes, qui ayant pris les armes à l'arrivée des Russes, enfermé dans une tour avec 40 hommes, soutint un siége contre 6000 Turcs; il s'y defendit plusieurs jours, et les assiégans, etant enfin parvenus à embraser son asile, virent sortir sanglans et couverts de blessures deux hommes, un vieillard et son fils!"—*Voy. pitt. de la Gréce.*

savage and untamed spirit of independence, which has braved and defied the power of their Turkish masters, and which, so long as they remain in their present state of untutored barbarism, will brave with equal stubbornness all the efforts that may be made to bring them within the pale of an established government. Proud of their Spartan blood, they look down with contempt upon all other Greeks, regarding them as a mongrel race of vile barbarians, possessing no common ties of kindred or country with the brave and legitimate descendants of Lycurgus and Leonidas; and though they have taken an active and honourable part in the events of the revolution, it has been more from hatred of the Turks, than from any fellow-feeling with their companions in the struggle, or from any desire or intention on their part of attaching themselves permanently to the federal government of Greece. They are not such fools, they say, as to rid themselves of one yoke, tamely to thrust their necks into another; to spend their blood and treasure in shaking off the tyranny of the Turks, and then submit, like slaves, to be ruled by Moreotes and Roumeliotes. To this general feeling among the Mainotes, the Mauromichales seem to be almost the only exception; and it is in consequence probably of their more enlarged and liberal views, that they have acquired the enmity and ill will of many of the other *Kapitanoi.*

In the year 1776, when Maïna was separated from the Pashalik of the Morea, the whole country was placed under the nominal jurisdiction of a Bey, elected by the *Kapitanoi* from their own number, but subject to the approval of the Capitan Pasha. The Bey differed but little however from the other chieftains, except as being their organ of communication with the Turks, and the responsible agent for the collection and payment of the tribute. The office continued until the breaking out of the revolution, at which period it was filled by the renowned Mauromichales, more commonly known by the title of Petro Bey.



CHAPTER VII.

KITRIAIS, the place where we first landed in Maïna, is a small hamlet composed of some fifteen or twenty miserable habitations, which are huddled together as if in a fright, around the foot of an old castle, standing close to the sea, upon the brow of a low sandy cliff. The mountains rise behind it in steep and lofty acclivities, which are cut into terraces and cultivated with immense labour, and over all are seen peering the highest peaks of Taygetus, ascending majestically towards the heavens in dazzling masses of untrodden snow. A larger town called Mantine, to which Kitriais may be considered as merely a port, is just visible over the top of one of the lofty ridges in the back ground, its grove of olives and slender spire giving a beautiful and picturesque outline to the mountain.

The castle of Kitriais has been at different times the residence of the Beys of Maïna, and is at present occupied by *Kapitan* Antonakes, the youngest brother of Petro Bey. It was taken by storm by the Mauromichales about fifteen years ago, being at that time in the possession of the Bey Constantine Zerbakos, who had bought the office at Constantinople, and with the assistance of a troop of hired Albanians, had turned out his father-in-law, the regularly elected Bey. The principal tower, which still remains in a shattered and ruined state, is a memorial of the civil war that ensued, and which resulted in the deposition of Constantine, and the elevation of Mauromichales in his stead.

It was our intention to avoid all communication with the great men of the country, after the lessons which recent experience had taught us. Impelled, however, by feelings of curiosity, we walked through the town, and directed our steps towards the castle. We had approached within a short distance of it, and stood admiring its strange and antiquated appearance, when a fine looking and graceful young man, the son of the King of Sparta,* came to meet us, with a dozen wild looking fellows at his back, all splendidly armed and equipped,—bade us welcome to Kitriais, with a polite and friendly salutation,—and invited us into the castle. To decline the proffered hospitality of a Maïnote chieftain, would have been an unpardonable insult; and we were fain, therefore, to comply with the unexpected invitation. Following our distinguished guide, we entered an arched gateway, traversed a dirty and ruinous court, and passing from thence into a small dilapidated apartment, were suddenly ushered into the presence of *Kapitan* Antonakes. Nothing could present a greater contrast, than the appearance of the mansion and its owner. The former was dirty, unfurnished, and falling to decay; the latter was richly arrayed in the Albanian fashion, with jacket of olive-coloured satin, *Phoustanella* of fine linen, leggings of green and gold, and an elegant shawl around his waist. He was squatting upon a rug, with his legs folded under him, after the universal custom of the East, twirling his rosary, drinking in huge volumes of tobacco smoke from the mouth of his long amber-headed pipe, and chatting familiarly with the host of attendants that surrounded him. As soon as he saw us enter the apartment, he hastily swallowed his last whiff of tobacco, and ordering his attendants to make way for us, received us with a blunt, though good-natured welcome, and graciously seated us by his side. He immediately drew from his sash a

* The title of one of Petro's brothers.



letter, which, he said, he had just received from his brother Constantine, informing him of our departure for Maïna, and requesting his advice and assistance in the business which we had in hand. I watched his countenance, to see whether he had not kept back the most important part of the contents of the letter; but there was something so frank and undisguised in his manner, that I concluded Constantine must have thought proper, for his own credit and that of his family, to conceal the unpleasant circumstances which had taken place at Poros. Be this as it may, Antonakes treated us, during all our intercourse, with a show of the most perfect cordiality, and, so far as we were personally concerned, manifested every disposition to befriend and oblige us. We suspected him, it is true, of an itching desire to come in, in an honest way, for a share of our benefactions, and he would no doubt have considered a present of a few barrels of flour as no more than a fitting compliment to the chief man of the place; but we must give him the credit, as well as the other *Kapitanoi*, robbers as they were by profession, of withholding their hands from an alluring prey, out of a pure respect for the duties of hospitality, and of merely attempting to obtain by intrigue and management what they might readily have effected by force.

Kapitan Antonakes was a Maïnote, and accustomed to employ the weapons of compulsion—he was also a Greek, and knew how to employ the arts of intrigue. But Jarvis too was a thorough bred Greek; and after thanking our host for his friendly offers of assistance, and assuring him of our full confidence in the purity of his intentions, told him, that to save his family from any unjust suspicions, and to avoid giving cause of scandal to his enemies, he had better not interfere any farther, than giving us such advice and information as we needed. Antonakes assented to the propriety of this course, and our conference, which had lasted an hour, was thus brought to an amicable termination.

The number of suffering poor, whom we found in Kitriais, was not so great as we had expected; many of them having taken confidence since the battle of Navarino, and ventured once more to return to their homes. Armiró, another Maïnote town a little farther up the bay, was mentioned to us as a more central and convenient place for the distribution of our cargo, and thither Antonakes proposed that we should go, offering to accompany us himself, for the purpose of facilitating our inquiries. We acceded to the proposal, determined however to be upon our guard against any treachery that might be meditated against us; and Antonakes having summoned his trusty pipe-bearer, the inseparable companion of his waking hours, we stepped into a barge, manned with six lusty oarsmen, and left Kitriais, followed by the gaze of its whole population, who had assembled to compare the surmises to which the unexpected advent of the stranger had given rise, and to enjoy the novel sight of a coat and pantaloons, so rarely seen upon their coast.

A short distance from Kitriais we passed a solitary church standing in the midst of an olive grove, upon a low projecting cliff of red earth, where some inconsiderable vestiges of antiquity are visible. The place is called *Palaio Chorio*,* and is evidently the site of an ancient town, supposed to be Abia or Pheræ. A little farther we came to Myloi, a small hamlet so called from a number of mills, which are turned by a salt spring gushing forth from a cavern within a few feet of the sea, and forming a furious torrent at its very source. It is the vulgar belief, that the water flows through a subterraneous passage all the way from the gulf of Kolokythia, which lies on the eastern side of Maïna; and the quantity, it is said, is

* *Palaio Chorio* (Παλαιὸ χώριο) signifies *the old town*, and is a name commonly given in Greece to ruined and deserted sites; as *Palaio Kastro* (the old castle) is the common appellation of the ancient Greek or Venetian fortresses.



sensibly increased, whenever the wind blows with violence from that direction. Myloi consists of nothing more than three or four small houses, and a handsome white castle belonging to the chief of the district, who resides at Armiró. We arrived at the latter place in about an hour after leaving Kitriais.

Armiró is a small settlement principally composed of shopkeepers and venders of provisions, and is merely the seaport of Selitza, a considerable town which is seen at an almost inaccessible height upon the steep and naked slope of Mount Genitza. A few miles farther north is the late flourishing city of Kalamata, beautifully situated at the head of the gulf, imbedded in groves of olive and fruit trees, but now reduced to a heap of ruins by the Egyptian Alaric. Its devastated plain looks smiling from afar, and the ruined and tenantless town shows nothing of the desolation that reigns within. At the period of the battle of Navarino it was still occupied by a Turkish force, but they have since retreated towards Coron and Modon.

On landing at Anrmiró, Antonakes immediately sent a messenger to *Kapitan* Panagiotakes, the nephew and vicegerent of the ruling chieftain, informing him of our arrival, and requesting him to meet us at the principal coffee-house. Thither we in the mean time repaired, and resigned ourselves to the "*dolce non far niente*" of puffing tobacco and sipping coffee, along with a company of lounging sailors and *Palikaris* whom we found in possession of the premises. *Kapitan* Panagiotakes soon made his appearance, attended by an armed retinue, and politely invited us to his dwelling. He was a princely looking man, with a noble countenance and majestic figure, and was dressed in a style of magnificence which surpassed any thing that I had yet seen in Greece. He wore an Albanian suit of crimson cloth covered with gold embroidery, a pair of massive gold pistols in his belt, a short crimson mantle lined with blue thrown over his shoulders, and

a rich and graceful turban around his head of variegated silk.* We accompanied him to his house, a rude and ill-constructed mansion, and were conducted to a large and coarsely finished chamber, furnished with cushions in the Turkish style. In a few moments his wife, the *Kapitanessa*, entered the apartment with a stately air; and, after a formal and dignified obeisance, gracefully dropped herself upon an ottoman. Her appearance was altogether so unexpected, and so imposing, that it seemed for a moment as if some oriental vision had opened before me. She was young and blooming, and of surpassing beauty, and was arrayed with all the luxurious splendour of an eastern princess. She wore an under dress of thin figured muslin, with an embroidered sash folded loosely around her waist, and over all a long open robe of dark blue velvet richly wrought with gold, and lined with straw-coloured silk. Her head was covered with a red cloth cap and a small silk handkerchief wrapped around it, and her hair, which was interwoven with a thick gold cord, hung in graceful braids over her shoulders. Her small and finely turned foot was shod with a pointed slipper, and every finger of her delicate hands was sparkling with a costly gem. After paying us the compliment of sitting with us for a few minutes, the lady *Kapitanessa* withdrew to her own apartment.

From the information which we received at Armiró, we concluded to make that place the central point of distribution

* It is worthy of remark, that the Greeks in general, since the revolution, have shown a singular fondness for the costume of their former masters. The turban, yellow *papouches*, &c., which were formerly prohibited to them, they now take pride in wearing, merely to show that the prohibition is no longer regarded. So also it was unlawful for them, while under the Turks, to carry arms; they now go armed to the teeth, not so much for safety, as to make use of their new liberty.



for the chief part of our cargo. A notice was accordingly proclaimed through the bazar, by the town crier, appointing a time for a general rendezvous of such of the inhabitants as were in a destitute condition, and messengers were despatched into the surrounding country to spread the news of our arrival among the wretched multitudes that had taken refuge in the mountains. Having completed these arrangements, we returned in the evening to Kitriais.

CHAPTER VIII.

The second day following, (December 18th,) was the festival of St. Nicolas, the patron saint of mariners. All the vessels in the harbour fired salutes to the praise and glory of their blessed protector, and it was a time of general rejoicing and merry-making, among the inhabitants of Kitriais. There was a great parade of embroidered jackets, and a great consumption of wine and *raki*, and as great a waste of powder and ball, in the idle discharge of pistols and rifles, as would have sufficed to cut down a whole army of Turks.

In the evening, Jarvis returned from an excursion into the mountains, upon which he had set out the day before, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the people, and of directing the manner of their assembling at Armiró. The degree of suffering he found to be quite as great as had been represented to us. Thousands of miserable beings were collected about the villages, and were living in caves and clefts of the rocks, in a state of utter destitution, ready to perish for want of the simplest and commonest necessaries of life. They were principally fugitives from other parts of the country,—exiles from their native homes, who had fled from the desola-

tion of their fields, and the conflagration of their dwellings, and were now endeavouring to drag out a wretched and hopeless existence, by means which humanity sickens to contemplate. The chieftains of Armiró, he found, had been sending abroad a circular without our knowledge, directing each village to send two men with a statement of the number of inhabitants, and authority to receive for the whole population. In consequence of this underhanded and presumptuous interference, which might have had some sinister object in view, we broke off all communication with *Kapitan* Panagiotakes and his family.

December 19th. We collected together the objects of charity who were living in Kitriais and its neighbourhood, amounting to about a thousand individuals, and divided among them a hundred and ten barrels of flour and biscuit. Every thing went on smoothly and quietly, without any attempt to impede or molest us, and we had the satisfaction of seeing a vast amount of aggravated suffering relieved by our timely aid.

December 20th. Weighed anchor at daylight, and removed to Armiró. The people had already collected in considerable numbers, and were fast flocking in from every quarter. A few hundred yards to the north of the town, is a deep ravine, the bed of a torrent, where the Maïnotes have built a round tower, and a long wall running from the sea far up the side of the mountain, as a defence against invasion.* This spot we selected as the most secure and convenient place for our operations, taking possession of the old tower, and establishing there our head quarters.

* In the year 1826, the Egyptian army, under Ibrahim, attacked these works, and endeavoured to force a passage; but they were repulsed by the desperate bravery of the inhabitants, as the Turks had uniformly been before them. Beyond this line, we were informed, they have never entered Maïna on this side. A little farther north, is the bed of another torrent, which forms the boundary line between Maïna and the territory of Kalamata.



We occupied the day in discharging the vessel, and throwing up, as usual, our breastwork of barrels. Towards evening, as we were about concluding our labours, we were entertained with a pageant, so novel and so highly characteristic of the manners of the country, that it is deserving of a particular description. It was a dashing cavalcade, which approached us from the direction of Kalamata, consisting of five or six men, and several females, mounted upon mules and horses, and preceded by about a dozen *palikaris* on foot. One of the women, who appeared to be a lady of rank, and who rode the best horse in the party, was veiled in the Genoese fashion, with a large white handkerchief, and covered with a rich red mantle, which concealed her whole person, and hung in ample folds over the sides of her horse. She was supported on each side by a male attendant, and followed by a female domestic. All the rest of the party travelled in single file. A grotesque and amusing figure who appeared to be a licensed jester and buffoon, led the way, capering and dancing to the sound of a violin which he was scraping with great animation, and performing at intervals, all sorts of antic gestures and grimaces. As they drew near to Armiró, the soldiers kept up a running feu de joie, which was quickly answered by the retainers of Panagiotakes, who met the distinguished visiters at the entrance of the town, and welcomed them with loud and long repeated vollies of musketry.

Shortly afterwards we witnessed another curious scene, illustrating, in an equally striking manner, the singular character of this interesting people. We were walking in the outskirts of the town, when our attention was attracted by a succession of piercing shrieks and lamentations, which soon became louder and more distinct, and were evidently fast approaching us. We turned our eyes in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and soon perceived two women rapidly advancing towards us from among the olive trees, and exhibiting all those frantic demonstrations of grief, so common in the exaggera-

tion of poetical description, but rarely to be met with in the dull uniformity of real life. They clasped their hands convulsively—beat their bare bosoms—tore their dishevelled locks, and frequently threw themselves headlong to the earth; then suddenly starting upon their feet with a shriek of agony, and a look of unutterable wildness, they would again dash forward, as if pursued by some relentless fiend, from whose grasp they were endeavouring to escape. They passed within a few feet of us, totally unconscious or regardless of our presence, and rushed madly on until they were finally lost to our view, and the sound of their wailing entirely died away in the distance. The cause of this phrenzy was the intelligence which they had just received, that the husband of one of them, to whom she had been married but forty days, had been killed in a skirmish between the troops of Antonakes and Mourginos, the chief of Skardamoula, who were engaged at the time in some private feud.

The four following days we employed in feeding the starving multitudes that were constantly pouring down upon us from the mountains. The number of persons to whom we administered relief, was about eighteen thousand—principally women and children, and old men, from Coron, Modon, Navarino, and the other Messenian towns. Such scenes of heart-rending misery as we were here compelled to witness, it is almost impossible to conceive, surrounded as we are in our favoured land by the blessings of peace and plenty. But it would be a superfluous repetition, to attempt any further description at present, after the picture that has already been given of similar scenes in the Isthmus of Corinth. It will be sufficient to say, that the suffering at Armiró, was of the same affecting character as that which existed at Corinth, but far exceeding it in extent, as comprehending a far greater number of victims. We were the whole time within sight of the Turkish garrison of Coron, on the opposite side of the bay, who were no doubt informed of our operations by the numerous boats that were



daily supplying them with provisions; but either through fear or apathy, they manifested no disposition to molest us. Several Turkish vessels of war were also at different times seen hovering about the mouth of the bay, but without attempting any hostile measures against us.

Though undisturbed however by the Turks, we suffered no small annoyance from unruly Greeks, and particularly from a wild and eccentric Moreote Captain, named Staïkos, who has several times distinguished himself during the war by acts of great personal valour, but has lately been marked by a singularity of conduct, which is generally supposed to proceed from a disordered mind. This Staïkos was quartered with General Niketas, somewhere between Kalamata and Karitena, and the moment he heard of our arrival, flew with all speed to Armiró, with the hope of securing something for himself. He immediately came on board of our vessel and very disinterestedly proposed that one half of the cargo should be distributed among the soldiers of Niketas. He next professed a most violent sympathy for the poor people about Karitena, and urged very strenuously that three or four hundred barrels should be laid aside for them in some cave or other convenient place, promising to take charge of it himself, and have it safely delivered to them. Indignant at the rejection of these pacific proposals, he now took a warlike attitude, and sternly ordered us off the ground, threatening compulsory measures, if we refused to obey. He had about twenty soldiers with him, which was nearly double the number of our own force; but Jarvis, nothing intimidated by the odds that were against him, bravely called out to his men who had possession of the tower, and told them, if Staïkos was determined to have war, to let him have it. Guns were cocked and presented on both sides, and a battle seemed unavoidable; but Staïkos' courage became somewhat cooled by this show of determined resistance, and after a few hot vollies of words, he withdrew his forces. Soon afterwards he came

to me in a very friendly manner, as if entirely forgetful of what had happened, and told me he intended to send me a present of a hundred *okas* of fine honey, and a quantity of figs and oranges; but understanding the meaning of a Greek present, I declined it peremptorily. He then asked me if I had any thing to send to General Niketas, and being answered in the negative, mounted his horse and rode off.

We were no sooner rid of this danger from without, than we were thrown into a new alarm by a rebellion in our camp. The soldiers became mightily offended by a reprimand which Jarvis administered to them for listlessness and inattention in the discharge of the duties that were assigned to them. Their haughty spirits could not brook reproof; they said they were not slaves—that they were free, and would endure no man's tyranny—and at length began to handle their arms with expressions of defiance and threats of vengeance. Poor Jarvis, who manfully bore the brunt of all these troubles, and carried us safely through them by his firmness and decision, was nearly overcome with exhaustion when evening arrived. He became so hoarse, from the long continued and violent exercise of his lungs, that he could scarcely utter an audible sound, and finally broke a small blood vessel in endeavouring to raise his voice amid the general uproar and confusion.

New troubles were in store for us the following day, for Staïkos had not yet done with us. He again made his appearance, raving with chagrin and disappointment, and ordered us away, as before,—beat the unarmed and unoffending peasantry, who were waiting to receive their portions, and drove them about from place to place,—and once levelled his musket within a few feet of Jarvis, and would have shot him dead if he had not been prevented in time. He remained the whole day upon the ground, doing his utmost to annoy us in every possible way, and at last followed us to the beach, where the Captain of our vessel was waiting with his boat to carry us on board. He here had the rashness to vent his



spite upon the sailors, and accused them of having been engaged in supplying the Turks with provisions. Such a reproach was too much for Spetziote pride to endure; the men sprang from their boat and rushed upon him with their oars—he drew his *ataghan*—but before he could strike a blow, they fell upon him and overpowered him by superior numbers, stripped him of his arms, and pushed off to their vessel, before his soldiers had time to come to his relief. As soon as they arrived on board, the captain ordered a six pounder to be got ready; the gun was pointed, and the match lighted—and so intent were they upon the extermination of the author of the provoking calumny, that if it had not been for our urgent remonstrances, they would have actually fired upon him a volley of grape shot, regardless of the danger to which it exposed hundreds of others. So long as the daylight lasted, the enraged Staïkos might be seen, violently pacing to and fro along the shore, and impotently venting his wrath against the victorious Spetziotes, who were now securely placed beyond his reach, and quietly enjoying his discomfiture.

But these details are becoming tedious—and we must now take final leave of Armiró, the principal scene of our charitable labours. It would be ungenerous, however, to dismiss the subject, without vindicating the Greeks from an imputation with which their enemies are fond of assailing them—the imputation of an ungrateful spirit towards those who have assisted them during the horrors of their awful and protracted struggle. So far as it applies to the rich and powerful, who have been placed beyond the need of assistance, the charge may in some degree be merited; for many of them indeed appear to know little of that more refined and generous feeling, which prompts a man to the acknowledgment of benefits conferred upon his friends or countrymen. But as to the poor people, who were the immediate recipients of our bounty, they uniformly evinced the most unaffected and heartfelt

gratitude; and I have no doubt, that the friendly aid and sympathy of the American people, has left hehind it in Greece a respect and admiration for the American name, which will not be soon or easily forgotten.

CHAPTER IX.

We left Armiró on the 25th of December, and in consequence of the stillness of the weather, consumed the whole day in sailing to Skardamoula, a town about ten miles below Kitriais. The port where vessels anchor, is called Kalamiki, and is some distance to the southward of the town. It is formed on one side by the small rocky island of Skardamylion, anciently known by the name of Pephnos, and famous for two small statues of Castor and Pollux, which were miraculously immovable. "The miracle," says an English traveller, "is no longer performed, and the statues are gone."*

The morning after our arrival, we rowed to Skardamoula, and presented ourselves at the castle of *Kapitan* Mourginos, the ruling chieftain of the place; but as he was still asleep, we accepted the hospitality of Signor Cornelio, a wealthy merchant of Kalamata, who had placed himself under the wing of Mourginos, since the destruction of his native city, and occupied a small house adjoining the castle. Signor Cornelio was one of those half civilized Greeks not uncommonly found in the large commercial towns, who by means of frequent intercourse with Europeans, lose by degrees their national peculiarities, and acquire a compound character, dis-

* Morritt.

tinct from both Greek and Frank, but partaking in some measure of the qualities of both. His dress was an odd and heterogeneous *melange*, and formed a tolerably good representative of his twofold character. Over a pair of European pantaloons and vest, he wore the Greek sash, and fur-trimmed *jubbee*,* and the little *phesi*, or scull-cap of the country, was surmounted by a huge swelling hat, whenever he walked out. In one breath he spoke Greek, and in the next Italian; and the furniture of his house was marked by the same singular contrasts as the manner of his speech and the fashion of his dress. In one corner of the little apartment in which we were entertained, was a bed and bedstead, the only one probably in the country, and opposite to it a Turkish sofa; here was suspended a looking-glass, another unusual luxury, and by its side an Albanian musket; here stood a chair, and there lay a mat; and a walking stick and a *chibouk*, stood sociably together in the same corner. Another Greek of the same refined and improved species, and who styled himself ci-devant English consul for one of the Messenian towns, was the cohabitant with Signor Cornelio of this luxurious mansion.

In the course of half an hour the veteran Mourginos came to see us, and bade us a cordial welcome to Skardamoula. He was a stout and coarse looking man, altogether unlike the chiefs whom we had seen at Kitriais and Armiró, but distinguished on the contrary by the unpolished bluntness of his manners, and the neglected and disordered appearance of his dress and person. He wore a dirty and threadbare Albanian suit, and over it a shaggy *phlokata*;† a pair of perfectly plain

* A loose gown open in front, worn by both Turks and Greeks. The word, as given in the text, is merely the sound of the Turkish name expressed according to the English orthography. This is the manner in which it is spelled by the author of Anastasius.

† A sort of over-coat made of a white shaggy cloth resembling a sheep-skin.

pistols were carelessly thrust into his belt; his lip was covered with thick grey mustaches, which descended below his chin; his dark grey hair, which was shorn from his forehead and temples, was suffered to run wild behind, and hung in matted locks over his neck; a small greasy scull-cap was stuck upon the top of his head; and his whole air and manner were those of a rude barbarian, unalloyed by the slightest mixture of civilisation or refinement. Still his countenance wore an expression of native kindness and good humour, and he was represented to us as being of a singularly mild and paternal disposition, governing his people with patriarchal tenderness, and possessing their love and reverence, as well as commanding their ready obedience to all his wishes. He apologized to us for not having received us, as was his duty, under his own roof; but we should be so much better accommodated, he said, in the house of his friend Cornelio, that he could not conscientiously urge us to remove to his dreary abode; and he said it with such perfect frankness and simplicity, that I have no doubt he was actuated by a sincere regard for our comfort, rather than a desire to avoid the trouble of entertaining us.

Signor Cornelio gave us a sumptuous dinner, composed of a variety of delicate meats and fruits, and what constituted its greatest merit, served up on a table, to which we sat down upon chairs, after the fashion of Christendom, instead of squatting cross-legged upon the floor, as had lately been our wont, according to the unseemly and inconvenient custom of the East. Old Mourginos sat down in company with us, but it being Lent, he very piously confined himself to a little caviari and fruit. He spoke of the war which he was then waging against Antonakes, and, as a matter of course, represented the latter to be the unprovoked aggressor. He appeared to regard it as an affair of the most ordinary occurrence, and in describing its progress, manifested about as much concern as if he had been relating the particulars of a hunting frolic. He had just despatched a hundred men as a



reinforcement to his party, and the feud, it seemed, was waxing hotter and hotter every day. During our repast, numbers of the more respectable villagers came in to pay their respects to us, and the room was soon filled with a gaping crowd, eager to observe how the stranger would conduct himself during the delicate and interesting process of eating. They seemed much entertained, and no doubt enjoyed my barbarous peculiarities of manner, as much as I their simple curiosity. A glass of wine was handed to each of them in turn, and they all drank to our healths with the customary "*viva*;"* and when we took leave of the town to return to our vessel, they paid us the usual compliment of escorting us beyond the gate, a civility which it is the universal custom of the Maïnotes to show towards the stranger whom they have received as a guest.

Skardamoula is romantically situated in the midst of the wildest scenery, at the foot of the rugged and lofty Taygetus, whose magnificent peaks of snow are seen to great advantage behind it. It occupies the site of the ancient Kardamyla, of which the modern name is a corruption; but the only remains of antiquity which are visible, are two sepulchres hewn out of a solid rock, and some inconsiderable vestiges of the Acropolis. Signor Cornelio pretended to name the identical heroes for whom the sepulchres were intended; but as his means of information were rather dubious, I have not thought it worth while to record his learned conjectures. Some more recent

* The Greeks, in general, are very much addicted to the practice of drinking healths; they scarcely ever put the glass to their lips without some ceremony of the kind. The form of salutation in such cases is sometimes the Italian "*viva*," or "*evviva*," and sometimes their own, "εἰς ὑγείαν σας." After one has drunk, the others lay their hands on their breasts, a very common courtesy in the East, and say "μὲ τὴν ὑγείαν σας," a phrase expressing a desire that what he has drunk may agree with his health.

ruins of greater extent are found in different parts of the town—the monuments of a Turkish invasion about twenty years ago. It is a fact worthy of notice, that this place is inhabited almost exclusively by a single family, consisting of brothers, and sisters, and nephews, and nieces, and cousins to the sixteenth remove, who, by constant intermarriages with each other, have preserved the parent stock from corruption, and produced an endless variety of degrees of kindred and relationship, which it would puzzle the most skilful genealogist to determine.

While we were lying at Kalamiki, a small golette was busily engaged alongside of us, in taking in a cargo of cheese, oil, and honey, together with several hundreds of four-footed passengers, such as sheep, goats, and oxen. It having been whispered to us that this vessel was bound for the Turks at Modon, we inquired of the captain his destination. He was an honest and conscientious man, who disdained telling a falsehood—when he had nothing to apprehend from telling the truth, and so answered, without fear or hesitation, "To Modon!" Such is the disgraceful traffic which was daily carried on, not only here, but in other parts of the country—carried on too with impunity, and almost without any attempt at concealment; and it was from such unworthy Greeks, that many of the Turkish garrisons, particularly those in the possession of Ibrahim, derived a large portion of their supplies. The mere fact should excite no astonishment, for the practice is as common elsewhere as in Greece. In all countries, even the most civilized, and where the danger of detection and punishment is infinitely greater than here, men will always be found, unprincipled and unpatriotic enough to be tempted to this unholy traffic with their enemies, by the golden prospect of gain which it holds out to their avarice; and the practice is still less to be wondered at, where the allurements are so great and the discouragements so slight, as in the present instance of the Maïnotes. But what may well



excite our surprise and astonishment, is that an evil so easily prevented should have been so long permitted to exist; that ports should have been allowed to remain open, which the smallest force might so easily have blockaded; that while Coron and Modon on the one side, and Athens on the other, were daily receiving all manner of supplies, the admiral-in-chief should have been lying idle with his fleet, and suffering the enemies of Greece to fatten in her fortresses.

Having distributed the remainder of our cargo among two thousand persons, whom we found living in the neighbourhood of Skardamoula, in the same dreadful state of atrophy and destitution which has been so often described, we set sail during the night of the 27th, and the next morning ran into the port of Liména, a few miles farther down the bay. We here disembarked with an escort of eight or ten soldiers, to return over land to Poros; and the gallant Spetziote, blazing forth a roaring salute, and with her broad sheets of snow-white canvass glittering in the morning sun, stood away on her foaming course towards her island home.

CHAPTER X.

LIMENA, (the harbour,) or as it is sometimes called, Tzimoba Limena, from its being the port of the town of Tzimoba, is a small hamlet composed of the family mansion of Petro Bey and a few insignificant houses clustered around it, and lying at the innermost extremity of a narrow, deep sunk bay, deriving its name from the town of Bitylos,* the ancient Œtylos, which is seen on the hills to the left.

The old Bey was absent at the seat of government, but we met with a very warm reception from his son Anastasios, who was residing here in charge of the family. Climbing a dark and narrow staircase, consisting of small slabs of stone projecting from the wall, we entered a decent and clean apartment furnished in the Turkish style, where we found young Anastasios reclining upon a rug, and enjoying his morning *chibouk*. He rose very gracefully as well as graciously to receive us, and welcomed us with a friendly and hospitable kiss, a civility which, for my own part, I would willingly have dispensed with, notwithstanding he was accounted one of the handsomest young men in the country. In a few minutes after we were seated, a domestic entered with a little silver dish of *glyko*, or sweetmeats, and two glass pitchers of water, which he handed round the room. Each one in turn took a small quantity of the sweetmeats with the same diminutive spoon, and after it a draught of water; it being a notion, which I afterwards found to prevail almost universally among the

* Commonly written Vitulo by Europeans.



Greeks, that a taste of something sweet is indispensably necessary to impart an agreeable relish to water, and that a swallow or two of water is equally indispensable to give an agreeable effect to the *glyko*. We were then served with coffee, the never failing refreshment in every Greek house of any respectability.. Our host seemed almost offended when we informed him of our intention to set out immediately upon our journey. He urged us with great importunity to spend the day with him at least, if we could stay no longer,—said he should be very glad of the opportunity of showing us some little attention,—and expressed a great deal of regret at the shortness of our visit; and such was the earnestness and friendliness of his manner, that I almost believed him sincere.

In coming out of the house, Stamates introduced me to the venerable mother of Petros, whom we found engaged in some domestic avocations in one of the lower apartments. She took me by the hand and listened very attentively, while my too zealous friend, led away by the warmth of an affection which he really seemed to entertain for me, pronounced an extravagant eulogy in behalf of myself individually, as well as of my countrymen generally. She was a remarkably fine looking old lady, retaining a sprightliness and activity unusual at her advanced age; but I could not perceive that her countenance exhibited any very striking indications of that heroic spirit which she is known to possess, to a degree hardly surpassed in the fabulous exploits of Penthesilea and her female warriors. During the memorable attack on Tzimoba, which was made by the forces of Ibrahim in the summer of 1826, this modern Amazon, forgetful of her age and sex, girded on the sword along with her sons, to repel the threatening danger, and rousing, by her eloquent example, the enthusiasm of the Spartan women, led them on undaunted to battle; and it was owing in no small degree to the desperate and deter-

mined valour of this female band, that the invader was put to flight, and driven back to his ships with such signal discomfiture.

Having with difficulty procured a couple of mules to carry our necessary baggage and provisions, we left Limena on foot, and after toiling for more than an hour over a steep and stony road, arrived at the town of Tzimoba. This place enjoys the honour of having given birth to the Mauromichales, and is a town of considerable magnitude, standing in a bleak and exposed situation, far up the side of the mountain. It contains about three hundred houses, which are built for the most part, of small rough stones, without mortar or cement, and have a very odd appearance from the large slabs laid upon the roofs, to prevent them from being blown away by the violent gusts of wind that prevail in this mountainous region. The soldiers having gone before and announced our approach, we were met by three of the chiefs at the entrance of the town, and received from each of them a most loving and affectionate kiss—not a mere touch of the cheek, as is the custom in France and Italy, but a *bona fide* smack of the lips, imprinted full and fair from their grisly mustaches. I submitted to the ceremony of osculation with tolerable composure and resignation while it was performed by the two younger chiefs; but when I came to the eldest of them, whose smoke stained mustaches were fairly plastered with snuff, and as redolent of tobacco as a cast-off pipe bowl, I could not avoid manifesting such unequivocal symptoms of disgust, that I fear he must have set me down for an unpolished barbarian, unacquainted with the usages of civilized life. And here I must be permitted to record my implacable aversion to this indiscriminate fashion of kissing among men. It may be a narrow-minded prejudice, but still I cannot help regarding it as an unmanly and unbecoming practice,—an effeminate invasion of the prerogative of the softer sex,—a profanation of

one of the holiest rites of affection,—a prostitution to a common use of the sacred token of love and friendship.

But to return to the hospitable chiefs of Tzimoba, whose pardon I must crave for thus rudely censuring an act of intended kindness,—after the first friendly salutation had passed, they began to contend with one another for the honour of entertaining us. We allowed them to settle the matter to their own liking, and after patiently awaiting the result of their discussion, were escorted to the largest and handsomest castle in the town, belonging to *Kapitan* Stephanos Pikkolakes Mauromichales, collateral relative of the renowned Petros. He was a noble looking man, with a stout and athletic figure, and a countenance rendered peculiarly fierce by a piece of whisker insulated above and below, and trained through the middle of either cheek, so as to form a continuation of a pair of dark, thick set mustaches. He wore an Albanian jacket, but instead of the *Phoustanella* and leggings, a pair of Hydriote trowsers and stockings;—a mixed costume which we found to prevail very generally among the Maïnotes as we advanced to the southward. We climbed into the tower as at Limena, and found a spacious apartment furnished in the oriental style with carpet and cushions, and presenting an air of neatness and comfort, which we had nowhere seen in Maïna. But the carpet and cushions were not the only, or most striking furniture; the room was hung around like an arsenal, with various kinds of arms, and the thick and solid walls were pierced at intervals with loop holes, and small square openings of rather ambiguous appearance, which were intended to be used indifferently, either as port holes for cannon, or as windows for the admission of light and air.

We were served soon after our arrival with *glyko* and coffee; and having expressed our desire of proceeding the same day as far as Pyrgos, an hour's journey from Tzimoba, a hasty dinner was prepared for us by our host's direction, consisting of a curious dish of giblets, eggs fried in oil, salt fish,

a delicious sheep's milk cheese, and a profusion of rich Samian wine. After we had finished our repast, an old grey headed bard made his appearance, and offered to entertain us with some of his late effusions. His proposition being welcomed by the whole company, he seated himself cross-legged upon the floor, and sticking a pair of huge round spectacles upon the tip of his nose, occupied an hour in reciting, in a very striking and impressive manner, a number of odes and war-songs commemorative of the events of the present war. The old Tirtæus was exceedingly animated, and was unable at times to conceal his inward satisfaction at the applause which his strains elicited; for he was listened to with great interest and delight by all of the company who could understand him, excepting the old chief with the snuff-coloured mustaches, who, being of a prosaic disposition, went to sleep very composedly, somewhere about the end of the twentieth line, and dozed away with the most placid indifference so long as the performance lasted. For my own part, I thought the story rather a long one, and was heartily glad when the old man had tired himself out; although I was amused at the same time with the novelty of the exhibition, and considered it a valuable specimen of the primitive manners of the country.

We set out from Tzimoba late in the afternoon, escorted by *Kapitan* Stephanos and a number of armed attendants. In passing over the scene of the glorious triumph over the Turks in 1826, he described to us with great enthusiasm the particulars of the battle, and seemed to feel anew all the ardour of the strife, as he pointed out to us the interesting localities. Of the conduct of his heroic countrywomen he spoke in terms of the loftiest commendation; he even appeared to feel more exultation in the intrepidity which they displayed, than in the victory itself which their valour helped to achieve. According to his account, only seven Greeks lost their lives during the whole of the affair; while the Turks were driven down the mountain with great slaughter and confusion, and many of



them were drowned in their eagerness to reach their ships. One of our men picked up by accident the remains of a Turkish cartridge, which had lain under the shelter of a rock ever since the invasion, and a peasant whom we saw at work by the side of the road was dressed in an Egyptian suit which he had taken from one of the slain on the same proud occasion, and which he still continued to wear as a trophy of his gallant exploit. Our courteous host, having accompanied us for more than half a mile, now stopped to take leave of us, and wishing us health and happiness and a prosperous journey, sped us on our way with a parting kiss, and returned with his followers towards Tzimoba.

In advancing southward from Limena, the country becomes more stony and barren at every step, till on passing Tzimoba, and looking along the slope of the mountain towards the huge bleak promontory of Capo Grosso, the eye wanders over a dull and dreary scene of utter nakedness and barrenness, varied only by here and there a stunted tree, and a few scattered spots of sickly verdure. A remark once made by old Petro Bey, in describing the sterility of his native province, expresses in a very forcible, though rather irreverent manner, the desolate appearance of the country. "All the stones," said he, "which God made, he strewed in Maïna."* The road which the traveller has to pass is literally a bed of stones, as sharp and galling to the feet of the pedestrian, as if he were walking, like Peter Pindar's pilgrim, with dried peas in his shoes.

Pyrgos was the native village of my faithful attendant Stamates, who was now revisiting the home of his fathers, after an absence of nearly eleven years. He took us to the house of an old uncle, the nearest relation he had left, where we were comfortably lodged, and treated with all possible kind-

* The Rev. Mr. King's Journal.

ness and attention. I shall not attempt to describe the happy meeting between Stamates and his long lost kinsfolk; but I must not omit mentioning the tender meeting between myself and his fair cousin, a good looking and comely damsel of about twenty-one, who, to my utter amazement and consternation, threw her arms round my neck with a hearty "καλῶς ἐρίζετε,"* and in the true spirit of Maïnote hospitality, kissed me most lovingly on both cheeks. The news of our arrival was soon noised through the village, and many of the inhabitants came in during the evening, to indulge their childish curiosity. On being asked whether any European travellers had ever visited them, they replied, that one or two *Milordoi* passed through the country a long time ago, but that I was the only Frank whom they had seen in a great many years.

We rose by daylight the next morning, to witness the baptism of an infant child belonging to one of the inmates of the family. Jarvis, who took pride on all occasions in appearing as much as possible like a Greek, and always humoured therefore the superstitions of the country, consented to act as god-father to the child, in compliance with the mother's solicitation. A large kettle of warm water was first placed in the centre of the floor, and a small quantity of oil poured into it, so as to form a floating cross. The child was then stripped to the skin, and the pious god-father bared his arms to the shoulders, to prepare for the greasy ceremony which it devolved upon him to perform. Taking the shivering and screaming infant in his arms, and following the directions of the priest, who stood over him the while repeating certain formulæ of prayer and benediction, he proceeded to anoint it all over with copious effusions of oil, rubbing every part of its body very carefully with his hands, not forgetting even its ears and eyes and

* The form of salutation addressed to strangers—used in the same sense as the English *welcome*.



nostrils, that not the minutest portion of its sin-polluted members might escape the effect of the purifying unction. He then dipped the child three times into the water, and walked with it round and round the kettle, followed by the man of God holding a taper in each hand, and chanting with pompous solemnity as he described the magic circle. The whole ceremony seemed more like the incantation of a sorcerer, than a holy ordinance of Christianity—more like the exorcism of an evil spirit, than the sacred symbol of regeneration. The poor infant was only a month old, and appeared to suffer dreadfully during the operation; and when it was finally taken from the warm water, and suddenly exposed to the cold damp air, it was seized with an ague which almost shook its little limbs into convulsions. The mother was in torment during the whole of the cruel ceremony, but appeared to regard it as a necessary ordeal through which her babe must pass, in order to ensure its eternal happiness. In conformity with the established custom, Jarvis gave a *parú* to each one present, as a memorial of the solemn event.

About sunrise we set out from Pyrgos. Just out of the town we found a large antique basin, about forty feet long, and nearly as wide, cut out of a solid rock of white marble. Every thing seemed to degenerate as we proceeded: the country grew poorer—the roads, if possible, still more stony—the villages smaller and more meanly built—and the people of a wilder and more uncivilised aspect. The only objects that broke in upon the general sameness of barrenness and desolation, were the little enclosures of barley, fenced in with the largest of the stones gathered from the soil, and the hedges of prickly pear, growing to an enormous size, which were frequent in the neighbourhood of the villages. We passed from time to time a few miserably clad and half-starved beings, who were toiling with might and main, to exact from the unwilling soil its scanty tribute: the men wore their arms in the midst of their labours, and the women had their children

either swung at their backs, or lying close by their side upon the ground. We were amused at the simple and primitive construction of the instruments intended for ploughs, with which some of them were breaking up the earth; they consisted of little more than a pointed beam, armed with an iron beak at the end, and were dragged along by all sorts of animals indiscriminately yoked together. We saw in one instance a little raw-boned cow, and a still smaller donkey, working side by side, in the most amicable manner, and generously joining their efforts to overcome the stubborn soil.

This southern part of Maïna, beginning, if I was correctly informed, at Pyrgos, is distinguished by the name of Kakabounia,* and is inhabited by a race differing very considerably, both in character and external appearance, from the people of the northern section. Their complexions are very sensibly darker, their countenances more gloomy and ferocious, their dispositions more cruel, their manners more harsh and disagreeable, their minds still more unenlightened, and their habits of living still more lawless and licentious, than those of the Maïnotes proper. In their robberies and piracies, to which they resort as a compensation for the poverty and wretchedness of their country, they are said to be much more formidable than their neighbours, attacking and plundering with indiscriminate severity, whenever a favourable opportunity presents itself. In fact, the Maïnotes of the north, more generous and conscientious in the exercise of their profession, look upon their brethren of the south with a sort of pious abhorrence, stigmatizing them as an ignoble race of cold-blooded and mercenary robbers, and giving to their country the opprobrious title which has been mentioned. The Kakabouniotes,

* Travellers have variously written this name, without appearing to understand its derivation or meaning. It has been called *Kakaboulia*, *Cacovounia*, *&c.* The correct name is *Kakabounia*, formed of the Romaic words, κακὰ βοῦνα, and signifying *the bad mountains*.



on the other hand, return the compliment in full; and fancying themselves to be the only legitimate representatives of the ancient Spartans, look with classic disdain upon their northern neighbours. The following description, by M. Pouqueville, though somewhat fanciful and overcharged, is worth copying, as a very lively and characteristic picture of the inhabitants of these different sections of country.

"A Cacovouniote may be distinguished at the very first glance from a Maïnote. The latter is well made, has a florid complexion, and a tranquil cast of countenance; the former has a dark and suspicious eye, and is squat and stunted like the plants of his country; he has a withered skin and an expression of countenance which betrays at once the gloomy assasin. The tone of voice of the Maïnote is full and sonorous; that of the Cacovouniote is hoarse and guttural. The one walks with a brisk and airy step; the other rushes forward like a wild boar. The Maïnote attacks with fury, and plunders with delight the Turk whom he detests; the Cacovouniote has but one enemy, but that enemy is the whole human race, whom in his blind fury he would gladly tear to pieces and extirpate."

Notwithstanding however these dissimilarities of character, it is doubtful whether the Kakabouniotes are distinct in their origin from the other Maïnotes; at all events the difference may be accounted for without resorting to this unnatural supposition. The fact in all probability is simply this; the Kakabouniotes inhabit the poorest portion of the country, and have therefore a greater necessity for resorting to illicit means of subsistence; lying more in the way of temptation, they are more frequently engaged in piracies, and consequently become more hardened and unmerciful; they live a life of greater exposure and privation, and their complexions are therefore more sunburnt and withered; and they are farther removed from any humanizing intercourse with strangers, and are therefore more ignorant and uncivilized. In short, they

are nothing more than a degraded portion of a degraded race; whose character is more strongly marked by accidental circumstances, and whose vices differ not in kind, but only in degree, from those of the other inhabitants of the country. They are like their own bleak and barren mountains, which resemble in the general outline those immediately adjoining them, and which differ from them in no other respect, than in being more naked, more rugged, and more desolate.

Such was the dreary and uninviting region through which we were now pursuing our toilsome way. At a small monastery about two hours from Pyrgos, we halted for the purpose of rest and refreshment. We found the place so dirty and comfortless, that we preferred taking our simple breakfast on the bare ground and in the open air. The monks were miserably poor, and had nothing to offer us but some execrable cheese; nothing even for us to drink out of, but an old copper kettle! The water, not only here, but throughout the country, was such as nothing but necessity or long habit could induce a person to drink; it was turbid, of a reddish brown colour, and a strong earthy taste; for the Kakabouniotes have scarcely any fountains or streams of water, and are almost entirely dependant upon the clouds and their cisterns, for a supply of the first necessary, or as we then considered it, the highest luxury of life.

From the monastery we went to the village of Pampaka, half an hour up the mountain, where one of the natives insisted upon conducting us, assuring us that we should see some fine antiquities. All that we found to repay us for the labour of an ascent, which was almost like climbing a precipice the whole distance, was two ancient blocks of marble with inscriptions, in the wall of an old church. On expressing our disappointment to the man who had led us so far out of our way with the promise of "fine antiquities," he exclaimed with surprise, "ἔχει γράμματα"—"there's writing on them!"—wondering no doubt within himself that we should be so deficient in

taste as not to admire a genuine record cut in stone by one of his old Spartan ancestors. I mention this instance of veneration for a time worn inscription, not as a specimen of the classic enthusiasm of the Greeks, for it is a weakness with which they are very seldom chargeable,—but to show the odd criterion by which they are apt to judge of the merit of any ancient relic. If it only has γράμματα, no matter what may be its other qualities, it is a thing to be wondered at and admired; —if the all-important γράμματα are wanting, whatever may be the beauty of proportion or of workmanship that it posesses, it is frequently regarded with indifference, and abandoned for some shapeless fragment that happens to be graced with a few illegible characters. This ridiculous partiality for unintelligible inscriptions I observed in a number of other instances, while inspecting antiquities in company with Greeks.

Proceeding southward an hour's journey from the monastery, we came to a small solitary castle, standing far up the side of the mountain, within a short distance of Capo Grosso, and known by the name of the *Kotzipha.** It was owned by a *Kapitan* Basileios,† one of the inferior chiefs of the country, who happened to be at Kitriais at the period of our arrival there, and had accompanied us on our journey all the way from Armiró. This *Kapitan* Basileios was an admirable specimen of a Kakabouniote; he had a dark and sun-dried complexion, that looked like one of his native rocks, and a piercing black eye, that seemed forever intent upon some deed of darkness, and whose wild and reckless stare it was impossible to meet, without a feeling of suspicion and dread. His brawny limbs, and the scars that were visible upon his face and hands, bespoke a man familiar with toil and danger; and the pistols

* The name of a delicious bird, very common in Greece. It is a bird with black plumage, but not a blackbird.

† This name is commonly written *Vasili*, according to the sound of its vocative case.

and *ataghan* that loaded his belt, and the unerring rifle which was scarcely ever a moment out of his grasp, seemed ever on the look-out for daring and desperate adventures. He was in short a perfect model of a bold and fearless rover of the mountains. The manner of our first acquaintance with him was singularly characteristic, not only of the man himself, but of the habits of his countrymen generally. It was the morning of our arrival at Kitriais, while we were on our way with Antonakes to the boat which was to carry us to Armiró. He came up to Jarvis without any previous introduction, and taking him aside with a mysterious air, urged him very strenuously to join him in making prize of a caique, which was about setting sail, he said, with provisions for the Turks at Coron. After this he came frequently on board of our vessel, and at length invited himself to take passage with us to Limena, and to accompany us on our journey through Maïna. There was something so extremely forbidding in his appearance, that I at first discouraged his familiarity, and treated him with very little consideration, supposing him to be nothing more than an ordinary *Klepht* or *Palikari*, in spite of his silver-mounted pistols and rifle, and the heavy silver clasps of his belt and *tzaroucks*.* It was with no small mortification and embarrassment, therefore, that I discovered him to be one of the lords of the soil, and the owner of an independent castle, and found myself under the necessity of throwing myself upon his hospitality; for my feet had become so disabled by the sharp and slippery stones upon which we had been treading, that it was utterly impossible for me to proceed any farther. But *Kapitan* Basileios very generously overlooked the unfriendly treatment which he had received, and, true to his character as a Maïnote, never for one moment forgot the sacred and impe-

* Τζαρούχι is the name of a kind of sandal worn by the Greek mountaineers.



rious duties of hospitality. As our acquaintance increased, his stern and ferocious countenance gradually relaxed into an expression of mildness and good nature, and we found him to be not only a civil host, but a very entertaining and agreeable companion.

The appearance of the castle was as remarkable as that of its owner: if the one was a striking specimen of a mountain robber, the other was an equally striking specimen of a robber's strong hold. It was a small, roughly built, square tower, with one or two low buildings adjoining it, which were used as offices for domestic purposes, and were occupied by the inferior members of the family. The apartment in which we were entertained, which was also the citadel of the place, was in the upper part of the tower, and so securely guarded against any hostile approach, that a single arm could have defended it against a host. The only access to it was through a number of low doors, barely large enough to admit a single person crawling upon his hands and knees, and a dark and precipitous flight of steps, terminating in a narrow trap-door, which opened directly into it. The walls were filled, as at Tzimoba, with small deep-sunk windows and loop-holes; and the principal furniture consisted of capacious chests and trunks, some of which were evidently of foreign construction, and seemed to have strayed from their rightful owners in some suspicious manner. Our attention was particularly attracted towards a trunk which had had the lock cut out of it, and which, could it have been endowed with a voice, would no doubt have told us an interesting tale. But as it could not speak for itself, Jarvis asked Basileios to explain to us the manner in which it had suffered the mysterious mutilation. He gave no other answer than a significant smile and shrug; but immediately volunteered to inform us, that the beautiful rug on which we were sitting was a prize which he had taken from a boat, a short time before. In fact, the Maïnotes in general take very little pains to conceal their predatory habits;

they only urge in extenuation the plea of dire necessity. "Give us the means of living," they say, "and we'll rob and plunder no longer." A priest once observed to an English traveller, who was complaining of the robberies charged upon his countrymen, that it could not be helped, "that it was a custom handed down to them by their ancestors in the laws of Lycurgus."*

Basileios had lately been at war with a neighbouring chief; and the shattered tower of his adversary, which he pointed out to us with exultation, and against which he had fired a hundred and ten shot, was standing the proud monument of his victory. Another memorial of the same event, of not quite so agreeable a nature, was an unhealed wound, which he still bore under his left eye, received from a half-spent ball, at the very moment he pulled his own trigger and shot one of the enemy dead. On being asked what was the origin of the war, he merely shrugged his shoulders, and coolly replied, "nothing but our old hatred, which can never be extinguished." Thus it is, alas! in Greece, and thus originate most of the causeless jealousies and animosities, that are forever distracting this unhappy country. One *Kapitanos* wars against another, because a stream or a ravine divides their domains,—one village against another, because a valley or a mountain intervenes between them,—one islander against another, because a narrow channel separates them from each other. Hydriote is at variance with Spetziote, and Spetziote with Poreote, and Poreote with Moreote, and Moreote with Roumeliote; and all for no other reason than that each inhabits a peculiar spot of earth, and is separated from his neighbour by some strait or mountain interposed. The idea of country, as it affects each individual, extends no farther than his native

* Hist. Mod. Greece,—republished at Boston, from an English periodical, called *The Modern Traveller*.



village, or his native mountain, or his native island, or his native rock; and it is not uncommon to hear a Greek of the continent speaking of his countrymen of the islands as strangers and foreigners. Even the most insignificant line of division, that nature may happen to have marked out, will frequently make enemies of tribes,

> ——————— "that had else
> Like kindred drops have mingled into one."

But it is not only at the present day, that we have to lament this evil; it has existed from the earliest periods of Grecian history, and seems to be a curse inseparable from the soil, transmitted as an entailed and unalienable inheritance from generation to generation. It is this intestine foe, which has betrayed the country into the hands of successive conquerors; which has been forever dividing and dispersing those splendid resources, which, if properly improved and concentrated, would have perpetuated the glory of the Grecian name; which so soon obscured the short-lived splendour of Athens, and Sparta, and their sister republics; which was well nigh bringing them under subjection to the Persian yoke; which opened the way at length for the arms of the Macedonian invader; which exposed them, an easy prey, to the talons of the Roman eagle; which continued to waste their energies, and was the cause, directly or indirectly, of nearly all the disastrous vicissitudes through which they passed, until, after ages of uninterrupted degradation, they fell beneath the scimetar of Mahomet;—and which nearly rendered abortive their late glorious struggle, to escape from the galling grasp of Mahmoud. Even the brightest pages of Grecian story are tarnished with the disgraceful record of private brawls and contentions. It was the selfish quarrel of two rival chieftains, that was "the direful spring of woes unnumbered," to the Grecian armies before the walls of Troy. On the very morning of that memo-

rable day, which saw the destruction of the Persian armament at Salamis, the Athenian and Spartan commanders were engaged in fierce disputes, and would have come to blows, had not the impatience of the latter beeen restrained by the magnanimity of the former.* Even on the battle ground of Platæa, —in the very face of an enemy that threatened to overwhelm them,—and on the eve of a contest which was to make them either slaves or freemen, the Athenians and Tegeans were found vainly striving for precedence, and on the point of sacrificing the liberties of their country to their senseless and ill-timed jealousies. It is a singular and melancholy coincidence, that Greece and Italy, the two fairest portions of the globe, and once the most illustrious nations of the earth, have been ever divided against themselves; and their unhappy fate furnishes an ample verification of the inspired maxim, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand" upon a sure and lasting foundation.

Basileios had a hopeful son, a boy about eight years old, whom he appeared to be training up in the way which he himself had walked. He was a smart, fiery little fellow, possessing an intelligence far beyond his years, and gave early promise of future excellence in all the virtues of the modern Spartans. He spoke of "the dogs of Moreotes," with an air of the most dignified contempt, having already imbibed from his elders that overweening pride, which, regarding their own race as the pure offspring of ancient heroes, looks with supreme disdain upon the neighbouring tribes of barbarians. He was amusing himself one evening with a little plaything, called in English a buzz, when I took it from his hands, surprised at finding in this remote region the very toy with which I had myself been

* "Strike, but hear me," said Themistocles, when Eurybiades, in an ungovernable fit of irritation, threatened him with a blow.



familiar when a child, and made rather an unskilful attempt to put it in motion. The little Spartan immediately snatched it away, with a look of conscious superiority, and setting it in full career by a single dexterous pull, exclaimed, with a glow of triumph kindling upon his cheek, "Turk and Frank, strike your colours to the Maïnote!" Besides this clannish spirit of his race, so strongly developed even at his tender age, he showed an instinctive love of arms, that bespoke him a genuine Maïnote. On spying in my pocket a pair of diminutive pistols, he fairly shouted with delight, and taking one of them into his hands, inquired with great earnestness whether it was big enough to kill a Turk; and the sight of the secret weapon of a sword-cane, which his prying curiosity led him to dicover, threw him into such ungovernable ecstasies, that his father was obliged to take it from him by force, lest in the extravagance of his childish glee he might be tempted to make some dangerous trial of its virtues.

We were detained at the Kotzipha by a violent storm, during three of the most dismal days that ever dawned upon "this nether world." The solid walls of our prison-house shook at times, as if agitated by an earthquake, and the mountain blast whistled, and the mountain rain beat with most alarming vehemence, through the unglazed windows and wide gaping loop-holes of our apartment. The second evening of our durance, a number of fierce-looking fellows, armed with pistols like small blunderbusses, came in to seek shelter from the storm, and remained all night with us. We all slept together in the same room, wrapped in great coats and coarse blankets, and lying in promiscuous confusion upon the floor. I presume that I shall not be suspected of any childish or unreasonable apprehension, when I confess, that my sensations were not the most comfortable that could be desired, on surveying by the glimmering lamp the dusky forms that lay stretched around me, and that I was more disposed to watch than to sleep, on reflecting upon the seeming perils of my situation. I was a

stranger, in the hated guise of a Frank,—in a country of robbers,—in the secluded retreat of a robber chieftain whom I had ill-treated,—in the midst of desperate men, whose profession was rapine and violence, and completely within their power, to deal with me as they thought fit; for Jarvis and Basileios were absent at Kyparisso,—the soldiers had gone on to await our arrival at Marathonesi,—and my only protector was Stamates, who being of a peaceful occupation, carried nothing in his belt but his brazen *Kalamari*;* an instrument of warfare, however formidable among civilized nations, of very little avail among the untutored savages of Kakabounia. Still, however, I was neither murdered nor robbed, but escaped with the most perfect integrity both of my person and my purse. And how did I thus escape? What secret charm thus protected me in the lions' den, and closed their mouths against me? It was simply the circumstance of having been once received as a guest; a charm which is as a wall of defence around the lonely stranger, and which renders him more invulnerable, than if his limbs were incased in triple steel, and a hundred swords formed a safeguard around his head.

There was still another enemy to repose, besides the howling of the tempest, and the uncomfortable sensations above alluded to, which had its share in driving slumber from my eyelids on this never to be forgotten night. This was the doleful ejulation of an old woman below us, who was lamenting the loss of a deceased relative according to the singular custom of the country, and made the livelong night resound with the voice of her melancholy wailing. She sang, or rather chanted, in short irregular stanzas, to the same plaintive and monotonous air, mingling it with frequent sobs and

* The *Kalamari* is an implement for writing, consisting of a sheath for pens, with an inkstand at one end of it. It is generally made of brass, and stuck in the belt like a dagger.



sighs, and eking out her song till morning, by repeating with endless variations, and at short intervals of rest, a few simple and tender ejaculations. The following is an almost verbal translation of the substance of the old woman's pathetic effusions. In skilful hands it might be woven into one of the most beautiful and touching elegies, that have ever been written in our language; in its present state, it is little more than the ravelings of the original fabric.

"My love! my life! my heart! my eyes! my light! Where art thou gone? I see thee no more—I hear thee no more. Thou dost not sing, thou dost not dance, thou dost not talk with us, as thou wast wont—Where art thou? Thou hast gone to the other world! Thou hast forgotten me and thy friends below! Oh! why art thou so cruel? Why dost thou not visit us once more? Why dost thou not show us thy form, which was like a tall cypress; thy face, which was like the moon? God bless thy soul! forgive thy sins! and receive thee into Paradise! When thou art happy, remember us—and pray for us to the all-holy Virgin and the blessed saints."

Thus the Maïnotes sing the requiem and cherish the memory of their departed friends; repeating their lamentation every night, for the space of a year or more, and sometimes during the whole of their lives, in cases where the bereavement is peculiarly afflicting. In this respect, at least, it must be confessed, they have departed very widely from the customs of their Spartan progenitors; for the laws of Lycurgus prohibited any open demonstration of grief, and limited to the short period of seven days, the privilege of mourning for the dead.

After shivering and soaking for two interminable days in the dreary loft of the tower, close-bound the whole while, and debarred of egress by the furious pelting of the storm, we at length ventured forth to pay a visit to the father of Basileios, who occupied a dark and dismal hut lying close to the foot of the castle. We found the old man sitting on the clay

floor of his cabin, over a dull and sickly fire made of dried asses' dung, boiling a few beans for his mid-day meal, and surrounded by a number of masculine females who were busily plying their spindles. He made room for us by his side, and listened with evident surprise as well as pleasure to the worn-out story of American philanthropy, with which, as usual, Stamates introduced me to his acquaintance; but he seemed to consider the merit of our laudable beneficence as very materially lessened by the unpardonable omission of which we had been guilty, in not having reserved a single barrel of flour for him and his poor household. After surveying me for a few moments with a scrutinizing stare, (which seemed to convince him that the Americans were a very puny race, compared with the Spartans, and very uncouth withal in the fashion of their dress and their mode of sitting,) he proceeded to overwhelm me with a torrent of questions respecting the country of my birth. When I told him I had come a distance of almost five thousand miles, he was near dropping speechless with amazement. "Five thousand miles!" The distance seemed to go beyond his ideas of absolute space. When he had recovered from the first shock of surprise, he asked with great simplicity whether we were near the Turks of Barbary—whether we were farther off than Russia—how many wives we had—what sort of religion we professed—how many inhabitants we numbered—and who was our king! To each and all of these interrogatories I made such replies as I thought best adapted to the old man's capacity, and gave him a brief and simple outline of the history and condition of our country. When I told him, that fifty years ago, when we first commenced our struggle for independence, our population amounted to but three millions, and that it had since increased to twelve, he looked me in the face, as if to see whether I was attempting to impose upon his credulity, and muttered to himself with a dubious shrug, "Δὶν το πιστεύω"—"I don't believe it." But when, in answer to his last inquiry, I



told him that we had no king, his patience forsook him altogether; he dropped the spoon with which he was stirring his porridge, and shaking his head, as much as to say that he was too old to be gulled by such egregious absurdities, "twelve millions of men," he exclaimed, "and no king! Δὲν το πιστεύω—Δὲν το πιστεύω." The simple ignorance of this old Kakabouniote, (though tempered with rather more politeness,) is a pretty fair sample of the indistinct notions respecting America, which are generally entertained among the common people of Greece.

Shortly after returning to the castle, a brother-in-law of Basileios, came in. He was one of the wildest of these mountaineers whom we had yet seen, and his natural ferocity of countenance was greatly heightened by a coal-black beard about an inch long, which he was suffering to grow, in accordance with a national custom, as a badge of mourning for a deceased kinsman. In the course of conversation, he spoke of a beautiful antique gem which he had at his house. I expressed a desire to see it, and begged him, as his residence was not far off, to go and bring it. He said he was afraid to go home by daylight without making a long circuit; "for look yonder," he continued, with the most perfect nonchalance, while he pointed to a tower that lay at some little distance upon his direct route, "they'll kill me if they see me there, for I lately shot one of their men." Jarvis inquired why he had shot him. A shrug of the shoulders and a fall of the corners of his mouth was his only reply. Jarvis then pointed to one of his comrades, and said jocosely, "here's one who has killed seven men in his time." The party against whom this direful accusation was brought took it seriously, and denied it plumply and with an oath. "By the *Panagia*," said he, solemnly protesting his innocence, "I have never killed but three men since I was born;" and he verily seemed to imagine himself a pattern of gentleness and forbearance.

But it is time to take leave of the Kotzipha, and to close this exhibition of barbarous character and manners, which after all may prove uninteresting to the distant reader. I might fill yet another page with a curious portrait of the mistress of the mansion, and another with an account of her two sprightly little daughters—and might peradventure spin out a third, in expatiating upon the unrivalled excellencies of the thyme-flavoured and amber-coloured honey of Taygetus,* which was our principal consolation during our three days' confinement. But the reader will be growing impatient of his long detention within the gloomy walls of a castle; for his sake, therefore, I generously waive the prescriptive privilege of tourists, to be as tedious and wearisome as they please, and with a disinterestedness almost unexampled in the practice of travel writing, resign my right and title to three whole pages, which I might lawfully and properly have introduced. Farewell, then, at once, to the hospitable abode of the Kakabouniote robber, and away over rock and ravine, towards the grey towers of Marathonesi!

We set out upon our journey upon new year's day, with a valedictory kiss from our gracious hostess, and amid the roar of all the fire arms, great and small, that could be produced, including a three pound swivel, which as a special compliment, was filled nearly to the brim with powder and ball, and was blown head over heels into the air by the tremendous force of the explosion. Basileios himself went with us, accompanied by one of his friends, to ensure us a safe passage through the country. By his advice we took the longer and more circuitous, though less fatiguing route, which runs northward until nearly opposite Pyrgos, and then winds up into the mountains through a deep and narrow gorge. The opening expanded

* The honey of Hymettus is more classic, and enjoys a higher reputation: but many persons prefer that of Taygetus.



as we proceeded into a small uneven valley, wide enough in some places to admit of a partial cultivation, and affording a scanty support to a few wretched villages. In the course of a few hours, we came to an elevation which opened to us a view of a part of the gulf of Kolokythia with Cerigo in the distance; and soon after reached the highest point of the route, commanding a wide extended prospect of rare magnificence and beauty over the eastern shore of Maïna. On the left arose sublime the snowy summits of Taygetus, shooting up along the bright blue sky more majestically than ever; between the mountain and the sea, stretched a range of beautifully undulating hills, covered with oaks, and many of them crowned with villages; and far away in the distance lay the picturesque town of Marathonesi, appearing like a collection of toy-houses near the head of the spacious gulf, whose dark blue waters, reflecting the pure azure of an unclouded sky, were bounded by the noble mountains of the opposite promontory of Laconia. It was at the top of this ridge that the destructive march of Ibrahim was arrested during his memorable attempt upon Maïna. He had succeeded in entering the country on this side, and had proceeded thus far without much opposition, burning the villages on his way, and leaving behind him those traces of blight and desolation which everywhere marked his exterminating course. Here however he was met by the determined bravery of the inhabitants, who manfully disputed his passage, and obliged him, after a fruitless struggle, to retrace his steps in disappointment, and to abandon the further execution of his deadly purposes of wrath and revenge against the Maïnotes. The *tambouris* which the Greeks threw up on this occasion we found standing in their original state. They were nothing more than low walls of stone loosely laid together, and would have been insufficient to protect a corn-field against the irruption of a flock of sheep. In fact, the common stone fences of New England would make far more respectable fortifications than the generality of these Grecian

tambouris. We descended rapidly towards the sea, passing through the straggling village of Paraseró, where the inhabitants offered us for sale a number of coins of the Roman Empire, and leaving the town of Skoutari on a hill a little to the right. Arriving at the foot of the mountain, we forded a small river, and entered upon a little plain lying nearly on a level with the sea, at the farther extremity of which, and close to the edge of the water, we found a large circular ruin of brick, which, from the freshness of its appearance, and the modern style of the architecture, we judged to be the remains of some building constructed by the Venetians; but for what purpose, we were unable to conjecture. After an unintermitted and laborious march of eight hours, over the steepest and stoniest road in the wide universe, we arrived towards evening with blistered feet and empty stomachs, at a small tower standing close by the sea-side within two hours of Marathonesi, and owned by one of the far off branches of the Mauromichales tribe. As we had neither eaten nor drunk since morning, and the day was too far spent for us to reach Marathonesi, we presented ourselves at the door of the tower, and requested a night's lodging. The owner of the mansion, a civil and good-natured old man, came out to look at us, and after inspecting the number of our party, said it was impossible for him to accommodate us; for his house consisted of but one single apartment, which was barely sufficient for the members of his own family. After a great deal of deliberation, he at length offered us the use of his wine cellar, saying that it was the best he could do for us: we were not in a mood to be squeamish about our fare, and gladly accepted the offer. In a cold damp vault therefore, nearly filled with huge tuns of wine, and choaked up with noisome rubbish, we deposited for the night our wayworn and exhausted bodies. Our Greek companions immediately went to work to kindle a fire, in spite of the remonstrances of the old man, (who began to tremble for the fate of his dwelling,) and regardless of the

danger of suffocation, in a dungeon unfurnished with either chimney or windows. It was a scene worthy of being transferred to canvas, when the smoky flame, ascending to the arched ceiling in curling volumes, displayed the solemn array of mighty hogsheads, and threw its lurid glare upon the dark and ferocious visages that were close huddled around it. A porringer of sheep's milk, and a mess of boiled herbs, accompanied with a loaf of coarse black bread, were our only supper;—a simple meal, but of more grateful memory than all other meals before or since enjoyed; so exquisitely was it seasoned with the Lacedæmonian spice of hunger and thirst and fatigue.* Our worthy host very generously gave us the unrestricted liberty of the wine casks, and appointed Stamates to the office of butler for the evening. The wine was delicious; and the Greeks testified their sense of its excellence by long and frequent potations, accompanied by the most extravagant and obstreperous gaiety, and continued without abatement until midnight. But even mirth itself was at last drowned in wine, and we disposed ourselves in a circle around the glowing embers, to seek the balmy influences of "tired nature's sweet restorer." We sought, alas! in vain; for myriads of bloodthirsty vermin attacked us on every side, and scarcely a pore of our bodies escaped the venom of their tiny but tormenting fangs. Even the natives themselves, though generally indifferent to such trifles, were compelled to cry out for quarter on this sanguinary night. We took advantage of the first dawn of day to escape from the place of torment, and resumed our journey without having enjoyed a moment's sleep. After we

* When the tyrant of Syracuse was a guest at the public tables of Lacedæmon, he took occasion to express his dislike of the black broth which was the favourite food of the old men. The reason, he was told, was that it wanted the seasoning. "What seasoning?" he asked: "Running, sweating, hunger, thirst, and fatigue," they replied; "these are the ingredients with which we season all our food."

had been about an hour upon the road, my devoted friend Stamates came up to me, chuckling as if he had been performing some very meritorious act, and showed me a handsome flask filled with wine, which he had cunningly secreted and carried off with him, thinking to render me a most acceptable service. I gave him a severe reprimand for such a mean and dishonourable abuse of hospitality, and begged him in future never to steal for my benefit. He disclaimed all intention of stealing, "but the bottle was just such a thing as we wanted," he said, "and the old man would never miss it;" and I found it almost impossible to convince him that there was any sort of impropriety, much less, criminality, in the theft of which he had been guilty. I mention this little incident, not as being of any importance in itself, but merely to give an idea of the very indefinite notions respecting the rights of property, which are commonly current among the Greeks; or in other words, of that thievish propensity for which they have always been notorious, and which was even sanctioned to a certain extent among the Spartan youth, by the code of their great lawgiver.

Half an hour before reaching Marathonesi, we passed close to the town of Maurobouni, (the black mountain,) standing upon the summit of a hill, and containing two large castles, which, together with most of the other buildings, were partially burnt and demolished by Ibrahim, and were remaining nearly in the state in which he left them. The appearance of Marathonesi, with its towers and tall cypresses, as it suddenly presented itself to our view, on winding round the side of a hill, was almost magnificent, compared with all the other towns which we had seen in Maïna. It had fortunately escaped the devastating fury of the Egyptians, and exhibited none of those frightful marks of violence, which disfigured most of the neighbouring towns. The Pasha approached sufficiently near to reconnoitre the place, but being deterred by a formidable show of resistance, he mercifully restrained his wrath, and passed on to easier and less expensive conquests.



CHAPTER XI.

We were walking along the principal street of the town in quest of some place for refreshment and repose, when an ordinary looking man, dressed in a coarse brown jacket and bag breeches, with a single brass mounted pistol in his belt, and a score of armed attendants at his heels, advanced towards us with a friendly salutation, and bade us the customary "καλῶς ὁρίζετε." The individual who was arrayed in this homespun garb, was no less a personage than *Kapitan* Tzanetakes, the powerful Chieftain of Marathonesi, and grandson of Tzanet, one of the former Beys of Maina. If the authority of his secretary was to be depended upon, there never was such a man as *Kapitan* Tzanetakes. He was every thing that was good, and noble, and generous; and as modest and unpretending in his manners and disposition, as the style of his dress was simple and unostentatious. Tzanetakes, himself, on the contrary, gave a very different account of himself; he very frankly confessed to us during our subsequent acquaintance, that he thought himself to be a very bad man; inheriting the ignorance and concomitant vices of his countrymen, and too much disposed to be ambitious, vindictive, and rapacious, like his brother *Kapitanoi*. The very modest and unflattering picture which he drew of himself, rather inclined us to believe, that the panegyric of his secretary was not entirely without foundation.

He apologized to us for not inviting us to take up our abode at his house, as he had lately been obliged to remove his family to a new habitation, which was still in a half-

finished state, and in too much confusion to receive any guests. He however took the pains to prepare for us a comfortable lodging near his own residence, and said he should expect us at his table during our stay in the town. We accompanied him to his house, and were served with an excellent breakfast, composed of an amazing variety of fish, boiled, broiled, fried, and barbecued, which were brought in one after the other in single dishes, till we almost despaired of ever seeing the end of them. While we were at table, Tzanetakes pointed to some loaves of sugar that were standing upon a shelf, and asked me if I recognised my countrymen; observing that it was American sugar, which had been taken by pirates, and was selling at Marathonesi for three piastres the *oka*.* How it had got there, he said he was utterly ignorant; he knew it must be stolen property, from the lowness of the price, but as it could never be restored to its rightful owners, he thought there was no impropriety in his taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity, to lay in a stock for his private use. He spoke of the war between Antonakes and Mourginos, and said it threatened to involve all Maïna. He himself had taken part with Mourginos, and was about to send three hundred men to his assistance; for he hated the Mauromichales, he said, with a perfect hatred, and would do his utmost to procure their ruin. The grounds of his animosity towards them appeared to be, that they wore embroidery on their jackets—that they carried gold-mounted pistols—that they had been elevated to distinguished honours—and finally, and above all, that they always had hated each other, for no reason at all.

After breakfast Tzanetakes escorted us to the ruins of the ancient Gythium, which lie in a few minutes' walk from Marathonesi, and are now known by the name of Palaiopolis, or the old city. This was a place of considerable importance in

* About eight cents a pound.



ancient times, and was the principal naval station of the Lacedæmonians. About the year 200 B. C. it was attacked and laid waste by the Roman General Flaminius, during the war which he was carrying on against the Spartan tyrant Nabis.* Few of the remains that are now visible are of more ancient date than the time of the Roman conquest. They are principally of brick, and are scattered over a narrow plain, running along the sea-shore and over the slope of the low hills rising from it. We observed a building with small niches for urns, similar to those found at Rome, and intended as a repository for the ashes of the dead. A sort of cistern, composed of large blocks of hewn stone, was the only thing we saw that had an appearance of high antiquity. Close to the margin of the sea, and running far out into the water, are extensive ruins, probably of baths, among which we found a portion of a mosaic pavement in good preservation. These are nearly all the objects that are in the least deserving of notice, among the chaotic masses of broken walls and foundations, that cover the ancient site. Tzanetakes had lately been probing the soil in search of antiquities, by means of sharp iron rods, which were thrust into the ground in different places to the depth of several feet. Whenever any of the instruments encountered a solid obstruction, an excavation was made; and in this manner he had disinterred the half of a large column, the bases of several others, a part of a heavy entablature, and a perfect statue, which he decided to be that of Leonidas, and which, he stated, he sold in Zante for nine thousand piastres and five hundred okas of powder. He also showed us a valuable collection of silver coins and medals,

* Certior deinde factus, Gythium oppidum, omnium maritimarum rerum Lacedæmoniis receptaculum esse; nec procul a mari castra Romana abesse; omnibus id copiis aggredi constituit. Erat eo tempore valida urbs, et multitudine civium incolarumque, et omni bellico apparatu instructa, &c.—Liv. l. xxxiv. c. 29.

some of them of rare beauty, which had been found at different times in the neighbourhood.

Marathonesi is the chief town of Maïna, and a place of considerable trade. It contained, according to Tzanetakes, between five and six thousand inhabitants at the period of our visit; but it appeared to us very small for so large a population. It has a few respectable houses, but they are, for the most part, low and meanly built, with clumsy wooden sheds in front of them, which give the streets an appearance of great confusion and irregularity. The port is formed by the little island of Kranaë, where, according to Homer, an interesting passage took place in the loves of Paris and Helen.* The only building that it contained, was a little chapel standing upon the foundation of an ancient temple, and surrounded by a few olive trees. Here, Tzanètakes said, he was about establishing a Lancasterian school, with a sufficient guard to render it a secure asylum for such children as might be sought after as the victims of revenge; "for when a man kills another," said he, "in this barbarous country, there is no sword of public justice to overtake him, but his punishment is inflicted by private vengeance. The friends of the deceased always pursue the murderer until they take his life,—or if he himself is not to be found, they make one of his children or next of kin to answer for his crime; and so implacable is this spirit of retaliation, that they frequently take upon themselves a vow, neither to shave, wash, or change their clothes, until they have accomplished their direful object."

We left Marathonesi the following day at noon, and directed our course towards Mistra. Our departure was honoured by a loud volley of musketry from the retainers of Tza-

* Οὐ γάρ πώ ποτέ μ' ὧδε ἔρως φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,
Οὐδ' ὅτε σε πρώτιστον Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς
Ἔπλεον ἁρπάξας ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσι,
Νήσῳ δ'ἐν Κρανάῃ ἐμίγην φιλότητι καὶ εὐνῇ.—ILIAD iii. 442.



netakes, which was speedily answered by our own soldiers, and sustained on both sides with great animation, until we were finally lost to each other's view. The pieces were all charged with a due proportion of lead, according to the absurd and dangerous custom of the country; and the constant whizzing over our heads, as the balls came flying through the air, sometimes with most alarming propinquity, sounded more like a hostile encounter, than a pacific interchange of civilities. We wound along the edge of the gulf until we came within a short distance of Trinesi, a port deriving its name from three small islands, and defended by two castles belonging to the Maïnotes; we here turned off from the coast, and entered the hills which form the western boundary of the valley of the Eurotas.* At a village called Alebetzoba, distant about four hours from Marathonesi, we halted for the night. This place is in the district of Mpardounia, which, before the revolution, was inhabited by a tribe of ferocious and inhospitable Albanian Mussulmans, who lived by plunder, and were the terror of the surrounding country. Their capital was Potamia, about four miles from Helos, where they had a small castle; and such was the dread which their depredations had inspired, that it was accounted very dangerous for a traveller to pass through their territory. These Mpardouniotes were probably a remnant of the twenty thousand Albanians, who were sent into the Morea to oppose the Russians and revolted Greeks in the war of 1770. After they had accomplished the fell purposes of their employers, many of them refused to return to their homes, and remained in the Morea, leading a banditti life, plundering and laying waste the country which they had come to defend, frequently turning their

* A more circuitous route from Marathonesi to Mistra, passes through the valley, by the way of Helos, which lies on the eastern side of the river, three hours distant from the first mentioned place. From Helos to Mistra is fourteen hours.

lawless arms against the Turks themselves, and obstinately and successfully resisting all attempts to dislodge them, until the greater part of them were either cut to pieces or expelled, by the celebrated Hassan Capitan Pasha in 1799.* The present inhabitants of Alebetzoba were Greeks by religion, but they wore the Albanian costume, and seemed to retain the unsociable and inhospitable disposition of their Mohammedan predecessors. Though it was near night and raining when we reached the place, we were obliged to wait half an hour in the open air, before we could prevail upon any of the people to receive us. Each referred us to the house of another, pleading the poverty of his own dwelling, and assuring us that his neighbour could accommodate us much better. After being bandied about in this way from house to house, without any nearer prospect of being admitted, we at length summoned the village priests, and claimed the stranger's right to their hospitality. After a few minutes' consultation, they conducted us to one of the best looking houses in the village, and one where we had already been rejected on our first arrival, and made use of their spiritual authority in our behalf. But the inexorable owner was not to be moved by priestly intercession; he only swore the more resolutely that he would admit no one into his house. Stamates now stood forth, and tried anew the effect of that ready eloquence, which had been of such valuable service to us on several former occasions. He stated who we were—explained to the master of the mansion that we asked nothing of his bounty but fire and water, and the shelter of his roof—spoke very feelingly of our piteous condition, exposed as we were to the drizzling rain—and concluded with a discreet and sensible homily upon the duties of hospitality. His eloquence was not expended in vain; the man seemed ashamed of his rudeness, and opened his door to

* See Anastasius, Vol. I. Ch. 2.



us with a bungling apology, saying that it was only four days since they had been attacked by a neighbouring Maïnote village, and that they had particular reason, therefore, to be suspicious of strangers. We had fortunately supplied ourselves at Marathonesi with some provisions for the way; otherwise we should have gone supperless at Alebetzoba. But we were able from our own resources to furnish forth a copious repast, and our unwilling host and his wife, together with two of the priests, sat down with us most obligingly as guests. A donkey and three pigs were tenants in common with us of the only apartment which the house contained!

From Alebetzoba to Mistra is a journey of six hours. About two hours from the former place, the road ascends to the top of a hill overlooking the beautiful and classic plain of Lacedæmon. From this point of view Taygetus appears to great advantage, displaying its whole majestic broadside, like a huge rampart, along the western side of the plain. Towards the left is seen at a distance, the Venetian fortress of Tarampsa, standing upon a lofty eminence, and in the opposite direction, Lykobouno (the Wolf-Mountain), containing two castles built by Petro Bey. At the foot of the hill is a beautiful little stream, on whose inviting banks we halted, to essay the qualities of a Lacedæmonian canvass-back duck, which we had bought at Marathonesi for thirty *parás*.* The road now enters the plain, and passes within a short distance of the village of Sklabo-Chorio, occupying the site of the ancient Amyclæ, the renowned birth-place of Castor and Pollux. Its celebrated temple of Apollo, which was the most magnificent in all Laconia, together with all its other ancient monuments, is lost in the confused mass of undistinguishable ruins with which the soil is covered. Resuming the main road, we passed a small ruined church, standing in the bed of

* About five cents.

a shallow rivulet, and built apparently upon the foundation of an ancient temple. In the outer wall we observed a fragment of exquisite sculpture in basso-relievo, representing a stag hunt. Unfortunately the stag is the only part remaining entire, the figures of the hounds being very much mutilated. A little beyond this, and at the distance of about an hour and three quarters from Mistra, is the town of Aïoannes,* surrounded with gardens and spacious groves of oranges and lemons. A melancholy heap of ruins was all that we found remaining of this lately flourishing place: the Egyptian Vandals had passed through it, and it was no more. Nearly all the other towns in the plain had shared a similar fate. The whole of this delightful region, fair and lovely still in its desolation, lay waste and uncultivated, and presented a wide spread scene of ruthless havoc and destruction. Happily for its groves of olive and fruit trees, the most of them had escaped uninjured amid the general ruin; for the march of the destroyer through this part of the country was necessarily too rapid to allow him to execute to the full extent those deadly and deliberate plans of extermination, for which he found leisure during his long possession of Messenia; where the axe completed the work which the firebrand and the sword had begun, and thousands of fruit trees fell victims to a blind and indiscrimate fury, scarcely less absurd than that of the presumptuous fool, who lashed the waves of the Hellespont in his wrath.

Mistra, or Misithra, as it was formerly called, is situated towards the northwestern extremity of the Lacedæmonian plain, and close to the foot of Taygetus, which here ascends to its greatest elevation. Its citadel, once regarded as a place of great strength and importance, stands upon the summit of a lofty and precipitous hill, which rises immediately

* Contracted from *Agios Ioannes* (St. John.)



behind the town, and is separated from the mountain by a frightful chasm. A part of the town lies upon the steep side of the hill, and is divided from the lower city by a furious torrent which rushes down through the rocky gorge. The situation of the place is altogether one of the most singular and romantic that can be conceived; but little else besides the mere locality is now left for the traveller to describe. It was until lately one of the largest and busiest towns in the Morea, being the see of the Archbishop of Sparta, and carrying on a considerable trade in silk. During the invasion and insurrection of 1770, it became an object of contention between the hostile parties, and was plundered and defaced by the lawless Albanians, who were sent for the pacification of the country. Still, however, it recovered from the injury which it sustained at this period, and in 1798 contained, according to Pouqueville, a mixed population of Turks, Greeks, and Jews, amounting to between fifteen and eighteen thousand. It remained a flourishing and populous town till the autumn of 1825, when it received a visit from the victorious Ibrahim. It is scarcely necessary to add, that it fell before his blighting presence. Upon this devoted city the inhuman conqueror poured forth the hottest vial of his wrath. The defenceless inhabitants abandoned their homes on hearing the awful tidings of his rapid approach, and fled in dismay to the mountains. The most of them escaped with their lives, but a number of the old and infirm were unavoidably left behind, to glut the rage of their enemies. From the neighbouring heights the hapless fugitives looked down, and beheld the horrid work of plunder and destruction that was going on in their deserted streets. Soon they saw the fatal torch applied, and their gloomy apprehensions realized by the smoke and blaze of their dwellings. The all-devouring flame spread wider and wider, burning and consuming from house to house, till from one extremity of the city to the other, nothing was to be seen but naked and crumbling walls, and smouldering heaps

of rubbish. It was upwards of two years after this dreadful catastrophe, that we entered the scene of ruin. The destruction was almost as complete as that of the cities which were buried alive beneath the burning lava of Vesuvius. Some hundreds of the inhabitants had returned to the ashes of their former habitations, but not a single house had been rebuilt. A few temporary shops and *cafés* had been fitted up in one of the principal streets, by patching the tottering walls with reeds and boards; but with the exception of this single street, every thing lay precisely as the conflagration had left it. Still, however, the place was not without some show of animation; the shops and *cafés* were filled with *palikaris*, and many of the peasantry had assembled from the surrounding country, some for want of other occupation, and some with the hope of gaining a few *parás* by the sale of fruits and vegetables. We searched through the town in vain to find some place of shelter for the night; for every hole and corner was already full to overflowing. We addressed ourselves at length to the *Epitrope* or Police, and were treated with every mark of kindness and civility. A lodging was immediately procured for us in the village or suburb of Parorea, which was formerly inhabited exclusively by the richer Turks; and a special exception was made in our favour to a proclamation which the town crier had just been making public, forbidding the people thenceforth to cut down or mutilate any of the olive or mulberry trees in the plain; a practice of which they had for some time been guilty, and which the difficulty of procuring fuel rendered almost necessary.

The next morning the Secretary of the *Epitrope* called upon us with a numerous body-guard, and escorted us to the ruins of another city, which lie across the plain, a little to the eastward of Mistra. Proceeding through a beautiful olive-grove, we came in half an hour to the little hamlet of Magoula, where a stream, supposed to be the Tiasa, is crossed by an ancient bridge. A number of unknown vestiges of antiquity



now began to appear, and in about a quarter of an hour we ascended a low, flat hill, partly enclosed by a dilapidated wall, and surrounded on all sides by scattered ruins. I looked around me bewildered and amazed, and scarcely able to realise the fact, that we were standing upon the Acropolis of Sparta, in the centre of the renowed city of Lycurgus. The shapeless masses of stone that lay around us, were the remains of the proud Lacedæmonian capital; the stream that flowed at our feet was the divine Eurotas, the King of rivers,* on whose flowery banks Apollo himself once tuned his lyre;† the valley through which it pursued its meandering course, was the country of the ill-fated Helots; the heights which rose from its opposite shore were the Menelaion hills; and the magnificent mountain that stretched its gigantic front along the western horison, was the sacred Taygetus, where horses and other victims were offered up to the God of light,‡ and where the mystic orgies of Bacchus were celebrated by the Spartan virgins.‖ Independently, however, of every classic association, the prospect which the eye embraces from the Acropolis hill, is one which I have rarely seen equalled in any other country. The singularly wild and fantastic forms, into which the craggy sides and summits of the mountain are broken, and the brilliant and varied hues of the richly wooded plain, produce together a scene of mingled beauty and sublimity, which the most unimpassioned beholder cannot fail to view with wonder and delight. The Eurotas indeed requires some little embellishment of the imagination, that its beauties may be properly

* The Basilipotamos was one of its ancient titles.

† "Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus
Audiit Eurotas."——————*Virg. Buc.* vi. 82.

‡ "Ταύτην (ἄκραν Ταϋγέτου) ἁλίου καλοῦσιν ἱερὰν, καὶ ἄλλα τε ἀντίθεα ἁλὶ φ θύουσι καὶ ἵππους."—*Paus.* iii. 20.

‖ ——————"et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta!"——————*Virg. Georg.* ii. 487.

appreciated; for considered without regard to its classic name, it is as ugly and unpoetical a looking stream as is commonly met with. It flows over an unsightly bed of shingle, through ragged and almost naked banks, and is narrow, rapid, and muddy. Such at least was its appearance at this season of the year.

It may be more truly said of Sparta, than of almost any other city of ancient Greece, that "the memory sees more than the eye." Earthquakes and wars, the ravages of time, and the still greater ravages of barbarous men, have nearly obliterated every vestige of its former splendour.* The ploughshare has passed over a large portion of its site, and cornfields now occupy the place which was once crowded with the busy habitations of men. The few remains which are left are obscure and uncertain, and altogether uninteresting, except when seen upon the spot. They have been, moreover, so often and so fully described, that any detailed account of them at the present day would be a superfluous repetition of what former travellers have written upon the subject. The form of a large theatre, cut out of the side of the hill on which the Acropolis stood,—two doors belonging to some temple or other building, the other parts of which have entirely disappeared,—and a flight of steps, or the seats of a theatre, adjoining it,—these are almost the only objects that can be identified, with any certainty, as the remains of ancient Sparta. The walls around the Acropolis are evidently of no very remote antiquity, for they are composed of numerous fragments of ancient edifices, mixed up with the rude masonry of a later age. There are many ruins of Roman brick-work, but Roman relics, however valued in Italy, are always regarded with supreme indifference

* Mistra arose out of the ruins of Sparta, and the ancient relics served as a convenient quarry, whence materials were from time to time drawn, for building and adorning the new town.



in Greece. The reason of this is obvious; for the interest of the lesser antiquity is naturally swallowed up in that of the greater. The time of the Roman empire becomes a modern era, compared with the far distant period of Spartan renown. Our obliging and indefatigable guide seemed surprisingly conversant with every thing that he saw, and favoured us with a great deal of curious information; but his historical inaccuracies were so frequent and glaring, that we placed very little dependence upon the correctness of his antiquarian lore. He pretended, among other valuable disclosures, to point out to us the site of the palace of Leonidas, and to designate the very ravine of Taygetus, down which deformed children were thrown!

In contemplating the mouldering relics of fallen cities and kingdoms, it is natural for the mind to travel back through the long lapse of time, to the periods when they lived and flourished; to rebuild, in imagination, the prostrate monuments of their greatness and power,—to repeople their now silent and desolate abodes,—to re-animate the gloomy regions of solitude with the long vanished scenes of busy life,—and to call up, in recollection, the moving pageant of their wars, and triumphs, and reverses, and defeats, which the poet and the historian have exhibited to us. Such was the interesting vision which my fancy conjured up, while seated upon a broken column, amid the ruins of ancient Sparta. I beheld it at first from afar, in the deceitful light of antiquity, and every thing seemed bright and captivating, as it reflected the lustre of a few exalted individuals, that shone pre-eminent above the rest. As I approached nearer and nearer, the true colours of nature began to appear, and many objects, which, in the distance, had seemed fair and beautiful, grew hideous and deformed, as they became distinctly visible. While at one moment I wondered and admired, at the next I shuddered, and turned away with horror and disgust. I saw a city whose only walls were the swords and bucklers of its brave inhabitants. They were a

stern and warlike race, with limbs inured to toil, and hearts undismayed by danger, and countenances ennobled with the pride of manly independence. I saw them go forth to battle against the invader of their country, and nobly fall amid the hostile darts, or return in triumph with the spoils of their vanquished foes. I saw them in the retirement of their homes and firesides, frugal, temperate, and abstemious, in the indulgence of their passions and appetites. I saw their youth bow with reverence as the aged head passed by them, and listen with submissive respect to the counsels of experience and wisdom. All this, and more, I beheld with feelings of wonder and admiration. But the vision did not stop here. I saw them, on the other hand, girding on the sword, not for the defence of their country, but for the extermination of their less powerful neighbours. I saw a whole people carried off by them into captivity, and doomed to a galling and ignominious servitude. I saw the miserable slaves toiling and sweating beneath the lash of a merciless oppression, made subjects of beastly drunkenness, to teach the children of their masters a lesson of abstinence, and coldly butchered by hundreds, to accustom the free-born sons of Sparta to the use of arms. I perceived that the proud and haughty citizens, though free from foreign dominion, were the tame and unresisting vassals of their own tyrannical laws and customs. I beheld their youth trained up in ignorance of all polite and useful learning,—forbidden to study or admire the institutions of other nations,—instructed to consider passive obedience as the first of virtues, and war the only occupation worthy of freemen,— and taught by principle to steal from their friends, that they might practise upon their enemies their ill-acquired dexterity. I saw the stranger shut out from their inhospitable doors, and all the improvements and refinements of other countries barbarously and indiscriminately proscribed. I saw the best feelings of humanity outraged and violated,—the tender sympathies of the heart made to yield to a savage and brutal insensibility,—



and even the ordinary privilege of grief circumscribed and limited by statute. I saw the ties of natural affection violently rent asunder, and hundreds of wretched infants inhumanly torn from their mothers' breasts, and hurled from the rocky precipices of Taygetus. I saw husbands shamefully beating their wives, with the express sanction of the law, and young maidens exhibiting themselves naked at the public exercises in company with men. With the view of all this, and worse than this, my admiration soon abated, and I was led to regard the Spartan character with an almost unmingled sentiment of abhorrence and disgust.

Such are the feelings, with which every judicious and reflecting observer must survey the memorials of this celebrated city. We may view them with profound and awful interest, but our enthusiasm must be indulged under the severest qualifications and restrictions. We may admire the genius and patriotic devotion of its great lawgiver, and may yield our homage without scruple to the memory of a few bright names that figure in its history; but we should be careful to avoid that extravagant veneration for classic antiquity, which has led many a blind "*laudator temporis acti*" to entertain such exalted notions of Spartan virtue and Spartan discipline. Allowing them full credit for every thing estimable in their character and institutions, and weighing their vices and defects with philosophical candour and impartiality, we shall find the Spartans scarcely deserving of a more dignified title, than that of a nation of powerful and successful barbarians. Their education, their habits, their laws, were all calculated to make them a nation of soldiers, and nothing else. They were strangers to all those humanizing influences that contribute to the refinement and enjoyment of life; literature and science were denounced as the enemies of the state; the cultivation and improvement of the mind were deemed an ignoble occupation; the sensibilities of the heart were seared and blunted, and its

noblest affections rooted out;—every thing, in short, was made to bend to the one grand object, of producing muscles to endure the fatigues of war, and nerves to encounter undaunted its dangers and alarms.

CHAPTER XII.

THE man that has never travelled upon a mule, over the rough mountains of Greece, has seen little of the toils and vexations of this world. He has never known what it is to sit perched for hours, with his legs stretched out to their utmost tensibility, astride of a galling packsaddle, as broad as the back of an elephant, and as high as a dromedary's bump,—nor to have his patience exhausted, and his temper disturbed by the unconquerable stubbornness of a self-willed brute,—to be obliged to wait the pleasure of the provoking animal, while he nibbles unconcerned at every inviting tuft of grass or nice bunch of leaves that he sees,—to be carried, as if from sheer maliciousness, to the very utmost brink of a giddy precipice, or under the branches of an over-hanging hedge, in danger of being brushed to the ground, or caught Absalom-like in mid-air,—and last, and most insufferable of all, to be detained for a quarter of an hour in the middle of a river, while the immoveable beast, arrested by the grateful coolness of the stream, and insensible alike to persuasion and to blows, stops to bathe his limbs, and quench his thirst, and to enjoy, at his ease, the beauties of the surrounding landscape. Of these, and still more grievous trials, we had abundant experience, during our wearisome journey from Mistra to Argos.



Passing to the left of Sparta, and descending to the level of the Eurotas, we followed its course for some distance over a narrow marshy plain, that lay along its western bank. In about two hours from Mistra we came to a modern stone bridge, where we crossed the river, and entered the Menelaion hills, by the bed of a dry torrent. The hills increased in magnitude as we advanced, and became beautifully covered with the wild olive, holly, rhododaphne, oleander, and arbutus, and a variety of other trees and shrubs, interspersed with numerous flowers, among which were the hyacinth and purple iris blooming in great perfection. After ascending and descending alternately for several hours, we arrived at length at the Saranta Potami, or *Forty* river, a branch of the Eurotas, deriving its name from the frequent obstructions which it presents to the road; for in following up the ravine through which it descends, we were actually obliged to cross it no less than thirty-eight times, its sinuous course in some places, and in others the rugged form of the precipices which enclose it, preventing a continued passage on the same side. It is a rapid torrent, from fifteen to twenty-five feet wide, and several feet deep, and frequently threatened to overcome the strength of our mules and sweep them away by its overwhelming force. As we ascended the mountain the cold became excessive, a night of almost total darkness overtook us, the muleteer who conducted me lost his way, and we got entirely separated from the rest of our party. Had the man possessed any *klephtic* propensities, a secret thrust of an *ataghan* and a toss into the torrent might easily have effected his object, without exposing him to the least danger of detection. Such an opportunity, in fact, might almost have tempted an honest man to turn bandit. In a similar situation, in some remote parts of my own country, it is extremely doubtful whether the temptation would have been resisted. But the trusty Greek, far from meditating any plans of treachery, seemed only intent upon recovering the track which he had lost. He shouted aloud, but no voice answered; he strain-

ed his eyes in every direction, but no landmark appeared. In this state of perplexity we groped and stumbled about among the rocks for upwards of an hour, in imminent danger of falling over precipices, till the intensity of the cold had nearly deprived us of the power of exertion. But the instinct of the stupid mule, superior in such emergencies to the utmost efforts of human intelligence, relieved us at last from our difficulties, and conducted us in safety through the darkness. While his master was endeavouring to drag him along by force, the reluctant animal, who had for some time seemed doubtful about the course we were pursuing, suddenly came to a stand—turned his head in the opposite direction—snuffed the air with evident delight—and set up a vociferous bray, which intimated that he had made some joyous discovery. Following the direction which his eagerly extended nose pointed out, we soon espied a light a little higher up the mountain. It was only a few hundred yards off, but the unevenness of the ground, and the want of a beaten path, together with the darkness of the night, prevented us from reaching it without a long and desperate struggle. As we approached the place we descried a comfortable hut with a cheerful fire blazing within it: the next moment the well known voice of Stamates fell like music upon my ear. It was the Khan of Arakoba, reckoned seven hours from Mistra, but which we had made ten by our unfortunate aberration.

Our route coincided very nearly with the track which Ibrahim described, during his terrific march from Tripolitza to Mistra. Everywhere were visible the marks of his awful transit,—everywhere the prints of his desolating footsteps. Throughout the whole day's journey we saw not a single human habitation; in fact, the only buildings of any kind that we met with, after leaving Magoula, were the deserted Khans of Bourla and Krebata. At the latter were still remaining piled up in heaps the bones of the captive sheep and oxen, upon which the Egyptian army had banqueted. The



Khangi of Arakoba told us a piteous tale of the burning of the village, and the unhappy fate of most of its inhabitants. When the cry of consternation, "the Turks are coming," first fell upon their ears, the danger was already so near at hand, that none but a few of the most active had time to effect their escape. The greater part fell into the hands of the enemy, and were disposed of by the usual barbarous method of putting to death the old and helpless, and carrying off into slavery the young and vigorous. Among the wretched captives who were torn from their homes to grace the conqueror's triumph, were twenty-three betrothed damsels and about forty others, the pride of their village, and renowned for their beauty all over the Morea. About fourteen thousand sheep and six thousand large cattle were a part of the valuable spoil that passed into the enemy's possession. The *Khangi* himself escaped with his family, by early taking the alarm and flying with precipitation to the secure recesses of the mountain. Before this direful calamity, he said he was rich and happy; but the salvation of his life had cost him the sacrifice of all his fortune. His wife presented a most affecting picture of a spirit broken by misfortune, and sinking under the weight of affliction. She had once been handsome, and had evidently seen far better days; but sorrow had withered the bloom upon her cheek, and a deep and deadening melancholy had settled upon her graceful features. At times the horrors of her disastrous flight seemed to haunt her recollection, and she would start, as if the dreadful cry of alarm were still ringing in her affrighted ears. She roused herself, however, into a sort of pensive cheerfulness in order to minister to our wants, and slinging her sleeping infant over her back in a little hammock, which served as a cradle, set about preparing our supper. The task was soon accomplished; for a loaf of unleavened bread hastily kneaded for the occasion, and baked in the ashes of the hearth, together with a cup of miserable wine, were the only entertainment that the Khan afforded.

The next morning we pursued our journey through an icy atmosphere that would not have disgraced the climate of Greenland. On looking towards the Lacedæmonian plain, we beheld it covered with a level sheet of vapour, that gave it precisely the effect of a large lake, with the snowy peaks of Taygetus rising bright and clear above it, and reflecting the golden splendour of the rising sun. At the summit of the mountain* we stopped for a few moments to gaze for the last time upon the magnificent scene which had so often excited our admiration, and bidding farewell to Sparta and all its classic reminiscences, began to descend upon the other side. The road was steep, and for several miles, so completely glazed with a slippery mixture of snow and ice, that we were obliged in many places to slide down upon our haunches, to avoid the danger of breaking our necks. A journey of two hours brought us to Agios Petros, a village picturesquely situated in the bosom of the mountains, but in a great measure burnt and destroyed by Ibrahim.

This tract of country lying between the Eurotas and the Argolic gulf, and extending to the southern extremity of the Peninsula, is known by the name of Tzakonia, probably a corruption of Laconia. The inhabitants speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and have a number of other distinguishing characteristics; but their country has been scarcely ever visited by travellers and little is known respecting them. They occupy the territory of the Eleuthero-Laconians, and are by some supposed to be the purest remains of the ancient Spartans. The chief towns of the district are Astros and Monanbasia.†

An hour and a half from Agios Petros is another mountain village named Kastri, which was also visited by the Egyp-

* This appears to be the ancient Mount Thornax.

† See Hist. Mod. Greece, p. 256.



tian Pasha. We stopped at this place to pay our respects to the *Pappas* of the village, a venerable old man whom we had formerly met at Hydra. We found him crouching over a handful of coals, in a wretched hut which had more the appearance of a smokehouse than of a human dwelling, and was entirely destitute of the simplest and most ordinary comforts of life: and yet this might be called an enviable abode, compared with the still more wretched kennels which most of the villagers inhabited. The reverend patriarch received us with the most affectionate kindness, and urged us to take shelter for the night beneath his humble roof; but we knew he was too poor to entertain us, and after some slight refreshment, we continued on our journey. Descending the steep mountain on which Kastri stands, we came in about half an hour to some scattered remains which mark the site of an ancient town. Vestiges of its citadel are visible on a huge insulated rock, rising abruptly from the side of the mountain, and overlooking a tremendous chasm. Another half hour brought us to a *metochi*,* or farm belonging to the monastery of St. John the Baptist, where we took up our quarters for the night.

The monastery is a large and singular building, hanging at an elevation of several hundred feet upon the side of the opposite mountain, which rises far above it in a precipice of rugged rocks. Excepting the famous establishment of Megaspelia, and perhaps one or two others, it is the richest and most extensive institution of the kind in the Morea. Nothing can exceed the romantic beauty of its situation, when viewed from the *metochi*. Perched upon a giddy crag where an eagle would scarcely venture to build its nest, and surrounded above, below, and on all sides by perpendicular cliffs, it seems inaccessible to the footseps of man, and entirely cut off

* As these monasteries frequently own lands at a distance, they have inferior establishments for convenience of cultivation and storage of their crops, called *metochia*.

from all communication with the world below it. The road which leads to it is a steep and winding path cut with great labour in the face of the rock, scarcely wider than a goat track, and only visible upon a near approach. It was the fear of Turkish oppression and exaction, that so frequently induced the monks of Greece thus to sacrifice convenience to security, and to build their sanctuaries in these wild and inaccessible situations.*

In the summer of 1826 the Turks attacked the monastery of St. John, and made the most desperate exertions to capture or destroy it. Jarvis was lying there at the time with a small number of Greek soldiers,† and about six hundred women and

* Dr. Holland, in his travels in Albania, describes a monastery at Meteora in Thessaly, built in a still more singular situation. It stands on a perpendicular and insulated rock at the height of 156 feet, and is only accessible by means of a net or basket hoisted up by the inmates above.

† Eight days before the attack, a party of Greeks had surprised the Turks by a sudden coup de main, in the plain of Tripolitza, and had done them considerable damage. But although they succeeded in their object, the inferiority of their numbers rendered it necessary for them to retreat in haste, as soon as they had struck the blow. Jarvis was of the party, and in the confusion of the flight became entirely separated from his companions. A troop of fifteen or twenty Turkish horsemen overtook him, wounded him in the leg with a ball, and advanced towards him to take, as usual, his nose and ears to adorn the gate of the Seraglio. Although suffering from his wound, he had sufficient strength and presence of mind to level his musket; but instead of discharging it, he merely kept it steadily aimed in front of him with a determined air, intending to reserve his fire till the last extremity. His pursuers, seeing the deadly weapon pointed towards them, as if dooming to certain destruction the one who should first advance, suddenly reined up their horses, and after a moment of suspense and irresolution, thought proper to abandon their purpose, and galloped away after the rest of the scattered band. He was shortly afterwards found by some of his fellow soldiers, and carried to the monastery, together with thirty-five others who were sick or disabled.



children, who had fled before the enemy's approach, and to whom the caloyers had generously afforded the protection of their walls. Many of the inhabitants of the neighbouring country had also deposited there for safe keeping all their moveable treasure. Finding the place unassailable by the ordinary modes of attack, the besiegers resorted to the experiment of rolling down large stones from the top of the precipice above it; but as the building was partly sheltered by overhanging rocks, and the stones in rolling acquired a horizontal impetus, they all fell beyond it.* They killed, however, a large number of mules, sheep, and other animals, that were in the court and outside of the walls. After many fruitless attempts to find some vulnerable point, the Turks perceived that there was no hope of reducing the place but by the tedious process of a blockade, and soon relinquished the undertaking. Had they persevered in the siege a few days longer, the monks could not have held out, for owing to the great accession to their number, their supply of water was nearly exhausted. They had resolved, however, if reduced to such an extremity, to blow themselves up rather than fall into the hands of their merciless enemies.

With the exception of a single room, in which a native professor of the healing art had established his mortar and pestle, the whole of the spacious buildings of the *metochi* lay before us, "where to choose our place of rest;" for the monks abandoned them at the time of the invasion, leaving nothing but the naked walls, and had not re-occupied them since that period, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, and more particularly on account of the depredations to which they were exposed from their own lawless soldiery. A party

* The Albanian hordes who overran the Morea after the first Russian invasion, made a similar attempt upon the monastery of Megaspelia, and failed from the same causes.

of Kolokotrones' troops were lying at a small hamlet close by, and devouring every thing upon which they could lay their hands; and such was the scarcity of provisions which they had occasioned, that we were unable to purchase for any money a single loaf of bread. After we had rested ourselves for a few moments, and kindled a small fire from the few remaining fragments of doors and window-shutters, (for nearly every thing combustible about the building had already been applied to a similar purpose,) our men sallied forth to forage in various directions. They soon returned, some with a supply of fuel, which they had lopped from the first trees that fell in their way,—others with a quantity of delicious honey, which they had stolen from a neighbouring hive,—and last of all came the provident Stamates, with a lamp and several other useful articles, which he had procured from the premises of the absent physician, by unceremoniously picking his lock! The stolen honey, together with a few mouthfuls of bread which we had fortunately brought with us from Arakoba, served us as an apology for a supper.*

* After we had finished our repast, an incident occurred, which, however trivial in itself, is worth recording, as a supplement to the abduction of the bottle, related in page 119, and as an additional illustration of the disregard of the Greeks for the rights of property. We were endeavouring to contrive some mode of carrying along with us for the following day's journey, several fine combs of honey which we had left untouched; but an insuperable difficulty seemed to present itself in the want of a suitable vessel to put it in. The ready-witted Stamates retired forthwith, without saying a word, and returned in a few moments with a handsome stone jar, which looked as if it had been made for the very purpose. I asked him where he had got it. "In the doctor's apartment," he innocently replied. I expressed my surprise that he should think of carrying off a thing which did not belong to him, observing that the mere act of breaking into the man's premises in the manner he had done, would be sufficient, in a civilized country, to doom him to years of imprisonment; and begged him as he valued my friendship, to return the jar immediately to its proper place. He expressed his sur-



When we arose the next morning, it was snowing tempestuously, and the ground was already covered to the depth of several inches. But we were in a land of famine, and were fain to proceed on our journey, notwithstanding the storm, to save ourselves from starving. Soon after we set out, the soldiers resorted to a summary mode of supplying themselves with a breakfast, by stopping a poor peasant whom we met on the road, carrying a large sack upon his shoulders. They asked the man, in the first place, if he had any bread, and he replied very sorrowfully that he had none; but they thought proper, nevertheless, to examine for themselves, and accordingly ripped open the sack with their *ataghans*,—the trembling owner protesting all the while that he had no bread, until the very moment when the discovered loaf was drawn forth to give the lie to his declarations. Jarvis repeatedly ordered his men to desist, but his commands were as little heeded as the piteous remonstrances of the poor man himself; for the discipline of the Greek soldiers is to obey their leaders, only in those cases where the order happens to coincide with their own private inclinations. It should be set down, however, to their credit, on this occasion, that they only retained one half of the loaf, and generously restored the other half to the sack of the disconsolate owner. We afterwards passed a caravan of mules, bound from Astros to Argos, with corn. They had taken this circuitous route, the muleteers said, to avoid the Roume-

prise in turn, that I should object to taking the jar, when it was the only thing that we could procure, and very reluctantly complied with my request. His reasoning on the subject may be thus briefly summed up: "The doctor has no use for the jar—we have a use for it; the doctor can get another, if he wants it—we can't get another; in short, we must either take the vessel, or leave our honey behind; therefore, we have a perfect right to take it." All the other Greeks seemed to think his logic perfectly conclusive, and marvelled very much at my unheard-of fastidiousness.

liote soldiers, who were quartered along the direct road, and who were in the habit of plundering every thing that passed within their reach. Beyond the *metochi*, the road passes through a wild, mountainous region, almost entirely uncultivated and uninhabited. Excepting one or two shepherds' huts, not a single house of any kind was visible all the way to Mylos, a distance of eight hours. About an hour and a half before reaching this place, we passed over extensive vestiges of an ancient town, consisting of numerous small fragments of marble and tiles, thickly strewed over the soil. A ruined tower lay a little to the left, and our guides called the place Palaio-Pyrgos. It was night when we arrived at Mylos, and the gates of the town were closed against us; we took refuge, therefore, in a little mill a few hundred yards off, where we passed the night in company with three mules, a dozen shepherds and millers, and a brawling stream of water, that rushed down through a wooden tunnel at one end of the building.

Mylos is a small place, lying upon the western shore of the Argolic gulf, immediately opposite to Napoli, and deriving its name, as well as its chief importance, from a number of mills, upon which Napoli and the other neighbouring towns depend in a great measure for their supply of flour. It is defended on the north by a clumsy mud battery, and on the south by an impassable marsh; in front it is only accessible by water, and the walls of the houses protect it in the rear. A hill a short distance behind the town is crowned with a ruined fortress. The marsh above alluded to is no less a wonder than the lake of Lerna, so famous in ancient mythology as the abode of the dreaded monster, the Hydra, and the scene of one of the mightiest of the twelve labours of Hercules. It is now more properly a marsh than a lake, being almost completely overrun with a rank profusion of reeds, rushes, and tall grass; though it is the common opinion of the natives that the water is still, as in ancient times, unfathomable towards the centre. The singular fable respecting this monster, like most



of the other creations of the fanciful mythology of the ancients, admits of a natural explanation, which affords good reason to believe that it is an allegorical account of some real plague that infested the country. The following exposition given of it by a celebrated English traveller,* renders the story perfectly natural and intelligible. "The fact is," he observes, "the lake of Lerna is the Hydra, and its heads are the sources, which Hercules, or some powerful individual, endeavoured to stop up, in order to prevent the recurrence of an inundation; but as soon as one spring was closed, it naturally found vent in another part; or, according to the emblematic style of antiquity, as soon as one head was removed, others appeared in its place. The different opinions concerning the number of heads is easily accounted for; the springs being more or less numerous, according to the season of the year and the quantity of water. The word Ὑδρα is probably derived from Ὑδωρ, which is the lake with its numerous springs or heads." In addition to this it may be remarked, that the sea-crab which Juno is said to have sent to bite the foot of Hercules while he was engaged in his labours, was probably some slight inundation of the sea, which interfered with the progress of his work.

In the summer of 1825, another monster, more terrible by far than the fabled Hydra, made his appearance on the shores of the lake of Lerna. This was the redoubted Ibrahim Pasha, who had now marched in triumph through nearly the whole length of the Morea, and had come down from Tripolitza with an army of eight thousand men, emboldened by the success of his arms, and with the benevolent design of laying waste the plain of Argos, and adding the city of Napoli to the list of his conquests. There was no Hercules at this time to rid the country of the threatening danger; but there was a pure and

* Dodwell.

zealous patriot, who, with a handful of brave companions, resolved to hazard the perilous attempt. Demetrios Ypsilantes, for this was the hero's name, had, in consequence of ill health and other causes, been living in retirement at Tripolitza for some time back, and had been obliged to fly from the enemy's approach a few days before, along with the other terrified inhabitants, who, being wholly unprovided with the means either of resisting an attack or of sustaining a siege, had set fire to the city and standing crops, and retreated in a body towards Argos and Napoli. But other and nobler thoughts were occupying the mind of Ypsilantes, besides the mere desire of self-preservation. Aware of the importance of Mylos, and the danger of its falling into the hands of the enemy, he hastened to occupy the place with about two hundred and twenty men, whom he had persuaded to join him in the undertaking, and putting it in such a posture of defence as his limited means permitted, anxiously awaited the expected attack. It seems, however, that the Pasha had overlooked the importance of this position, and had concluded to pursue his march directly to Argos, without stopping to molest it; for the main body of his army passed within musket shot of the village, without bestowing upon it the least attention. But the two hundred and twenty Greeks were not satisfied with letting the eight thousand Turks escape so easily, and just as the rear-guard of the enemy were filing by, magnanimously opened upon them a volley of musketry! One of the balls wounded Col. Séve, the notorious French renegade, better known perhaps by his Turkish title of Sulieman Bey, who was the favourite and aid-de-camp of the Pasha, and the principal professor of European tactics in the Egyptian service. Surprised by this bold and unexpected defiance, the army halted for a few moments, and a detachment of about two thousand advanced to punish the insolence of the Greeks, while the main body continued their course towards Argos. The attack was commenced by a troop of cavalry, who came galloping up,



secure in the expectation of an easy conquest; but being prevented by the nature of the ground from employing their strength to advantage, and being met by a spirited fire from the Greek *tambouris*, they were soon obliged to retreat with the loss of several men. The infantry now advanced impetuously to the charge, and threatened to overwhelm the little band of Greeks, by the superiority of their numbers and the fury of their onset. A party of them forced the farther wall of a large garden which protected the right of the Greeks, and were preparing to attack them on the flank, when a brave Captain, finding the approaching torrent too powerful to be checked by the feeble fire of the Greeks, called out to his countrymen, "now, my brothers, is the time to draw our swords!" and throwing away his musket, sprang over the inner wall into the garden. He was followed by ten others, who rushed upon the enemy with drawn *ataghans*, and laid about them with such furious and resistless desperation, that the amazed Egyptians were soon put to the rout, and driven from the enclosure in the utmost panic and confusion.* This heroic act of personal valour decided the fate of the contest: the enemy now retired to a distance, bearing along with them their dead, and, rallying their scattered forces, marched on to overtake the chief division of the army.†

The remainder of Ibrahim's operations in this quarter were equally inglorious. On arriving at Argos, he found it entirely deserted, the inhabitants having retired with their moveable effects, and taken refuge in and about the walls of Napoli. This latter city was now reduced to an awful extremity of suffering and distress; being crowded with nearly the whole

* One of these eleven dauntless spirits was our countryman, Mr. Miller, well known as the principal agent for the distribution of the American charities in Greece.

† Hist. Mod. Greece—Howe's historical sketch—Dr. Howe was an eye-witness of the affair. Jarvis was also present and gave a similar account of the engagement.

population of Tripolitza and Argos, besides a multitude of peasantry from the villages and surrounding country. Many of the miserable refugees were unable to find room within the city, and were obliged to seat themselves down outside of the walls, exposed to the horrors of famine, and in momentary dread of falling victims to the vengeance of their inhuman foes. Happily this state of dreadful uncertainty was not of long continuance. The Pasha approached with a reconnoitring party to take a hasty look at the place, but disliking the appearance of its lofty rocks and frowning battlements, he yielded to the suggestions of prudence, and the third day after his arrival upon the plain, commenced his retreat towards Tripolitza; having signalized his courageous descent upon Napoli by no other exploit, than the burning of the deserted and defenceless habitations of Argos.

CHAPTER XIII.

TIME, ever rolling on its disastrous course, and sweeping away the foundations of cities and empires, has nearly annihilated the ancient capital of Argolis. The half-ruined village that now occupies the seat of its glory, and that still retains unaltered its consecrated name, derives its only interest and importance from the magical associations which it calls up, as the heir and representative of fallen greatness. Viewed in this imposing character, there is scarcely a spot in all Greece that more powerfully interests the feelings, than the unfortunate city of Argos. Its high antiquity, its early and intimate connection with Grecian poetry and mythology, its former opulence and splendour, the exalted rank which it once held



among the neighbouring states, the illustrious names that are blended with its history, and the contrast between its present obscurity and its ancient renown, are all calculated to impress the mind of the traveller with a deep and solemn reverence, as he treads for the first time its classic and venerable soil. Nearly thirty-seven centuries have passed away, since Inachus first laid the foundations of its future power and celebrity. During this long and eventful period, what changes, what vicissitudes has it not experienced? We pass over the ancient and familiar portions of its history, until it was swallowed up in the all-devouring vortex of the Roman empire, and became sunk at last in almost total oblivion. After lying for ages in a great measure unknown and forgotten, we find it towards the end of the fourteenth century, together with Napoli di Romania, the seignory of a feudal lord named Gui de Anezino. After his death, the two cities devolved by inheritance to the widow of a noble Venetian, who in the year 1388 sold them to the Republic of Venice, for an annuity of seven hundred ducats. In the year 1397, Argos was taken and destroyed by Bajazet, and lay for sometime deserted. It was then rebuilt by the Venetians; but the Pasha of the Morea, in consequence of their refusal to deliver up a criminal who had taken refuge in one of their towns, made an attack upon Argos in 1463, and gained possession of the place. The Venetians retook it, however, the same year, and sacked the town. It subsequently fell again into the hands of the Turks, but was once more recovered by the Venetians in 1686. It was for the last time retaken by the Turks in the year 1714, together with nearly all the other Venetian possessions in the Morea.* The unhappy fate of Argos may serve to give an

* Daru. Hist. de Venise.—Hist. Mod. Greece. The latter work gives a somewhat different version of the sale of Argos and Napoli to the Republic. It is there stated, upon what authority does not appear, that

idea of the deplorable situation of Greece, during those fierce and implacable contests which the Venetians and Ottomans were perpetually waging on her account, for the space of three centuries; in which the furious combatants persevered, regardless of the groans of the mangled and bleeding captive, whom each was striving to wrest from the grasp of the other, until they had nearly torn her asunder, body and limb, and little else than a lifeless and worthless corpse was left to remunerate the toils of the victor.

At the beginning of the present century the population of Argos was estimated at six thousand; since that period it appears to have been extremely fluctuating. During the existing struggle it has swelled at times to the number of ten or twelve thousand, owing probably to the unnatural influx of strangers, from those parts of the country which were more immediately exposed to the devastations of war. The town is situated upon a perfect level, and being interspersed with numerous gardens, stretches out over a very large extent of ground. Unlike most of the other Grecian towns, it is laid out into wide and regular streets; the houses, however, are very low, and are all built of large mud bricks hardened in the sun, excepting only the scattered mansions of the richer Turks, a few mosques and churches, and the Turkish *Bezesteis* or bazar, which is the largest and most conspicuous edifice in the place. But in describing even the modern town of Argos, since the recent disasters which it has suffered, we speak of what has been, rather than of what actually exists. We found the place almost entirely in ruins. Many of the houses were level with the ground,—others were partly demolished,—and the few whose walls were left standing were sadly scathed and blackened by the consuming element.

they belonged to a Venetian nobleman, named Pietro Cornaro, on whose death his widow ceded them to the Republic for 2000 ducats of gold, and a pension of 700 ducats.



Such of them as had suffered the least had been hastily repaired, and afforded shelter to a wretched population of three or four thousand souls, who were still lingering among the ruins of their former dwellings. But even amid this disheartening scene of desolation, the elastic and enterprising spirit of the Greeks displayed itself, in the numerous shops and magazines, in which tailors, shoemakers, and other mechanics were pursuing their various occupations, as cheerfully and industriously as if they had never known any interruption, and which were abundantly supplied with bread, olives, cheese, and dried fruit, and a variety of other simple articles of food, which those who had money to purchase might procure for nearly the same price, as in times of the most profound peace.

Not only the habitations of man, but the beautiful productions of nature,—those delicious groves of golden fruitage, which till lately adorned and enriched the town and plain of Argos, and which in times past have drawn forth the admiration of many an enraptured traveller—these also have with few exceptions perished—and perished too by friendly hands. What the Turks themselves have spared, the native soldiery have barbarously destroyed; not however in the spirit of wanton mischief, with which the Egyptians pursued the work in the south, but merely for the purpose of supplying themselves with fire-wood to meet their urgent necessities. Not an orange, or lemon, or olive, or fig tree is now visible throughout the dreary and dismantled town; all have fallen in turn before the fatal axe, and nothing of the kind now remains, but a single, solitary palm-tree, and a few tall cypresses, those mournful emblems of death and decay, which have not unaptly, though undesignedly, been left standing, and which rise from the surrounding ruins in stiff solemnity, like so many sepulchral monuments. The loss that Greece has sustained by this destruction and mutilation of her groves and orchards, which has been practised not only here, but in other parts of the country, is far more serious and irreparable than may at

first be imagined. Her ruined towns and villages, the work of human labour, human labour, if furnished with the requisite means, may in a few short months restore; but the tree which has occupied years in fixing its roots, and spreading forth its branches, and preparing for the developement of its fruit, if once it is destroyed, can only be replaced by renewing the same tedious process, and awaiting the accomplishment of the same course of years. We can scarcely censure, however, the half-starved and half-clad soldiery of Greece, for resorting to a practice, however barbarous it may seem, which self-preservation may have rendered necessary. It appears in fact to have been an unavoidable evil, following in the train of the other calamities of this most calamitous war. It is the practical maxim, not only of the Greek *Palikari*, but of the soldier in all parts of the world, that while he is fighting for his country, his country owes him a living; and if the debt is not voluntarily paid, he does not scruple to exact it by such means as he has in his power. If he is hungry and has no bread, he takes it wherever his hand can find it; if he is suffering with cold, not only the garden and the grove, but even the very roof that shelters him, are laid under contribution to warm him.

On the northwest side of Argos rises a lofty hill,—one of those majestic natural features which characterized most of the ancient cities of Greece, and which still remain immutably grand and imposing, amid the general wreck of all the works of art that once lay beneath them. This elevation was named Larissa, in honour of the daughter of Pelasgus, and was formerly crowned with a gigantic citadel erected by the Cyclopean architects. The ancient edifice has been almost entirely demolished, but some remains of it are yet visible in the foundations of the Venetian fortress that now occupies its place. In the year 1822, when the army of the Pasha of Drama poured down upon the plain of Argos, Demetrios Ypsilantes, with the same daring bravery which he afterwards



displayed at Mylos, took possession of this fortress with a band of three hundred men, and gallantly resolved to hazard the effort to save it from the hands of the enemy. Owing to long neglect it had become very much dilapidated, and was totally unprovided with the means of defence; still he was not deterred from making the desperate attempt, and accordingly shut himself up within its tottering walls, with a garrison of only three hundred men, and provisions for only three days, to stand a siege against an army of thirty thousand. On arriving before the place, the Pasha sent up messengers demanding its instant surrender, and threatening to assault it with all his forces, if the demand was not immediately complied with. The crafty and intrepid prince received the envoys with a bold and swaggering air, taking care to conceal from them, as far as possible, the wretched condition of the castle, and using every artifice to impress them with the idea, that he was fully equipped for sustaining the siege. He paraded his little band to the greatest possible advantage, told the Turks that his garrison consisted of nine hundred men, and that they were supplied with provisions for six months, and rejected with disdain the proposal to surrender. The Pasha fulfilled his threat, and besieged the place for three successive days, during which its brave defenders repulsed every attack, and manfully maintained their position. The Turks in their awkward and ill-directed efforts, are said to have fired upwards of two hundred shot, only ten of which struck any part of the fortress. Discouraged by these unsuccessful attempts, they now sat themselves down to await the result of a blockade; but the Greeks, having exhausted their scanty supplies, descended cautiously during the night, and forcing their way through the Turkish lines, rejoined their comrades without losing a man.*

* Howe's Sketch—Hist. Modern Greece.

The most interesting relic of antiquity at Argos, is a spacious theatre, hollowed out of the foot of the Acropolis hill, upon the side which faces the southeast. Its seats are cut in the solid rock, and rise in regular gradation to the height of sixty or seventy feet. The whole is in good preservation, as might be expected from the nature of its construction, and by a little assistance of the imagination may be easily cleared of its rubbish, and restored to its original perfection. I sat down as a spectator upon one of the long-deserted and overgrown benches, where fancy suggested that some stately hero had perhaps sat before me, and beheld with a mournful interest the various objects that were submitted to my view. The scene was the ruined city—the depopulated plain, with its majestic bulwark of mountains—the broad and beautiful expanse of the gulf—and the towering rocks and ramparts of Nauplia. The *Dramatos Prosopa* were a shepherd driving home his flock, and a slowly moving train of mules and camels, which, with their weary drivers, were lazily creeping along the road that runs in front of the arena. Alas! the names of Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, have been long since forgotten upon the scenes which their genius has immortalized; and the only tragedies that are now enacted here, are the real and unimaginary tragedies of war, and pestilence, and famine, and rapine, and massacre. While I was ruminating upon these and similar reflections, an enormous owl rose up from among the ruins, and after hovering about for a few moments, settled down within a short distance, upon one of the upper seats of the theatre. He too, forsooth, had come to meditate amid the memorials of vanished glory! The flapping of his ominous wings recalled me from my reverie, and the descending dews of evening admonished me to retire.

Not far from the theatre, and immediately at the foot of the hill, is an excavation of the rock which appears to have formed part of a temple, with a curious subterranean passage entering behind the altar at the back part of the edifice. This Dr.

Clarke pronounces to be "nothing less than one of the oracular shrines of Argos, alluded to by Pausanias, laid open to inspection, like the toy a child has broken in order that he may see the contrivance whereby it was made to speak." Whether or no there exist any definite data, by which the ruin in question may be identified with certainty as one of these mysterious organs of the divine will, it does not satisfactorily appear; at all events, the place is admirably contrived for the hocus-pocus work of delivering oracles, by which the designing priests of antiquity imposed upon the pious credulity of mankind. "We amused ourselves for a few moments," says the learned traveller above referred to, "by endeavouring to mimic the sort of solemn farce acted upon these occasions; and as we delivered a mock oracle, *ore rotundo*, from the cavernous throne of the altar, a reverberation caused by the sides of the rock, afforded a tolerable specimen of the 'will of the gods,' as it was formerly made known to the credulous votaries of this now forgotten shrine."*

We were shown a remarkable specimen of basso-relievo sculpture, which had lately been found about an hour's distance from Argos, in the direction of Mycenæ. The slab has unfortunately been broken through the middle, but the two parts being laid together, still exhibit the sculpture entire. It represents a female in the act of presenting a wreath to a boy, who is kneeling at her feet; and extending his hand to receive it; but of what description of leaves the wreath is composed, it would require a very skilful botanist to decide. The figures are as large as life, and are executed in the stiff and awkward style which marks the early efforts of the Grecian chisel. Regarded merely as a work of art, it is of very inferior merit; but it is interesting to the antiquary, as the production of a remote age, and as a specimen of sculpture when it was yet

* See Clarke's Travels, Part II. sect. 2. chap. 16.

in its infancy, before Phidias and Praxiteles had raised it to its divine perfection.

These are the only remains of antiquity at Argos, that are deserving of particular notice. There are a few other nameless ruins, which may serve to exercise the ingenuity and display the researches of the learned, but the description of which at the present day would be at the same time uninteresting and unprofitable. It seems scarcely credible, that the numerous temples and other public buildings, which Pausanias describes in the second century as existing in his time, should have so entirely disappeared, without leaving a vestige behind them to mark the place where they stood. The vicinity of Napoli, and the convenience of the ancient edifices as furnishing a supply of ready wrought building materials, can alone explain the mystery.

The evening after our arrival at Argos, a rumour was circulated, that the soldiers of Grivas, who was still in possession of Napoli, were advancing to attack and plunder the town. At the mention of the Roumeliotes, the place was instantly in an uproar; the trepidation and alarm could scarcely have been greater, if an army of Turks had been at the very moment in sight. Many of the inhabitants bundled upon their backs their most portable effects, and fled in all haste to the mountains; others who were more courageous, seized their arms and made preparation to resist the attack; and guards were stationed all along the outskirts of the town, to prevent a surprise, and to give the earliest information of the enemy's approach. The streets were patroled during the whole of the night, but no Roumeliotes came; the report had probably originated in seeing some unusual stir about Napoli, the cause of which was unknown, and which the suspicious fears of the Argives immediately construed into some hostile design upon their town. The next morning, however, a small party of Roumeliote soldiers made their appearance, and attempted to take a horse from a peasant who was just leaving the town.



The man resisted, and in endeavouring to defend his property, received a serious stab from an *ataghan*. To atone for this outrage, one of the Roumeliotes was shot dead; when his companions, finding themselves overpowered by numbers, retreated towards Napoli breathing vows of vengeance, which were not long afterwards accomplished.* Such is the deadly spirit of animosity which the Moreotes and Roumeliotes unhappily cherish towards each other. Inspired with the same generous abhorrence of Turkish tyranny, and the same ardent love of independence, they have embarked their fortunes in the same noble contest, and fight side by side against their common enemy; but no sooner do they enjoy a momentary respite from the dangers of foreign invasion, than the bands of brotherhood are rent asunder, and they ingloriously turn against one another the arms which they once wielded together in defence of their country's liberties. It is both strange and pitiful, that a cause so sacred should be profaned by this unnatural strife, among men who are connected by all the ties of kindred, of education, of religion, and of misfortune. It would seem as if they were not contented with the bitter potion of which they have been made to drink so deeply, without adding to it, themselves, the still more bitter ingredients of anarchy and civil war; as if the load of calamity beneath which they have so long groaned, were not already sufficiently insupportable, without heaping upon it, of their own accord, the still more grievous burden of fraternal jealousy and discord. When the progress of knowledge and civilization shall have taught the misguided Greeks the self-evident truth, which ignorance and thoughtlessness now prevent them from apprehending, that not only their individual happiness and prosperity, but their very existence as a nation, depend upon the sacrifice of their sectional feelings and interests—when the

* See page 194.

permanent establishment of an efficient government shall have done away the habit of wearing arms, that fruitful source of disturbance—and when the cultivation of the arts of peace shall have found occupation for the restless and uneasy spirit of the people—then, and not till then, may we look for the extinction of those private feuds and dissensions, which have hitherto disgraced their most laudable efforts, and which have furnished the enemies of their cause with so convenient a handle for indiscriminate calumny and abuse.

CHAPTER XIV.

At Argos I parted company with Jarvis and his *palikaris*, and with no other attendant but Stamates, set out on my way towards Ægina. It was new year's day, according to the old style of computation, which is still in vogue in the east of Europe; so that I had made a clear gain, during the past year, of eleven whole days. On arriving at Napoli we found a soldier stationed at the gate, who very politely wished us "χρονοὺς πολλοὺς καὶ καλλίτερους," (many and happier years,) and, as a return for his civility, solicited our contributions to a large pewter platter, which the various incomers and outgoers had already heaped up with several quarts of small coin. We were disappointed however in seeing little of that gaiety and merriment which we had reason to expect at Napoli on an occasion of such high festivity. The city was half deserted; many, even of the poor refugees, whom we found there upon our first arrival, had sought some other asylum, and the few inhabitants who still remained to feed the rapacity of the despot of Palamedi, seemed more disposed to brood over their miseries within the retirement of their own dwellings,



than to indulge in those public demonstrations of joy, with which the day was formerly wont to be celebrated. The only countenances that seemed at all to respond to the season of festivity, were those of the well fed myrmidons of Grivas, who were luxuriously lounging about the *cafés*, or strolling along the streets, decked out in sumptuous gold and embroidery, and helping themselves to any thing that they fancied, without rendering either thanks or money.

We left Napoli in the afternoon of the same day, and proceeded on our journey as far as the monastery of Agios Demetrios, which lies in a beautifully secluded situation in the bosom of the mountains, some distance to the left of the direct road to Epidaurus, and about three hours from Napoli. As this was the only place of shelter between Napoli and Ligourio, (the country having been laid waste by Dramali Pasha,) we had made our calculations to lodge there for the night; but we had reckoned without our host, and the matter was not so easily arranged as we had been led to imagine. We found the gates of the monastery barred and bolted, the window shutters carefully closed, and every thing wrapped in the most profound and awful stillness. We knocked, but no one answered; we repeated the summons again and again, still it passed away unheard or unheeded. We despaired at last of gaining admittance, and had nearly made up our minds to the disagreeable and perilous necessity of travelling on for two hours after dark, when we discovered a pair of twinkling eyes anxiously peering through a small loop-hole, and heard a harsh voice send forth the ominous words, "Δὲν ἀνοίγομεν." (We admit no one.*) All was hushed again for some minutes, till a small window over the gateway slowly opened, and the bearded visage of an old caloyer cautiously protruded itself, saying that it was useless for us to remain, for they never

* Literally, "We don't open."

opened their gates upon any consideration after sunset. A black and hideous African, who might have passed for the Prince of Darkness himself, next made his appearance at the window, and, with an idiotic grin, told us in broken English to "go off." As a last resort we begged him to go and call the *Egoumenos*.* The fellow shook his head, saying, "no open," and slammed to the window with a hoarse guttural laugh that seemed scarcely human. Presently however the venerable prior came forward accompanied by several of his brethren. He observed that the disturbed state of the country made it necessary for them to be extremely cautious about the admission of strangers; that they had therefore adopted a rule, from which they never departed, not to receive any person at that late hour of the day; and concluded by kindly informing us, that we should be able to reach Ligourio in two hours. Stamates now put himself into an oratorical attitude, and delivered with great effect the following sententious harangue:—"Look at us," said he; "here are two men without arms of any kind, and you are afraid of their overpowering and plundering you! one of them is an American philanthropist, who has come five thousand miles with four or five ship loads of bread and clothing to give to your poor countrymen. He is sick, and ready to perish with cold and fatigue, and you refuse him a night's lodging! Verily, the curse of Heaven will fall upon you for such ingratitude!" The prior appeared to relent; he looked at his brethren, and they looked at him, as if uncertain how to act; at length, after sounding us with a multitude of questions and cross-questions respecting the object of our journey, the place of our destination, &c., an order was reluctantly given to have the gates thrown open. The ponderous bolts were, with no small labour, shoved aside, and the caloyers welcomed us with

* Prior.



the usual "καλῶς ὁρίζετε," just as if nothing had previously passed between us. It was the fear of the Roumeliote soldiers, as they afterwards explained to us, that had rendered them so distrustful of travellers. Several attempts, they said, had been made to entrap them; and it was necessary for their safety to refuse the ordinary claims of hospitality, in order to avoid the danger of being taken by surprise. The monastery is a large building, constructed more like a fortress than a religious establishment; but excepting the strength of its walls, and the beauty of its situation, we observed nothing about it worth noticing. It is believed to possess considerable wealth, but our fare was of the most meagre description, and every thing that we saw indicated extreme poverty. This, however, we shrewdly suspected, had been purposely contrived by the holy brethren, so as to do away the impression that had gone abroad respecting their wealth, and to remove the temptations which a display of their riches might hold out to the rapacious soldiery.

About half a mile this side of Ligourio, and a short distance to the left of the main road, is the little village of Agia Marina: it has shared the disasters of the war, and is now in ruins. Considerable vestiges of antiquity are visible among the ruins of more recent date; the church contains four pillars composed of heterogeneous fragments of ancient columns, and a small ancient aqueduct still conveys to the village the water of a neighbouring fountain. But the most remarkable relic existing at this place is a part of a curious pyramidal structure, built of immense blocks in the irregular Cyclopean style, which is conjectured to have been a sepulchre, and was probably, in its original state, something such an edifice as the tomb of Caius Cestius, at Rome. Ligourio is a straggling village, principally inhabited by shepherds, and situated upon a barren hill rising out of a small valley, which here branches off into two divisions; that on the left running to Epidaurus, and the other to the sacred grove of Æsculapius.

This latter place, lying about an hour's distance from Ligourio, was celebrated in ancient times as a fashionable watering place, to which the infirm and the indolent resorted, not only from all parts of Greece, but from far distant countries, in search of health and relaxation. An English traveller* has called it the Cheltenham—an American may be allowed to call it the Saratoga, of ancient Greece. The spot was the fabled birth-place of the god to whom it was consecrated, and here was erected the most famous and the most frequented of all his venerated temples. It stood in a delightful valley, shut in by lofty mountains, in the midst of a beautiful grove, and surrounded by a variety of splendid edifices, which were constructed for the convenience and entertainment of the numerous visiters, whom motives of religion, health, curiosity, or amusement, attracted to the sacred enclosure.† We are unable to ascertain, at the present day, whether the reputation of the place was owing to any sanative virtues that the waters really possessed, or whether the officiating priests, who united the medical profession with the sacerdotal office, merely employed the waters as an instrument to work upon the superstitious imaginations of their patients, while the cures which were effected, and which were attributed to the benign interposition of the presiding deity, were in fact owing to the salubrity of the place, and to judicious medical treatment. A number of springs are still found in the neighbourhood, which are said to possess medicinal properties; but this is, very probably, a mere vulgar notion, derived from some obscure tradition; for they have nothing peculiar in their taste or appearance. It has been mentioned as an important desideratum,

* Dr. Clarke.

† A shepherd of Ligourio informed me with great gravity, that Japhet, the son of Noah, having first landed at Poros, proceeded to this place and built a city, of which the existing ruins are the remains.



that the waters should be subjected to a chemical analysis;* but the result of any experiments that might be made upon them at the present day, would be of very little service in determining their primitive character. If indeed it should be ascertained that they now contain mineral substances, we might rationally infer that they possessed similar qualities in ancient times; but a contrary result would not at all interfere with the supposition, that they might have been endowed with healing virtues during the period of their ancient celebrity. When we call to mind the modifications which the springs of Ballston and Saratoga have undergone within a few short years, we shall find no difficulty in conceiving, that the lapse of so many centuries may have totally changed the original character of the waters of the sacred grove.

The place where the ruins of this far-famed sanctuary are found is now called *Yero;* such at least is the manner in which the name is pronounced. Dr. Clarke says it is evidently a corruption of ἱερὸν (sacra ædes), and expresses his surprise, that Chandler should have been guilty of such an inaccuracy as to write it *Gérao.* Sir William Gell writes it *Iero.* It would be presumptuous to impugn such high authorities; it is merely suggested therefore, with becoming deference to the learned travellers above mentioned, whether they are not all in the wrong; and whether the disputed name is not the Romaïc word γερὸς, which signifies healthy, or salubrious. Taking the neuter gender of this adjective (γερὸν), which would be in accordance with the genius of the language, χωρὶον or some such word being understood, we have the identical name, precisely as it is pronounced; for the γ in this situation is sounded like the English *y*, and the modern Greeks, in speaking, almost uniformly cut off the final ν of their nouns. Such an appellation is peculiarly significant of the well-known character of the place, and from the close resemblance of its sound to that of ἱερὸν, might

* See History Modern Greece, p. 335.

have been adopted by a very easy and natural transmutation. If this suggestion is incorrect, and the present name is nothing more than a corrupted form of the word ἱερὸν, its exact coincidence with the appropriate title of γερὸν is one of the most singular that can well be imagined.

In going from Ligourio to the valley of *health*, the road passes through the ruined village of Pera, leaving Koroni a stone's throw to the right. In the latter we recognise the name of the nymph Koronis, the fabled mother of Æsculapius. The first ancient ruins of any consequence that occur, are those of a large brick building, which Dr. Clarke supposes may have been a hospital, erected by the Emperor Antoninus Pius, for pregnant women and dying persons, whom it was the custom to remove from the sacred precincts, in conformity with a superstitious notion, which regarded their presence as a profanation to places of peculiar sanctity.* Another reason for this regulation was, that the credit of the god might not be impeached, by having any one to die upon his hands. As soon as the patient was removed, Æsculapius was no longer responsible for his safety, and his death could therefore reflect no dishonour upon the healing powers of the deity. The next object that attracts the attention, is a large oblong bath, or reservoir, lying below the surface, and lined with hewn stones, exhibiting marks of having been covered with stucco. A little farther is a handsome pavement in excellent preservation, composed of large slabs of pink and white marble, which, from its superior dimensions and materials, is conjectured to be the remains of the famous temple of the patron deity. The superstructure is entirely gone, with the exception of a few disjointed fragments, that are scattered about upon the ground. Three stunted olive trees have forced their roots between the slabs, and are now growing from the midst of the consecrated pave-

* A similar custom prevailed in the island of Delos. See Chap. xix.



ment. A short distance from the temple are vestiges of the stadium, consisting principally of high mounds of earth, which form its sides, and containing fifteen rows of seats at one of the extremities. Besides the objects above specified, there are the remains of various temples, and baths, and cisterns, and other unknown structures, together with detached fragments of stone and marble, and quantities of broken *terra cotta*, which are scattered promiscuously over a large extent of ground. Very little can be known respecting this confused mass of ruins, and the elaborate attempts of travellers to illustrate them serve no other purpose, but to make an ostentatious display of classical and antiquarian learning. After conducting us through all the depths of the most profound research, and ransacking the whole list of ancient authors in search of quotations and references, they are unable after all to arrive at any thing more than bare conjecture and possibility. Nothing can be more futile, than these mighty efforts of the learned to give a name and an importance to every insignificant heap of stones, that occurs among the ruins of antiquity. With regard to edifices of great celebrity, the antiquary may indeed employ his erudition not wholly without profit, in concentrating the scattered lights which ancient records furnish us; and the commanding interest which such edifices inspire, may even justify a little superfluous display. But as it respects those obscure and unknown ruins, which perhaps never were of any consequence, and which all the labours of learning and ingenuity cannot rescue from the oblivion into which they have sunk, there is certainly more satisfaction in viewing them merely as relics and memorials of ages long departed, than in approaching them with the mind confused and bewildered by a multitude of contending hypotheses and conjectures. There is one edifice, however, in the sacred valley, which we have not yet noticed, and which needs not the trappings of pedantry to clothe it with an adventitious importance. This is the theatre—renowned in ancient times for its beauty and magnificence, and

still remaining in a state of preservation, which renders it one of the most interesting structures of the kind in Greece. As usual, it is excavated upon the side of a hill, and forms somewhat more than a semicircle. The *scene*, or front part, forming the chord of the arc, where the stage was situated, and upon which the principal architectural decorations were laid out, has unfortunately disappeared; but the *Koilon*, or circular range of seats for the spectators, still exists almost as entire as when it was first erected. The seats are of a pink-coloured marble, but are now very much blackened by time, and overgrown with various plants. They are fifty-four in number, rising one above the other like steps, and fixed in the solid wall of the hill. The back part of each seat is sunk to the depth of several inches, in order that the persons sitting upon it might not be incommoded by the feet of those who occupied the row behind them. Numerous flights of stairs ascend at short intervals from the pit to the uppermost range, that the spectators, when once seated, might not be disturbed by those who came after them. Every thing, in short, appears to have been contrived with a special regard to the comfort and convenience of the invalids for whom it was intended, and exhibits a nicety of arrangement not usually found in the other Grecian theatres. It is evident, however, from a view of this, the most commodious establishment of the kind in Greece, that however we may fall short of the ancients in other respects, we far excel them in the comfort, if not in the magnificence, of our places of public amusement. What would a modern audience think of sitting at a dramatic representation, upon cold stone benches, in the open air, and with no other protection against the weather than an umbrella, or perhaps a temporary awning? If the classic model were now to be introduced, instead of the cushioned and canopied boxes of modern times, we suspect that the theatre-going world would soon renounce the pleasures of the scene, in this age of luxurious and effeminate indulgence.



The sacred valley has now lost all its ancient attractions. The consecrated grove has entirely disappeared, and a few low and scraggy bushes have usurped the place which it once adorned. All is reduced to an unsightly wilderness. The works of nature and of art wear alike the same melancholy features of decay. Both the plain and surrounding mountains present a dull and uninteresting aspect, and even the ruins themselves are too far ruined to retain any picturesque beauty. No modern habitation has encroached upon the sanctity of the place, —no modern ploughshare has turned up its soil. Antiquity still holds undisputed sway over the scene, and every thing seems to the eye, as if the footsteps of man had not visited it for ages. Here, however, as in other places which have been mentioned, the barbarous work of spoliation has been extensively carried on: this will account for the complete destruction of most of the buildings. The Ligourians many years ago transferred to their village six marble columns, which now decorate their church, and Chandler informs us that during the last century, materials were carried away for building a mosque at Argos, and even for repairing the fortifications of Napoli.

On leaving the valley in the direction of Epidaurus, the road enters a narrow rocky glen, and winds up into the mountains amid the wildest and most picturesque scenery. At the summit of the pass, a glorious prospect of the Saronic gulf opens upon the view, embracing the islands of Ægina and Salamis, and the distant hills of Attica. Shepherds with their flocks were hanging upon the mountains* as we passed along, and waking the echoes of the rocks with their rustic melodies. In descending towards the gulf, the road runs down a narrow uneven vale, watered by a rapid stream, which terminates at Epidaurus in a small but well cultivated plain, extending some

* "Pendentia montibus."—*Virg.*

distance to the south between the mountains and the sea. The epithet of 'αμπελόεις, which Homer applies to Epidaurus, is equally appropriate at the present day, for the country is still covered with vineyards; though, if the wine was of no better quality in his time, he might as well have passed it over in silence. The distance from Iero to Epidaurus is two hours and a half. The place is now called Pidauro in the vulgar dialect, and is a mere hamlet, consisting of a handful of small low cottages. It has, however, a suburb composed of upwards of a hundred huts, constructed with straw and leaves, which is inhabited by a colony of refugees from Negropont. Since the removal of the seat of government to Ægina, Epidaurus has derived some little importance from the number of travellers who are constantly passing through it on their way to and from Napoli. Its name will probably be immortalized in the "Code of Epidaurus;" a gratuitous honour, however, for the Assembly actually sat at the village of Piada, an hour and a half to the north. The framers of the constitution, studious of effect, thought that Epidaurus, an ancient and classical name, would sound much better than Piada; they did not hesitate therefore to adopt it, as the distance between the two places was only five miles, and especially as Piada was included within the ancient territory of Epidauria. In the same manner the few Greeks who have ever heard of the ancient name of Damala, always speak of the Congress of Trœzen. The ancient Epidaurus appears to have stood upon the little promontory which runs out into the bay and forms the port. Its remains are very inconsiderable. Among them is a recumbent female statue, which a Turk decapitated many years ago, and which some ignorant Greek, having heard probably that the neighbouring country was once famous for the worship of Æsculapius, has honoured with the name of the deified physician—a name which his countrymen have had the stupidity to retain.



We embarked in a *saccoleva** for Ægina, on one of those serene and tranquil afternoons, which scarcely any where appear to such advantage, as under the beautiful sky of the Saronic gulf, and in the midst of its magnificent scenery. But with the darkness there arose one of those sudden and tremendous squalls, to which these mountain-bound waters are so frequently liable, and which was near burying our frail bark "in the deep bosom of the ocean." We were in all nearly forty persons, and were wedged and squeezed together to the utmost capacity of the boat. Unfortunately some among the number were females; who immediately began to shriek, and throw themselves about, and lay hold of the men, just as they are in the habit of doing in civilized countries, on occasions of sudden alarm. The first thing to be done, therefore, was to secure the women and prevent them from upsetting the boat: this having been effected with no small difficulty and danger, we all lay as quietly as possible, and consigned ourselves to the fury of the tempest. But there were some, even of the braver sex, with whom it was not possible to lie very quietly, while in danger every moment of being swallowed up by the waves; these soon losing their presence of mind, and rousing the fears of others by the contagion of their example, the consternation now became general. The scene would have been irresistibly ludicrous, if it had not been mingled with serious danger. The half distracted wretches lay floundering in the bottom of the boat, screaming all the while most lustily, calling upon St. Nicolas to come to their aid, and beseeching the *Karabokyres*† for the love of God, to run into the neighbouring island of Angistra. This was the very thing that the poor man was endeavouring to do with all his

* A species of boat, larger than a caique, and rigged somwhat differently.

† Captain.

might, and thither we were in fact scudding as fast as the storm could drive us. It was with the greatest exertion that the few among the passengers, who still retained their senses, could maintain the equilibrium of the boat: the little vessel rocked, and rolled, and pitched, and laboured, and struggled with the foaming waves, until we were apprehensive that every struggle would be her last. At length we found ourselves near the rocky islet of Metopi; we succeeded in running under its lee, and, dropping two anchors, lay there in safety until morning. The gale died away in the course of a few hours, but no persuasion could induce the prudent *Karabokyres* to commit himself again to the deep until broad daylight; not that he was influenced by any particular tenderness either for his own life, or those of his passengers; but his principal consideration appeared to be, the fear of losing his boat, and with it the sundry piastres which he should receive, if he should conduct us in safety to our destination. In the island of Angistra, which we passed soon after getting under way were living, if the assurances of my fellow-passengers were to be relied on, two of the greatest natural curiosities that the world contains—an old man who had reached the age of a hundred and thirty years, and his interesting son, a lad of a hundred and ten! We arrived at Ægina, just as the morning sun began to illumine the purple clouds that hung upon the eastern sky, and to shed his golden lustre over the island-gemmed waters of the Ægean.



CHAPTER XV.

Ægina, (by Italian corruption sometimes called Engia) is the largest and most celebrated of the majestic islands that rise from the bosom of the Saronic gulf. It derives its present name from Ægina the mother of its ancient sovereign Æacus, who was the renowned ancestor of the kings and heroes who are known in history under the title of Æacidæ. It was originally called Œnopia, and afterwards Myrmidonia, from its inhabitants the Myrmidons, who were fabled to have been created by Jupiter, by metamorphosing ants into men, in answer to the prayer of Æacus after his dominions had been depopulated by a plague. The real history of this celebrated race was probably unknown; and the fanciful genius of antiquity, ever ready to build up fable in the absence of fact, seized upon the accidental resemblance between their name and the Greek word signifying an ant, and invented this ridiculous story of their miraculous origin. The ancient Ægineans were a powerful commercial people, and by some writers said to be the inventors of the art of coining money.* They were the rivals and bitter enemies of their neighbours the Athenians, and for some time disputed with them the supremacy of the sea. During the Persian war, their jealousy of Athens led them to take part with the enemies of Greece, and the whole Ægean was infested by their

* Others attribute it to Phidon, king of Argos.—Macpherson's Hist. of Commerce.

frequent piracies. Their naval power was at length crushed by Themistocles, who, roused by the depredations that were committed by their cruisers, took advantage of a short interval of repose from the attacks of the Persians, and resolved to employ all his energies for their destruction. To this purpose he devoted the produce of the silver mines of Laurium, which it had been the custom to expend for the private wants or the public amusements of the citizens, and by the vigorous measures which he adopted, succeeded in ridding his country of its troublesome and dangerous rival.

The ancient city of Ægina, which stood immediately upon the sea-shore, was abandoned after the Turkish conquest, on account of its exposure to the incursions of pirates, and a new town built by the Venetians in its place, upon the acclivity of a steep rock three quarters of an hour from the sea. The revival of commerce has within a few years induced the inhabitants to re-occupy the ancient site, and the Venetian town in the interior now lies forsaken and in ruins. The present town exhibits all the marks of hasty erection, and consists for the most part of small, low, flat-roofed houses, built of stone and covered with reeds overlaid with mortar. Since the commencement of the revolution, it has increased very rapidly, owing to the constant influx of refugees from Scio, Haivali, Athens, Livadia, and other places. Among the number of strangers who had recently swelled its population, were about a thousand Ipsariotes, who settled here after the horrible catastrophe which expelled them from their native island in the year 1824. Hither they had transferred the wreck of their fortunes, and here they had established their household gods, looking eagerly forward to the time, when peradventure they might be allowed to return once more to their barren and sea-girt rock. If any proof were wanting, how little the love of home depends upon its intrinsic attractions, it might be found, in a most convincing and affecting degree, in the case of the expatriated Ipsariotes. Some of the unhappy exiles, who had



saved their vessels, were still pursuing their commercial occupations, so far as the unsettled state of affairs would permit, and a body of them were employed by the government as an armed police for the maintenance of good order and tranquillity in the town. The Ipsariotes are considered one of the purest specimens of the true Grecian blood. They are brave, patriotic, enterprising, but extremely frivolous in their deportment, and, like their brother sailors the Hydriotes, too much addicted to noisy and riotous amusements. It is almost needless, however, to say any thing more in their praise, than that the noble and gallant Kanares is an Ipsariote. The women of Ipsara are distinguished for their beauty among all the islands of the Archipelago, and particularly for the brilliancy and delicacy of their complexions; and one of the fairest and most beautiful among them, is the wife of the hero just mentioned. Their costume is one of the most singular in the Levant, and though far from becoming, has a very gay and lively appearance. They wear a jerkin of cloth or velvet made very short, open in front, and with sleeves fitting nearly close to the arms. The skirts of the outer dress are full, reaching just below the knees, and are generally of some dark colour, terminated at the bottom with one or two broad stripes of yellow or red. The under garment which is made of white linen or muslin, descends five or six inches lower, and is of much less circumference than the other. A small shawl is brought loosely round the waist, and tied in a graceful knot in front. The head-drees is a sort of turban, formed of thin muslin drawn over a circular frame, which stands up in front, and slopes downwards to the back part of the head, somewhat like the *beret*, now in vogue in Paris, and its dependencies. A couple of bands, fringed at the extremities, are crossed over in front, and hang down behind to the middle of the back, or flutter like little pennants in the breeze. A piece of gauze or thin muslin, attached to the back part of the turban, is drawn over the face somewhat in the Turkish fashion, so as to con-

ceal the lower part of it as far up as the tip of the nose. There are a number of other little peculiarities, which contribute to the general effect, but of which it is difficult to convey any idea by a mere verbal description.

Besides the numerous refugees from different sections of the country, who had been driven from their homes by the Turks, and had fled to Ægina for safety, the place was crowded with the various officers and hangers-on of government—the office-hunters, both Greek and Frank, who had flocked in from all parts in anticipation of the daily expected arrival of the new President—and a host of strangers, such as in every country are always drawn to the capital by business or curiosity. So great was the concourse, that I found it impossible to procure even the bench of a coffee-house for a lodging. While engaged in the fruitless search, a friend of Stamates accosted us very opportunely, and hospitably offered us a corner of his poor habitation. He had lately married a young Athenian of about eighteen—one of the most perfect models of female grace and beauty, with which my eyes were favoured during my sojourn in the East. The domicil of the youthful pair was a lowly dwelling, like most of the houses of Ægina, consisting of a single story, and a single apartment about ten feet square. Let not the reader's sense of decency be shocked, when he is informed, that we all slept side by side upon the selfsame rug, our host merely observing the obvious precaution of interposing his own body between his visiters and his bride. Duly every night when the hour of rest arrived, the lamp was extinguished, and each one throwing off his external habiliments under cover of the protecting darkness, betook himself invisibly to his couch (*prosäce*, clay floor with a small piece of carpet spread over it); and as duly every morn, the beautiful *Kyria* Katerina stole gently away from her slumbers as the day began to peep, and very considerately retired to the house of her next door neighbour, to give us an opportunity of reinstating ourselves in our cast off integuments.



The Amphictyonic council (if by such an ancient and respectable title the modern assembly of Deputies may be dignified) was in session at the period of our arrival at Ægina. The place where they met was a church of a better order than is commonly found in Greece, which had been fitted up with seats for the members, and a gallery for the accomodation of spectators, to whom the deliberations of the assembly were at all times open. This was the first place which my curiosity led me to visit; and such a scene as it presented, I may safely affirm, was never exhibited in any other legislative hall in Christendom. Some of the august body wore the Frank costume, others the Albanian, others the Turkish, and some a dress of a composite order, which was neither Greek nor Frank, Christian nor Mahometan, but made up of a selection of parts of each. Those who wore hats kept them constantly upon their heads, and all seemed particularly averse to the observance of any thing like order or decorum. They either stood or sat, lolled upon the benches or walked about, talked or kept silence, as it suited their pleasure or convenience. A dozen or twenty members would sometimes start up at once to interrupt the orator who was in possession of the floor, each one bawling out at the top of his voice, "σας παρακαλῶ," (I pray you,) and endeavouring to overcome the general clamour by dint of lungs and perseverance. The President of the assembly was a Candiote of some distinction, named Renieri, a simple looking old man in a Frank dress, who did his utmost to quiet the tumult, by ringing a little bell with desperate vehemence, whenever the members became particularly obstreperous: but it was about as little regarded as the passing sheep-bell. The subjects before the house were two petitions; one from the Hydriotes, setting forth their distressed condition in consequence of their want of employment, and praying that their vessels might be taken into the national service; and the other from the inhabitants of Kranidi, complaining of the depredations of Grivas, and begging the interference of government in their behalf.

The principal vestiges of the ancient city of Ægina, are found in the mole which protects the mouth of the harbour, and the quay by which it is encircled. At the entrance of the mole is a square tower, erected by the Venetians in 1693, as appears from a Latin inscription. On the west side of the town is a single Doric column, standing upon a small elevation close to the sea, which is supposed to be a remnant of the temple of Venus described by Pausanias. So late as the period of Dr. Clarke's visit, two columns were remaining; but one of them has since disappeared. Many ancient sepulchres have recently been opened a short distance from the town, and there are, no doubt, many more which require nothing but the labour of a little excavation to bring them to light. They are in the form of deep vaults, constructed of hewn stone, with inclining mouths closed by large slabs of marble laid against them, and are nearly all in perfect preservation. My surprise may be readily imagined, when, on descending into one of these mansions of the dead, I perceived a number of spectral forms, indistinctly seen through the darkness, and sitting in silence upon the ground at its farther extremity. I stood for a moment in mute amazement, when a mournful and tremulous voice broke the solemn stillness, and addressed me with the words, "τί θελήσετε, ἀφέντη;" (what do you wish, Effendi?) I now advanced, and found myself in the presence, not of the ghosts of the long mouldered dead, but of the wretched living, whom sickness and privation had reduced to the semblance of ghastly corpses. The tenants of the dreary abode were an old woman and her family, who had unfortunately escaped from the massacre of Scio, to undergo the horrors of a living death—to descend to the dismal tomb, while their eyes yet beheld the light of day, and while all the sensibilities of life still remained to torment them. This, I afterwards found, was not the only instance in which the receptacles of the dead had become the habitations of the living.



A vast number of valuable antiquities have been drawn from these sepulchres, and have well repaid the labour of opening them. All of them have been found to contain vases, and some of them, coins, trinkets, and intaglio rings. The vases are principally of *terra cotta*, a few of alabaster, and still fewer of glass. Those of *terra cotta* are extremely various in form and size, and are generally adorned with monochrome paintings, executed in black upon a red ground. The form of many of them is remarkably elegant and graceful; and the paintings, though deficient in accuracy of design, are frequently very animated and expressive. Among them are a variety of lamps, and cups, and bowls, some of the shape of modern sugar-dishes, with covers, and handles upon each side; but the greater part are of the tall and slender sort, commonly known by the name of *lachrymatories*. What was the real use to which these vessels were applied, still remains a question among the learned. It is the opinion of Dr. Clarke, that they were "the gifts alluded to by Euripides, either to the *dead* or to the *gods of the dead*:"* others suppose that they were intended to contain the balms and odoriferous oils, which were used in the funeral ceremonies. The idea of their being applied to catch the tears that were shed by the friends of the deceased, is founded upon the form of the top of the neck, which is usually somewhat concave, and upon the representation of an eye or pair of eyes, which has been found upon some vases of this description. The notion is in itself so absurd, and so unsupported by any satisfactory allusion to such a custom in ancient authors, that it is a matter of surprise, that learned men should have so readily embraced it. Let us imagine to ourselves, for a moment, a weeping Niobe, lamenting the loss of her offspring, and carefully holding a bottle to each eye, to catch the tears as they flowed! We can scarcely conceive a more ridiculous and preposterous spectacle.

* See Travels, &c. Part II. sect. 2. chap. 16.

The most remarkable object in the island of Ægina, is the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, standing upon the summit of a mountain of the same name, about three or four hours from the town. The road leading to it affords one of the most delightful rides in Greece; lying in the first place over a cultivated plain, thickly studded with olive and almond trees, and afterwards winding, within sight of the gulf, along the beautifully diversified slope of the mountain. This was one of the few favoured spots, where the withering and blighting influence of war had not been able to reach; the country looked smiling and peaceful, the houses of the peasantry were numerous and decent, and every thing seemed to flourish, as if enjoying a special license. At almost every step we started a covey of partridges; a bird which appears to find some peculiar attractions about this island, and which sometimes multiplies here to an almost incredible extent. Chandler relates, that in his time (1776) they were so numerous, that the inhabitants were under the necessity of going out every year to break their eggs, in order to prevent them from increasing to such a degree, as to destroy their crops and produce a scarcity in the island. They are of a different genus from those of the West of Europe and America, having a red beak and legs of a bright coral colour, a dove-coloured back, a white throat with a black band around it, and a breast somewhat differently spotted from that of the common partridge, though bearing a near resemblance to it. Their size is between that of the quail and partridge of our Northern States. They are the *Tetrao Rufus* or *Perdrix Græca* of naturalists.

The celebrated temple to which reference has been made is stated by Pausanias, upon the authority of tradition, to have been erected by Æacus, in gratitude to Jupiter, for having answered his prayer and sent the country rain, after a long and terrible drought. If this account be correct, it is the oldest temple in Greece of which any vestiges are left. It is of the Doric order, and composed of a brownish stone. Up-



wards of twenty columns are still standing, and serve to convey an exalted idea of the original magnificence of the building. The appearance of the ruin in its present state, especially when viewed from the sea, is inexpressibly grand and imposing. Its long preservation, in such singular perfection, has probably been owing to its retired and elevated situation, which would render the removal of it too laborious and expensive.

CHAPTER XVI.

At Ægina we took a caique for the island of Salamis, now commonly known by the name of Koulouris. The wind coming on to blow violently ahead, we were obliged to run for shelter under a little islet called Daskaleio; a low rock full of wild leeks, which the Greeks collected in great quantities and devoured with insatiable avidity. In this happy climate, even the rocks and mountains abound with succulent herbs, the spontaneous production of nature, which have sustained the lives of thousands during their protracted conflict, who in a less favoured region must have inevitably perished from starvation. After wasting nearly a whole day in buffeting with the wind and waves, we with difficulty reached the port of Ampelaki, a small town on the eastern side of the island, opposite to the Piræus or principal harbour of Athens. An ancient city appears to have stood here, probably New Salamis; a handsomely constructed stone quay and numerous foundations of ancient buildings are still remaining. From Ampelaki we walked to the town of Koulouris, half an hour distant, on the other side of the island, where we were hospitably re-

ceived, without any previous introduction, by one of the principal inhabitants. We were peculiarly fortunate in getting into a comfortable house, furnished with the unusual luxury of a chimney, and well supplied with wood and blankets; for the north wind had been for several days blowing his icy breath over the sunny sky of Attica, and had produced a sudden intensity of cold almost unparalleled in this genial clime.

The day of our arrival was observed as a fast, in consideration of the great festival of the baptism of Christ, which immediately followed it. In the evening a chorus of boys went from door to door singing various compliments and good wishes for the enjoyment of the impending festivities, for which they received at each house a present of a few *parás*. The feast was ushered in the next morning by mutual salutations and felicitations, the people wishing each other "χρονοὺς πολλούς," as on new year's day. The shops were filled with all the dainties and delicacies that could be procured, and the market place was red with the blood of lambs and goats; for it is the custom to kill and prepare the meat at the shambles where it is sold. A long procession, headed by a company of priests, dressed out in their gayest robes, and bearing torches and banners, repaired to the sea-shore, where a cross was baptized with great pomp and ceremony. The procession was highly characteristic of Grecian order and discipline. The people marched, or rather ran, helter-skelter, jumping and throwing about their arms to keep themselves warm, and exhibiting more the appearance of a party of revellers intent upon some ludicrous frolic, than of a Christian assemblage about to take part in a holy rite of religion. After the christening was over, the more devout part of the inhabitants of both sexes proceeded to the church, to have the sacred emblem traced upon their foreheads, from a basin of water in which the baptized cross had been dipped. The priests then went through the town, and sprinkled every house with the consecrated element. The remainder of the day was spent in



feasting, singing, dancing, and all those exuberant rejoicings, with which this laughter-loving people never fail to greet each succeeding holiday.

Athens was at this time in the hands of the Turks, and the great body of its population had taken refuge, as in ancient times, in the island of Salamis. A few days before, seven of the garrison had deserted, and crossing over to this island, had thrown themselves upon the generosity of their enemies. The Greeks not only allowed them to remain unmolested, but even received them into their houses and treated them with marked hospitality. Our own kind host had taken one of them under his protection. It was indeed a singular spectacle, to see a haughty Moslem supplicating the friendly offices of a poor Greek, whom a few years before he would have thought unworthy of any other notice than an insult or a blow. But the ass had now turned rider, and the long enslaved Greek held up his head and ventured to assume the look of a man, while the disdainful Turk unbent his pride, and professed the most unbounded friendship and admiration for the noble and generous Greeks! He said he was heartily sick of the war, and begged me very earnestly to take him along with me on my journey, and forward him to Jaffa, his native city; promising me in return the blessing of Allah and the Prophet. The reason, he said, which induced him and his comrades to desert, was the scarcity of bread under which they had long been suffering. Nearly a hundred others set out in company with them, but their courage failing them, they concluded to return, and to defer the execution of their purpose until they should ascertain by a signal concerted between them, whether the seven were favourably received. The appointed signal had been given, and his countrymen, he said, were no doubt looking for the first opportunity to effect their escape. Some days afterwards another party did in fact desert, and were at Ægina on my return to that island. They were merely deprived of their arms, and then permitted to circulate uncontrolled

through the town. Two of them came one day into a coffee-house where I was sitting, when a Greek Captain, as if to vindicate the honour of his country, immediately ordered the *Cafegi* to furnish them with their favourite beverage. When the coffee was brought to them, and the individual who had sent it pointed out, the grateful Mussulmans laid their hands on their breasts and bowed their heads in acknowledgment, and seemed perfectly amazed at an act of generosity, so different from what they themselves would have shown towards an enemy under similar circumstances.*

* In the month of November preceding, a curious petition was received by the Greek Senate, from fifteen Turkish prisoners, praying that they might be set at liberty. After stating that they had been taken prisoners by some Greek troops, while on their way to the castle of Scio, that they had been well treated by Colonel Fabvier, and had been sent by him to the seat of government, the petitioners go on to say—

"Although we are regarded as captives, we take the liberty, nevertheless, to say to the philanthropic Senate, that we fare ill and are in a most wretched condition. We know and we confess, that a barbarous nation leads us on inhumanly and unmercifully against the Greeks; but we beseech with tears the august Senate which represents the Greek nation, not to deal with us accord ng to our deserts, but according to its exalted and philanthropic character. Falling then upon our knees before its vast and boundless compassion, we pray it to take pity on us, and decree that we may be set at liberty and sent to our country where our kinsmen dwell. And we promise, that on arriving there, we will not only return no more to the war, but that we will proclaim abroad the philanthropy of the august Senate of the Greek nation.

"August Senators! ye are men—take pity on suffering humanity. The fortune of war has brought us into this miserable and lamentable situation. We earnestly entreat you, therefore, to vouchsafe us our freedom, and ye will not only be applauded here by the world for this, your generous and philanthropic act, but in the life to come you will find rest for your souls for your kindness towards us. We swear, moreover, and we shall render in our oath on the day of judgment before the most high God, that we will not again take up arms against the Greeks,



Returning to Ampelaki, I ascended a hill near the town, which commands the best view of Athens, and from this Pisgah's top, surveyed with a spy-glass the promised land of my hopes, which Turkish scimitars forbade me to enter. There stood the illustrious city, whose fame has filled the world for more than two thousand years,—whose very name carries along with it a magic and a thrilling sound,—upon whose history the scholar of every age and country delights to dwell,—and the productions of whose taste and genius still survive, to shame the efforts of other nations, and to serve as models which succeeding generations, unable to rival, have ever been proud to imitate. This ancient queen of cities rose before me, in all her pensive beauty and melancholy grandeur; but alas! an impassable channel lay between us. Not the fate of Tantalus himself was more cruel, than thus to stand within a few short miles of Athens, and to be denied even the satisfaction of setting foot upon its soil; to behold its citadel of eternal rock, still crowned with that magnificent shrine of Pallas, which Phidias reared, and Alaric and Elgin plundered, and not to be permitted to approach it; to see "each classic haunt and well-remembered shore" spread out in rich display before me, and to be obliged to turn away from the ravishing prospect, with appetite only excited and curiosity only inflamed.

This interesting coast, so late the scene of war and resounding with the din of battle, was now silent and serene; it had resumed once more "the mild angelic air," and fallen

so long as the war shall last. We subscribe ourselves with the most profound respect, &c."

It was decreed that the prisoners should be released, and that the government should furnish them with every thing necessary for their comfort, and put them on board of the first European vessel of war that should arrive, allowing them to go wherever it might suit their pleasure.

again into "the rapture of repose," which Byron has so feelingly and affectingly described. Far different was the scene which it presented nine months before, while the fate of Athens was yet pending, and the sons of Greece, forgetting their private animosities, flocked with a generous enthusiasm around the Piræus and Phalerum,* resolved to unite in one vigorous effort to deliver the unhappy city from the barbarous hosts that had invested it. Sir Richard Church and Lord Cochrane had just arrived in the country, and the hopes which their presence inspired had given a spring and an impulse to the energies of the people, which promised them for a moment a speedy and happy termination of their long and laborious struggle. Church, as general in chief of the armies of Greece, and Cochrane, as high admiral of her navy, took upon themselves the command of those memorable operations, that were destined to raise the seige of Athens. The long-desponding soldiery, confident of success under such distinguished leaders, soon began to pour in from every quarter, and Athens saw an army of twelve thousand men assembled for her relief; the largest force that had yet been concentrated upon any one point since the commencement of the war. The melancholy event which blasted at once these short-lived hopes of victory, must be already familiar to every reader, who takes an interest in the progress of the Grecian contest. The fatal 6th of May, which saw the destruction of nearly two thousand Greeks and Philhellenes, sacrificed to the obstinate stupidity of the two newly arrived commanders, must stand up in judgment against them before the impartial tribunal of history, and must call down upon their heads its severest condemnation. It is the almost unanimous voice of all who were present or capable of forming an opinion, foreigners as well as natives, that if Church and Cochrane

* Two of the harbours of Athens.



had suffered the Greek chieftains to attack the besieging army after their own mode of warfare, this deplorable catastrophe would never have happened, and all its dreadful consequences would have been averted. But no; the skill and science of two accomplished European officers were not to be hid under a bushel; if the Turks were to be beaten at all, they must be beaten according to the established principles of civilized warfare; not even a miserable garrison of only four hundred men, lodged within the tottering walls of a half-demolished monastery, could be left in the rear; it would be a violation of one of the most approved maxims of military science, to leave behind a fortified position; the harmless monastery therefore must be secured, before another step could be taken, even though the only hope of reaching Athens depended upon following up without delay a partial success. But the crowning act of folly was yet to come; will it be credited that any man in his senses, who had ever seen a musket, could have thought of sending a division of undisciplined Greek troops, with no more idea of manœuvering than a herd of cattle, unprovided with bayonets to withstand a charge, and unprotected by a single horseman, across an open plain, to meet an enemy who had three thousand cavalry at his command! This nevertheless was done, incredible and incomprehensible as it may seem; and in the very face of all the warnings and remonstrances of Karaïskakes and the other native chiefs, who foresaw and dreaded the inevitable result. Surely all evil fates had conspired against the happiness of Greece, when Sir Richard Church was appointed to the command of her forces; a man, however polished in his manners or amiable in his disposition, or honest and well-meaning in his intentions, yet lacking all the essential qualifications for the high station which he was called to fill. The military experience which he acquired during the insurrection at Naples, and in the command of a corps of British-Ionian troops, was calculated to avail him little in the new and trying service of

the Greek revolution. He appears to have come to Greece with the pardonable, and perhaps laudable ambition, of connecting his name with the history of her regeneration,—but with false ideas of the character of the people, and of the manner in which his efforts should be directed, so as to be of any real and lasting benefit to the country. He has shown himself to be entirely destitute of the tact and discernment, the patience and perseverance, the prudence and courage, which were indispensably necessary in one called to the delicate and dangerous task of blending in harmonious union the jarring and discordant elements of a Grecian camp, and of conducting the movements of a war so embarrassing and disheartening in its nature. Instead of accommodating himself to the circumstances and condition of the troops that were placed under his command, he most injudiciously endeavoured to conform every thing at once to his own standard, and dealt with the wild mountain warriors who made up the great majority of his army, as he would have done with the disciplined soldiers of Europe. If I am correctly informed by those who were long with him, and had abundant opportunities of seeing and knowing him, he is infected with no small share of personal vanity and love of ease and indulgence. While in Greece he dressed in the Albanian costume, made in the most gorgeous style, and was guilty, I am told, of the superlative folly of appearing at times in a helmet *à l'antique*. In his orders and proclamations also he aimed at classic effect, and by these and other foibles made himself the subject of much ridicule.* As to the services he has rendered the coun-

* During the operations before Athens, Gen. Church had his headquarters on board of a schooner in one of the harbours, where he himself remained a great part of the time, and where he was continually issuing his orders, written in a pompous style, and dated "Camp of the Phalerum."



try, his unsuccessful and disgraceful debut has proved a faithful omen of his subsequent achievements.

It was an unhappy and mortifying circumstance for Greece, that the most signal and disastrous defeat which she had yet suffered, should have taken place upon the very theatre of her ancient glory, before that venerable city, of hallowed memory, from whose walls went forth of old the victors of Marathon and Salamis. Athens looked on and saw the barbarian triumph; from the heights of her Acropolis and the porticos of her temples, she beheld the shameful discomfiture of her bleeding sons, and the cruel destruction of her fondly cherished hopes of deliverance. Happily for the brave and gallant Karaïskakes, but unfortunately for his bereaved and weeping country, he did not live to see the fatal day: had he lived, his voice perhaps might have prevailed at last, and his prudence have prevented the direful calamity. Two days before the decisive battle, the hand of an enemy snatched him away, and spared him the anguish of witnessing the melancholy fate of the beloved city, whose safety had long been the darling object of his ambition. He had been somewhat indisposed for several days, and was lying in his tent, unfitted for any active exertion, when a trifling skirmish arose between some of his men and one of the Turkish outposts. He in the first place sent word to his soldiers to desist; but finding his message disregarded, hastily mounted his horse in a fit of irritation, and galloped away to the scene of action. Feeling, however, his martial enthusiasm aroused by the wonted sight of battle, he dashed fearlessly forward into the midst of the fight, and resolved to terminate it at once by driving the enemy from their position. He had nearly reached the Turkish intrenchment, when a musket ball struck him in the groin, and inflicted a mortal wound. He was immediately hurried away by his attendants, and carried on board of one of Lord Cochrane's vessels, where the best surgical aid that could be procured was administered. But

human aid was all too late; the very same evening he yielded up his breath.*

Thus fell, in the vigour of his days, and in the prime of his usefulness to his country, this noble-minded and patriotic chieftain, second only to the immortal Mpotzares (Botzaris). His loss was felt as a national calamity, and long after his death the women of Greece might be heard singing along the streets an elegy composed in his memory, called "The dirge

* The following interesting account of the last moments of Karaïskakes is extracted from Dr. Howe's Sketch of the Revolution:

"His desire to see Cochrane was extreme; and when his Lordship came on board, and began, through his interpreter, to pay him some high compliments of his past actions,—the dying chief waved his hand with an impatient air, to cut him short, and said,—*Ὅτι ἔκαμα,—ἔκαμα· ὅτι ἔγινε,—ἔγινε·—Τώρα εἶς τὸ μέλλον*—' what I have done—I have done; what has happened, has happened;—now for the future.' He then entered into an anxious and long conversation about the situation and propects of the country, and earnestly insisted upon many things being attended to, trivial in the eyes of enlightened foreigners, but which he knew to be important in the opinion of the rude soldiery. He ended by solemnly charging Cochrane to watch over the interests of Greece, and then attended to the arrangements for his family.

"Towards night, as his moments were drawing to a close, he had many of the chiefs assembled around him,—among others the General; and to all he conversed with calmness, though his feelings would sometimes burst out in warm expressions of anxiety about his country:—'my country imposed a heavy task on me;—for ten months I have struggled to accomplish it; there is only life left me—this I sacrifice to her: I am dying—but, fellow-soldiers, finish my work—save me Athens! save—oh! save me Athens,' cried he, and died.

"His body was carried to Poros, where it was received by the government, and buried with all possible pomp. The Greek army was left discouraged and dispirited; and if any tribute was yet wanting to his memory, it was paid by the Turks, in the *feu de joie*, which rang along their lines, and the shouts which proclaimed their exultation at the death of one whom they had feared more than all the titled Philhellenes ranged against them."

of Karaïskakes." He was a man without any of the learning or artificial accomplishments of civilized society, having led, before the revolution, the rude life of a mountain *Klepht*. Of tactics and military science he was altogether ignorant; but his unrivalled skill in the irregular, skirmishing warfare, which was the only kind that the Greeks could wage with any effect against the overwhelming numbers of their enemies, and the unbounded influence which he possessed over the minds of the native soldiery, rendered his services invaluable to the nation, and his loss almost irreparable. The love of liberty, and hatred of Turkish tyranny, which impelled his forefathers to abandon their fertile plains and valleys, and to take refuge among the bleak and barren rocks of the mountains, rather than submit to slavery,—these were the ruling passions of his soul, and to these he sacrificed his talents, his fortune, and his life. What most redounds to his praise, is, that his conduct was never stained by those acts of violence and rapacity, which have sullied the fame of so many of his countrymen. Even a character so exalted, however, could not escape the aspersions of envy and malevolence, and he was charged with having been guilty of treacherously supplying Kintachi with provisions while he was prosecuting the siege of Athens;—a foul slander, no doubt, and only worthy of notice, as showing the little confidence which the Greeks repose in the integrity of their military leaders, when suspicions are cast upon such a man as Karaïskakes. Long will his country have reason to mourn his loss; and happy will she be, if as brave a soldier, as skilful a general, as honest a man, and as pure a patriot, can be found to supply the place which he has left vacant.

On our return to Ægina, Stamates introduced me to his former patron and master, the old Bey of Maïna. He was living in a small, plainly built house, which, though a princely residence for Greece, would be accounted totally devoid of



comfort, and still more, of elegance, in a civilized country. We found the old gentleman sitting with a single attendant, enjoying the pleasures of the *chibouk*, in a tolerably neat apartment, covered with a straw mat, surrounded with a cushioned *divan*, and adorned with a number of rude fresco daubs. As is usual with the great men of the East, the splendid decorations of his person were entirely disproportioned to the meanness of his dwelling. He wore a gold-embroidered jacket of green cloth, richly ornamented leggings of crimson velvet, a white *phoustanella* of amazing volume, and over all an orange-coloured mantle trimmed with fur. He is a portly and good looking man, about sixty years of age, large and corpulent, with a countenance indicating unintelligent good nature, and deriving a peculiar expression from a piece of whisker uniting with his mustaches, after the fashion of his kinsman of Tsimoba. Such is the personal appearance of the man, whose name occurs so frequently in the history of the Greek revolution. The distinguished rank which he holds among his countrymen is richly merited; for although his talents are not of a very high order, he has given the most unquestionable proofs of a sincere devotion to the cause of his country's independence. Notwithstanding the honourable and enviable station which he occupied under the Turkish dominion, as Bey of Maïna, and the substantial independence which his native province already enjoyed, he was one of the first to join the insurrection, and not only he, but nearly all his family, have remained to the last its most constant and zealous supporters. He has been repeatedly called to the highest and most important offices, and in spite of his age and the unwieldiness of his person, has several times led his Maïnotes to the field. Two of his sons have gallantly laid down their lives in battle, a third has fought, and was once taken prisoner by Ibrahim, and a fourth was at the head of the Vice-governing Commission, appointed by the Congress of Damala, to direct

the affairs of the nation until the arrival of Capo d'Istrias.* Still however, in the face of all these convincing evidences of disinterested patriotism, there are persons uncandid and ungenerous enough, to endeavour to strip the Mauromichales of their hard-earned fame. The principal ground of accusation against the venerable father of the family, is the part which he took in the contest between the executive and legislative bodies in the year 1823. As President of the Executive, he was considered the head of the military party, and held in a great measure responsible for all the acts of high-handed usurpation, of which that party were guilty. But any person who will reflect upon the situation of a country like Greece, just bursting the chains of a long servitude, and waking from a long sleep of ignorance, where the principles of government are necessarily so little understood, and the duty and necessity of subordination to established laws so indistinctly apprehended, will perceive many circumstances to palliate the most unjustifiable abuse of power, and will even find it possible to believe, especially where the character of the individual concerned is in other respects estimable, that he may have acted, at least without any criminal design, and it may be, with a conscientious though mistaken regard for the good of his country. In the case of Mauromichales, the greatest fault with which he is chargeable is probably nothing more than the want of sufficient firmness and energy to act an independent part; and that he allowed himself to be ruled by his blustering and ungovernable colleague Kolokotrones, who was Vice President at the time of the Executive Commission. The worthy old Bey has also been arraigned for the atrocious crime, (to which, it is to be feared, he must plead

* This was Georgios Mauromichales, commonly called *Mpeizantès Georgákes* (pronounced *Beyzandès Yorgákes—Anglicè, Georgy the son of the Bey.*)

guilty,) of having a better appetite than some other men, and of being rather too Epicurean in the manner of its indulgence. Upon the whole it must be admitted, that he has the misfortune to be—not a perfect man; that he has been sometimes misguided, and has acted indiscreetly; that he is old, and fat, and cannot scale the mountain precipice with the elastic step of youth; and that he is rather too much addicted to the pleasures of the table, and eats and drinks somewhat more than would be deemed a reasonable allowance for other stomachs. As a set-off against these enormous offences, he can only urge the miserable plea, that for the cause of liberty, he abandoned a life of ease and honourable distinction, to plunge into the dangerous uncertainties of an almost hopeless revolution,—that he has ever stood firm to the sacred cause, and has jeoparded his life and fortune in its support,—that the precious blood of his gallant sons has been generously poured out in the contest,—and that through all the intrigues of faction he still enjoys the unshaken confidence of his countrymen.*

From the old Bey we learned the joyful intelligence, which had just been received at Ægina, of the arrival of Count Capo d'Istrias at Napoli on the 18th of the month. Nearly a year had elapsed since his appointment to the office of Governor, and he had been long and anxiously expected, as the Messiah who was destined to deliver Greece from her troubles, and to restore her to her pristine glory. The people had been incessantly talking about him, had earnestly longed for his coming, and sighed impatiently at his delay; but all with-

* I have been thus particular in speaking of this distinguished individual, because a number of misrepresentations have gone abroad respecting him, especially on the part of several English travellers, who without any knowledge of his character and services, or without the candour, at least, to give him due credit, have merely seized upon his venial infirmities, and held them up to public derision.

out any definite ideas of the blessings they expected him to confer upon them. To hear them talk, one would have thought they expected, under his wise and glorious reign, something like the return of the golden age, a sudden deliverance from all their calamities, and the enjoyment of perfect peace and happiness. Even by the more enlightened and sober-minded part of the nation his advent was hailed with enthusiastic delight, as the commencement of a new and brighter era in the progress of the revolution. Grivas, it appeared, had thought proper to make a virtue of necessity, and had voluntarily surrendered to the new Governor the keys of Palamedi, which he had held so long in defiance of all authority. From Mauromichales we also received information of an attack of the Roumeliotes upon Argos, in which thirty persons were killed and wounded. The civil war was raging at the moment when Capo d'Istrias arrived; a most encouraging omen for the commencement of his administration!

From Ægina I proceeded without delay to Poros, where I arrived on the 22d of January, rejoiced to find myself once more within the comfortable quarters of the American hospital; for a continued succession of sleepless nights, and toilsome days, together with biting vermin, and pinching cold, and drenching rain, and gnawing hunger, and a host of other tormenting plagues, had been so long preying upon my strength, that I had become completely exhausted and a fit subject for a hospital. So dearly does the traveller pay for the classic feast which he enjoys, among the desolate mountains and valleys of Greece!



CHAPTER XVII.

A CHAPTER of remarkable events had taken place at Poros during our absence. On new year's day the foreign officers of the fleet dined with the Lord High Admiral on board of his yacht, and several of them became gloriously intoxicated in honour of the joyous occasion. Among the number was Captain H. an Englishman, commander of the steamboat Enterprise, who, on returning to his vessel, began "in a merry mood" to belabour an old Frenchman that served under him in the capacity of armourer. The proud spirit of the Gaul could not passively endure a blow, and he accordingly returned the joke with great magnanimity. This roused the ire of Captain H. to a pitch of ungovernable fury; he staggered down into the cabin, seized a knife, and in seeking out the object of his vengeance stumbled over a Hydriote sailor who was lying asleep on deck, and in falling, plunged the knife into his body. The unfortunate man expired shortly after. The author of his death was sent to Ægina to be delivered up to justice; but the government declined having any thing to do with the affair, and he was set at liberty. He was, however, superseded in his command of the steamboat by Lieutenant K.; and it is a singular coincidence, affording a striking illustration of the licentious habits of the dissolute Franks who had come to seek their fortunes in Greece, that the new commander was also removed from the vessel very shortly afterwards, for killing a respectable citizen of Poros in a similar manner. He set out one evening, while in a state of intoxication, to pay a visit to one of his friends, but owing

to the confusion of his vision, entered the wrong house. The owner, finding a stranger thus rudely intruding himself into his dwelling, took the liberty of inquiring his business, and receiving no answer attempted to dispute his passage; when the drunken Englishman immediately drew his sword, and unceremoniously ran him through the body.

In the early part of January, to the just surprise and indignation of every one, Lord Cochrane suddenly decamped. He went off in his schooner, like a thief in the night, with a considerable amount of prize money belonging to his officers in his possession, without vouchsafing them a single word of explanation about his mysterious departure, and, it was believed, without even condescending to the common decency of requesting leave of absence from the government. This was the man, let it be remembered, who talked in such swelling style about entering Greece through a Turkish fleet or a Turkish port; who reverently kissed his sword before the Congress of Damala, and swore, that it should never be returned in peace to its scabbard, until Greece was free or he was no more; who demanded and received in advance the exorbitant sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, in anticipation of services never to be rendered, besides fourteen thousand dollars to purchase a vessel to carry him to Greece, and twenty-five hundred dollars for the expenses of his table! And what had he done towards the accomplishment of these lofty and arrogant boastings, and the achievement of those mighty exploits, for which he had been paid in advance such an enormous price? The answer to this question is such as must add another stigma to a name already branded with merited infamy and reproach, in spite of all the heroic actions by which it has been illustrated. He had done little, in truth, but rob the unsuspecting country, which had been allured into a fatal confidence by the violent friendship and sympathy which he had professed in her behalf. After squandering, or at least helping to squander, either through the grossest igno-

rance and negligence, or the most unblushing knavery, a very large portion of the appropriation set apart from the Greek loan for the building and equipping of steamboats in England,* of which he had the chief superintendence and control, and after exciting the expectations of the nation by delusive promises of powerful reinforcements, he arrived at length in a small schooner, and accompanied only by a single puny brig! His stupid and uncalled for interference in the land operations before Athens, the capture of a corvette and a *mystiko*, and a few short and fruitless cruises, constitute about the amount of his achievements while in command of the Greek navy. He complained, it is true, of the insubordination of his sailors, and in this particular he no doubt had many difficulties to encounter; but he certainly displayed very little energy or judgment, in his attempts to enforce his authority and discipline his men.† He betrayed, on the contrary, the most childish weakness and apprehension; never appearing on deck, as I was informed by his officers, without several pair of loaded pistols about him, and three or four armed attendants.‡ He complained likewise of the want of means to keep his vessels at sea, and in this respect also he may have suffered some embarrassment; but if he and his confederate harpies had not preyed so unmercifully upon the feeble resources of

* Seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars were appropriated to the building of six steamboats. Only two of the number ever arrived, and these, after the most ruinous delays. A third was nearly ready for sea, and was accidentally burnt on the Thames.

† As a proof that Greek sailors may be taught to obey by judicious management, Captain Thomas, of the brig Sauveur, assured me, that he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of his men, and that notwithstanding the strict discipline which he enforced, the same crew had remained with him for nearly a year.

‡ It is not pretended to call in question the courage of Cochrane, for of this he has given sufficient evidence. The fear of assassination is a weakness, which men of acknowledged bravery frequently exhibit.

the nation by their greedy exactions and peculations, there would have been enough and to spare for the maintenance of his fleet. It is doubtful, however, whether this is not in a great measure a mere pretext; for it is certain that Miaules generally contrived ways and means to keep the navy afloat while he was at its head. The fact is, after all the excuses and pretences which his Lordship may allege to justify his neglect and abuse of the sacred trust confided to him, and notwithstanding all his high-sounding protestations of affection for Greece, and attachment to the cause of liberty, that he cared no more either for the one or the other, than so far as they held out to him a fair prospect of gratifying the all-absorbing passion of his soul, the love of filthy lucre. Here, as well as at home and in South America, he played the merchant where he might have played the hero; turning aside from the bright path of fame for the inglorious pursuit of gold; content to fill his coffers with the wages of dishonour, and to serve in the vulgar capacity of a mercenary hireling, when he might have commanded the applause and admiration of the world, and have erected for himself an imperishable monument of glory.

On the 15th of the month, the town of Poros was alarmed by an unexpected and unwelcome visit from the British frigate Cambrian, which made her appearance in the harbour and threatened to demolish the town. Some Hydriotes, it appeared, had taken a quantity of corn from an Ionian vessel, and had brought it into Poros, as a convenient place to dispose of it; and it was the recovery of this stolen property that was the object of Capt. Hamilton's visit. A part of it was found and seized; and for the remainder, which had already been sold and dispersed in various directions, he demanded of the Primates of the island the immediate payment of four thousand piastres. They in the first place remonstrated against the injustice of the demand, and very properly refused to comply with it. Upon what principles of equity should they be made

responsible for an act in which they had no concern, either directly or indirectly, and of which they were entirely ignorant? But Capt. Hamilton had nothing to do with the equity of the matter; the corn had been brought into Poros, and must be restored, right or wrong, or else an equivalent in money paid down in its place. To open the eyes of the Primates to the reasonableness of his demands, he armed his barges with small pieces of artillery, and had them drawn up in formidable array in front of the town; and to make use of a still more cogent argument, he afterwards brought the frigate itself to bear upon the place, and appointed a time for the magistrates to fix upon their final determination; giving them warning, that if at the end of the period assigned, the money was not forthcoming, he should instantly batter the town about their ears. It was vain to think of resisting; the piastres were therefore paid down, and the terrified inhabitants recovered from their panic.

This transaction affords a specimen of the measures that were pursued in many instances by the foreign vessels of war to put down piracy in the Archipelago. Whatever may have been its tendency with regard to the prevention of the evil, it certainly was unwarrantable and unjustifiable, except upon the monstrous principle, that to gain a good end all means are lawful,—or in other words, that to punish or remedy an act of injustice, an equal injustice may be committed. It was nothing less than making the innocent to answer for the sins of the guilty. Capt. Hamilton is a man of high reputation, and he no doubt believed that he was performing a very meritorious service, in resorting to such prompt and energetic measures to rob the pirates of their booty; but his conduct, when viewed dispassionately and coolly, will appear scarcely less absurd and unreasonable, than that of the man who had a horse stolen from him, and who immediately went and seized one belonging to his neighbour, in order to retrieve his loss. If the robbery had been committed by Poreotes, or if there

had existed any satisfactory evidence that the Primates of Poros had winked at it, knowing that the corn was stolen property, there might have been some semblance of justice in making them responsible; but to suffer a righteous indignation against the crime itself, to fall upon the heads of those who were neither its authors nor abettors, can be regarded in no other light, than as a tyrannical abuse of power, calculated only to exasperate the Greeks, to inspire them with feelings of hatred towards the Franks, and to encourage them by the sanction of a high example, in those very acts of violence and injustice which it was the object of their protectors to suppress.*

On the third of February, I bade a last farewell to the comforts of the hospital, and the fellowship of friends and countrymen, and taking a trusty *Palikari* with me as a satellite, sailed in a caique to Ægina. Before taking final leave, however, of a place which has been so frequently spoken of in the course of the preceding pages, I shall pause for a moment to give a brief description of it.

The island of Poros is the ancient Kalauria, celebrated as the place where Demosthenes took refuge from the vengeance of Antipater, and where he sucked the fatal quill which forever removed him beyond the tyrant's power. The present town is situated upon a nearly insulated promontory, jutting

* Shortly after this affair at Poros, a still more outrageous act was perpetrated by the French Admiral upon a Greek vessel which he found without the limits which the Allied Commanders had prescribed, with a view to the suppression of piracy. The vessel was loaded with salt, furnished with a small crew, and without sufficient arms even to defend herself against an attack; still, however, though she was evidently an inoffensive merchantman, honestly pursuing her vocation, the Admiral treated her as a pirate, and unfeelingly fired into her and sunk her. After outrages such as this, may not the Greeks with propriety hurl back against the Franks the charges of cruelty and injustice with which they have been so hotly assailed?



out within a few hundred yards of the Morea, and composed of black volcanic rocks piled loosely upon each other like a work of the giants. The houses are built of this dark-coloured stone, and are scattered irregularly over the slope of the rocks, without any regard to the formation of streets, wherever a little platform could be found, sufficient to support a foundation. The narrow strait between the island and the main is so shut in as to have the effect of a beautiful lake, and is surrounded by some of the most delightful scenery in Greece. The view over the plain of Damala, with the mountains of Trœzenia and Epidauria, and the frowning promontory of Methana, comprises a rich combination of varied beauty and grandeur, that is rarely surpassed in any country. The harbour is large and commodious, having two entrances, one towards the north, and the other towards the east; the anchorage is extensive and secure, even for the largest ships of war, and vessels of several hundred tons burden find sufficient depth to run their bows up to the very water's edge, along nearly the whole length of the town. About fifty brigs and schooners modelled with the most perfect grace and elegance, and belonging chiefly to the merchants of Hydra, were here laid up in idleness, in consequence of the stagnation of commerce, and were fast going to decay. A stranger, on entering the harbour, and beholding for the first time this stately array of shipping, would imagine the place to be some great commercial mart; but a few minutes on shore are sufficient to undeceive him. He finds the vessels nearly all deserted, and instead of the bustle of business, he hears no other sound but the furious barking of the dogs which are left on board as sentinels, and which fly to the port-holes and give the alarm at his approach. The only part of the town that exhibits any animation, is the vicinity of the bazar—a small square, opening upon the water and surrounded by a few paltry shops, where bakers and butchers and retailers of wine, friers of fish and entrails, and venders of old clothes and rusty arms,

congregate together to dispose of their several commodities. This spot is also the rendezvous of the caiques which are constantly sailing to Hydra, Ægina, and the other islands. The first sound that is heard in the morning, is the noisy clamour of the merry urchins, who are stationed, each one in the bow of his own caique, to announce aloud her destination. The chorus which is produced by their mingled cries, as they sing forth in unison, "εἰς τὴν Ὕδραν, εἰς τὴν Αἴγιναν," &c. has a most peculiar and striking effect; such as no person will readily forget, who has once been roused by it from his morning slumbers. Opposite to the bazar is likewise the landing place for the numerous ferry boats, which are every moment plying between the island and the Morea. The distance across the ferry is nearly a quarter of a mile, and the fare only a single *pará* or about the sixth part of a cent.

At the eastern entrance of the harbour is a small island, upon which a castle has recently been erected under the direction of Col. Heidegger, a Bavarian officer of distinction. It is a very pretty specimen of military architecture, and certainly sets off the islet to great advantage; but the opinion which is entertained of its practical utility, may be inferred from the title which has been bestowed upon it, of "Heidegger's Folly." It is considered a work of *folly*, in the first place, because it might be easily bombarded and rendered useless by an attack from the mainland; in the second place, because the channel upon this side might be soon blocked up, in case of invasion, by sinking one or two old vessels in the narrowest part of it; and thirdly, because the town might be attacked with much greater effect by entering the harbour from the north. The appellation, therefore, which the fortress has recieved in derision, is perhaps the most appropriate that could be devised.

Opposite to Heidegger's Folly, on the island of Poros, is the monastery of the *Panagia*, finely situated upon a rocky elevation, overlooking a romantic glen, and surrounded by a



beautiful grove of olive and lemon trees. I visited it one morning in company with the officers of the steamboat Enterprise, who politely offered me a seat in their barge. The respectable old Prior received us very cordially, and treated us with *glyko*, coffee, and *raki*. The building is constructed, according to the invariable plan of the Greek monasteries, in a quadrangular form, enclosing a court, with a church in the centre. The caloyers appeared much more decent and cleanly in their persons than is usual with the Greek monks, and every thing about the establishment wore an air of studied neatness. The attentive Prior, after showing us the rich gildings of the church and all the other marvels in and about the premises, conducted us to a huge prickly pear, upon which, at his urgent request, we committed the folly of scratching our names, after the example of other visiters who had endeavoured to immortalize themselves in a similar manner. Among the candidates for fame we observed the American frigate Constitution and several of its distinguished officers. It is worth a pilgrimage to the monastery, merely to enjoy a draught of its sparkling water; which is held in such high estimation, that many of the inhabitants send all the way from the town for their daily supplies. The transportation of the water, by means of small casks slung over the backs of mules, forms quite an extensive business.

From the monastery we crossed over to the opposite coast of the Morea, to explore the delightful lemon groves which clothe the foot of the mountain for the distance of several miles. Nothing can be more delicious than the fragrant perfumes which fill the air,—or more exquisitely beautiful than the brilliant contrasts of shade and sunshine, of dark green foliage and golden fruitage and snow-white blossoms, which strike the eye while walking in the midst of these ever-flowering and ever-fruitful groves. A quantity of superb lemons lay rotting under the trees, sufficient to have made one's for-

tune in a hyperborean clime. The price at which the fruit was selling upon the spot was about forty cents* a thousand!

The island of Kalauria was fabled to have belonged in early times to Apollo, and to have been surrendered by him to Neptune in exchange for Delos. It was sacred, however, to the god of the trident at a very remote period, and it was in his temple that the prince of orators sought his last asylum, and where he took the poison and expired. The place where this celebrated sanctuary stood is found upon the highest part of the island and is now called Palatia (the Palaces); the ascent affords a very agreeable ride, to those, at least, who are fond of cavalcading upon mules. Nothing, however, but the site and a few scattered fragments, are now visible. The principal relic is a semicircular seat of stone, which may not improbably have been the very place where the proscribed orator was found sitting by the emissary of Antipater. Dr. Chandler furnishes us with a very satisfactory explanation of the manner in which the temple has so entirely disappeared. At the very period when he visited the island, he says, the people were breaking up and carrying off the ruins, for the purpose of building a monastery at Hydra. His guide was a mason who had long been employed in the barbarous work of demolition.

* Six piastres.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the 24th of January, Capo d'Istrias arrived at Ægina in a British ship of the line. He was received with a salute from all the vessels of war in the harbour, and welcomed by the people with great enthusiasm. They waved their caps and shouted "Ζήτω Κυβερνήτη," (long live the governor,) strewed fragments of olive and myrtle in his path, and carrying branches of the same in their hands, escorted him to the legislative hall, to meet the dignitaries of the nation. A throne or chair of state was here prepared for him, but he very wisely imitated the example of Cæsar, and declined the proffered distinction. May the event prove him to be more sincerely averse to the kingly power than the hypocritical Roman!

On the same day, the vice-governing commission issued the following proclamation, addressed to all the Greek nation:*

"The public wishes and desires are at length fulfilled by the arrival of the most excellent Governor of Greece at the temporary seat of government; and we, in laying down this day, in conformity with the eighth decree of the third national Congress, the heavy and to us insupportable weight of the direction of public affairs, think it our indispensable duty, to render our grateful thanks to the nation which has judged us worthy of its confidence.

* For the original, see Appendix No. 2.

"We trust that we have fulfilled our duties so far as our abilities, the situation of affairs, and the circumstances in which we have been placed, have permitted us; if as much has not been accomplished as ought to have been accomplished, let it not be attributed to our want of diligence, but to our inability, and the difficult crisis of affairs.

"We rejoice that we surrender the reins of government into the hands of a man so worthy of our veneration on account of his virtues and exalted honours, so experienced in public business, and in short, such a man as alone can lead the nation to the enjoyment of the blessings of that liberty which she has purchased at the expense of so much blood.

"Grecians! we are constrained to remind you, that if at any other time a ready obedience to the government and laws be necessary, it is now rendered still more necessary: that we ought to double our diligence and zeal, in order that we may be able at least, under the guidance of this wise and experienced man, to reap the fruits of our seven-years' struggle.

The 12th* of January, 1828, Ægina.

The Vice-Governing Commission,
GEORGIOS MAUROMICHALES.
IOANN. M. MILAETES.
IOANNOULES NAKOS.

The Secretary of State for the Interior and Police.
ANASTASIOS LONTOS."

The Senate, however, were not quite so prompt to resign their power into the hands of the new Governor: after waiting five days, he addressed to them a communication, written in the artful style of an old diplomatist, in which he expressed his deep regret that the Congress of Troezen had not left them the power to take any part officially in the

* It will be recollected that the old style is here used.

formation of the new government—made known to them the plans which he had formed,—and solicited their advice and co-operation, "as citizens who were honoured with the confidence of their countrymen."* The senators, although evidently loath to abdicate their power, thought it most prudent to obey the hint thus delicately conveyed, and the next day passed a decree, in which, after taking to themselves no small credit for their disinterested patriotism, they voluntarily resigned their legislative functions.† All obstructions being thus happily removed out of the way, the Governor announced to the people the plan of his administration, accompanying it with the following proclamation:

"The Governor of Greece proclaims to the Greeks,

'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

"At last I am in the midst of you, and for this happiness I render thanks to the Most High.

"The rapturous affection with which you have received me, and the manifestations of confidence with which you have been pleased to surround me, penetrate deeply into my heart. And I do not know when I shall be able to pay you the full measure of my gratitude.

"You will will receive it, I hope, as soon as your representatives, legally convened in a national Congress, shall become acquainted with the communications which I shall lay before them.

"You will then be able to satisfy yourselves, that the journeys which I have performed, and all the unwearied exertions which I have made since the month of May, have had for their sole and special object, to deliver our beloved country from the

* See Appendix No. 3.
† Do. No. 4.

ruinous condition in which she still lies, to establish her in such a manner that she may enjoy without delay all the advantages which are promised her in the first paragraph of the subjoined article of the treaty of London, made on the sixth day of July of the past year, and to obtain for her, moreover, certain funds contributed equally on the part of all the powers who subscribed to that treaty.

"The ceremonies of the 12th (24th) of the present month, intended for the honour of your flag and the consecration of your new government, will encourage you to believe with me, that if the above end has not yet been accomplished, it will be accomplished the very moment when the internal administration, deriving strength from the laws alone, shall acquire sufficient vigour to save you from the terrors of anarchy, and thus lead you by degrees to the advancement of your national and political regeneration.

"Then only will you be able to give to the allied monarchs those pledges which are indispensably requisite, in order to remove their doubts respecting the course that you mean to pursue, and not till then will you be able to obtain the fulfilment of those friendly designs, which gave rise to the treaty of the 6th of July, and to the ever-memorable day of the 8th (20th) of October.

"Before this you have no reason to expect the subsidies which have been requested in your behalf, or any other assistance to enable you to procure the means of introducing good order within the state, and of guarding your reputation before the world abroad.

"Such being my sentiments, I feel the most lively regret, that the national Congress of Trœzen has not vested the Senate with sufficient powers to confirm the measures, which the public safety renders hereafter indispensably necessary.

"A new national Congress cannot conveniently assemble before the month of April. But in the mean time, if the present crisis should continue, it may frustrate all your hopes, and

deprive you of the fruits of those immense sacrifices which you have made during your sacred contest, a contest which you have maintained with so much bravery and perseverance.

"Aware with what impatience you desire to reap the fruits of these sacrifices, and to justify the expectations of the Allied Powers, as well as the sympathy with which the Christian and civilized world honours you, I have determined to furnish you with the only means, in my judgment, of obtaining this object, by convoking a national Congress in the month of April, and adopting, until the period of its assembling, a temporary form of government, founded in the mean time upon the bases of the acts of Epidaurus, Astros, and Trœzen.

"I have not adopted this plan however, without first receiving the opinion of the senate, and of the most enlightened and experienced men amongst you. Neither shall I carry it into execution without the co-operation of both, and especially of those who have already been raised by the votes of the provinces to the honourable station of the highest of all offices, that of the representation of the people.

"Uniting with me, they will share my labours and responsibility. Of these things however the national Congress will take cognizance.

"The whole course of my life, the public career which I have been running for more than thirty years, the favour which I have enjoyed during this period in many parts of Europe, are so many earnests, that the only object of this determination to which I have come, is that you may at last be established in order under the Ægis of the laws, and that you may be defended from the fatal consequences of a self-chosen government.

"Ægina, the 20th of January, 1828.

The Governor,

J. A. Capo d'Istrias."*

* Appendix, No. 5.

At the same time with the above was also issued the following proclamation, addressed "to all the military."

"With full confidence in the Divine Assistance, behold, I take the reins of the national government, with which the nation has intrusted me, devoting myself unreservedly to the performance of my sacred duties, and setting before me as my chief and only object the safety and happiness of our beloved country.

"No one can doubt, that the practical authority of the laws is the only thing which can establish internal tranquillity and good order, and ensure to the nation its reputation abroad. A uniform submission and devotion to the laws is therefore required on the part of you all, as well as a willing and perfect obedience to the commands of the government. These are the virtues which characterize a good citizen.

"I have full confidence in your courage and fortitude, and doubt not that your future exertions will seal the glory of the exploits which you have hitherto performed.

"But my duty demands, that I should not only urge you affectionately, but command you, to remain at the posts where you may happen to be, fighting for your country against the enemy, and not to absent yourselves upon any account, until you receive the necessary orders from the proper source.

"By complying with these requests, you will give the first proof of your submission and obedience to the laws.

"The subjoined decree will complete the plan of the provisional government, until the convocation of the national Congress, according to the spirit of the proclamation which has already been published, copies of which are enclosed, to be sent abroad into every department of the state."*

* Appendix, No. 6.

By the decree above referred to, the administration was vested in a privy council, composed of twenty-seven members, and called the *Panellenion*. This council was divided into three sections, which were charged respectively with the several departments of the finances, the interior, and war; each section being under the direction of a *Proboulos*, or first counsellor, and two secretaries, who were the first-named on the list of its members. Kountouriotes (Conduriotti) was placed at the head of the finances, Zaïmes, of the interior, and Petro Bey, of war and the marine. The office of general secretary was also instituted, under the title of Secretary of State; this was conferred upon Spyridon Trikoupes, the brother-in-law of Maurokordatos.

On the 7th of February, Capo d'Istrias and the new ministers and secretaries were solemnly installed, and publicly took the oaths of their respective offices. They marched in procession from the governor's house to the church, accompanied by a large number of the Greek captains and other chief men, the officers of the English and Russian ships of war, and an English band of music. The streets through which they passed were strewed with branches of trees, and a chorus of boys walked in front of the procession, carrying sprigs of olive in their hands. A banner, borne aloft, displayed in large characters the following inscription:

"Αῦσον, Γεννήτορ, ἀπὸ τὰς ἀλύσεις τῶν υἱῶν
Καὶ σῶσον τέκνον πάλαι περιβόητον λαὸν."

Father of all! in pity save this once illustrious land,
And break the chains that bind her sons, by thine almighty hand!

The ceremony took place in the open air, in a large square before the church, commencing with a religious service, performed by the venerable bishop of Ægina. The moment this was concluded, the Governor stepped forward to take the oath. He wore a cocked hat, and a plain citizen's suit of blue cloth, with several orders glittering upon his breast, and a sword

suspended at his side by a broad shoulder-belt of light blue silk. He is a fine looking man, tall and erect, with a powdered head, and a most princely and courtly air, and went through the ceremony with an easy simplicity, and unostentatious dignity and gracefulness of manner, that were truly admirable. Holding up his right hand in the face of all the people, he slowly and solemnly repeated the followiug words, as they were read aloud in clauses by the Secretary of State:

"Εν ὀνόματι τῆς Ἁγιωτάτης καὶ Ἀδιαιρέτου Τριάδος ὁρκίζομαι νὰ ἐκπληρώσω, κατὰ τὰς ἐντολὰς αἱ πράξεις τῆς Ἐπιδαύρου, τοῦ Ἄστρους καὶ τῆς Τροιζῆνος ἔθεσαν βάσεις, τὰ ἐμπιστευθέντα μοι χρέη παρὰ τοῦ ἔθνους. Ὁρκίζομαι νὰ τὰ ἐκπληρώσω μέχρι τῆς συγκλήσεως τῆς ἐθνικῆς Συνελεύσεως κατὰ τοὺς κανόνας διὰ τῆς καταστάσεως τῆς Προσωρινῆς Κυβερνήσεως ὁρισθέντας, μόνον σκοπὸν ἔχων νὰ προάξω τὴν πρόοδον τῆς ἐθνικῆς καὶ πολιτικῆς ἀνακαινίσεως τῆς Ἑλλάδος ὥστε νὰ δυνηθῇ ὅσον τάχιστα ν' ἀπολαύσῃ τῶν σημαντικῶν ὠφελειῶν, τὰς ἐντολὰς ἡ ἐν Λονδίνῳ συνθήκη 6 Ἰουλίου 1827 τὴν ἐπαγγέλλεται.

"Καθίστημι ἐμαυτὸν ὑπεύθυνον δι' ὅλας τὰς πράξεις τῆς διοικήσεως μου, καὶ ἐγγυῶμαι νὰ ὑποβάλλω αὐτὰς εἰς τὴν κρίσιν τῆς Ἐθνικῆς Συνελεύσεως, ἥτις θέλει συνέλθει τὸν Ἀπρίλλιον μῆνα."

"In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, I swear to fulfil the duties intrusted to me by the nation, according to the bases established by the acts of Epidaurus, Astros, and Trœzen. I swear to fulfil them until the assembling of the national Congress, according to the canons decreed for the formation of the provisional government, having for my sole object, to forward the advancement of the national and political renovation of Greece, so that she may be able as soon as possible to enjoy those signal advantages, which the treaty of London of the 6th July, 1827, promises her.

"I hold myself responsible for all the acts of my administration, and pledge myself to submit them to the approval of the national Congress, which shall assemble in the month of April."

Having repeated the words, he then kissed the sacred volume, which the bishop held before him, and subscribed his

name to the paper on which the form of the oath was registered. A signal was at this moment communicated to the harbour, and the vessels of war announced the consummation of the solemn act, by a loud and long-continued cannonade.

The ministers and secretaries were then inaugurated in the same manner, and bound themselves by an adjuration very similar to the above. The ceremonies were concluded by a doxology, sung by the juvenile choir, to the glory of God and of the three kings who had taken the nation under their royal protection. After all was over, the band struck up a quick march, the multitude shouted, "Long live the Governor," the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and looked beautifully down from the house-tops and the steps of the church, and the procession returned to the palace, to partake of a grand entertainment, which was immediately served up. While the guests were feasting, the band stood upon the terrace and played a number of appropriate airs, commencing with the Englishman's favourite, "God save the King." The delighted Greeks, at all times so easily transported by the "concord of sweet sounds," and unaccustomed to any other music than that of their own simple guitars, and fiddles, and rustic pipes, were thrown into inconceivable raptures by the loud and thrilling harmony of a European band. It is doubtful, indeed, whether since the days of Orpheus and Pan such wonders have ever been wrought among them by the magic power of music.

It was a proud and eventful day for Greece, and one from which perhaps she may date the establishment of her national independence. In Ægina it was deservedly celebrated by all ranks and conditions, as a day of universal jubilee and rejoicing. The people seemed to forget for a while the miseries of the past, and to enjoy in anticipation the happiness which the future promised to them. Many a wretched hut, where poverty and despair had taken up their abode, was converted that day into a house of mirth and joy, and resounded with the

jingle of the timbrel and guitar, and the laughing voices of the light-hearted daughters of Athens and Psara, as they followed the merry music through the windings of the *Romaiko* and *Levantino*. So absolute is the influence which the name of a single individual may exercise over the hopes and fears of a whole nation.

Among the distinguished personages who flocked to Ægina at this interesting period, to pay their salutations to the new Governor, and to be present at the distribution of offices, was the most famous and the most infamous of all the Greek Chieftains the redoubtable Kolokotrones, Commander at the time, under General Church, of all the forces of the Peloponnesus. Impelled by a strong curiosity to see the man who has figured so conspicuously in the revolution, and has become so prominent a candidate for historical renown, I called upon him a day or two after his arrival, and had the honour of being presented to him by one of his captains. He had taken lodgings in a small and meanly built house, the best however that could be procured in the town, and was sitting cross-legged upon a rug in a dirty and gloomy apartment, in the midst of his travelling equipage, which was scattered in confusion about the floor, and served as seats for the accommodation of the numerous visiters, who were constantly crowding his levee. The moment I entered the room, his eagle eye, Roman nose, bull neck, and giant limbs and muscles, distinguished him at once from all who surrounded him. He was also distinguishable by the plainness, and even meanness of his dress, which was far inferior to that of several of his attendants. He wore a threadbare and greasy Albanian suit, made in the simplest style, and thrown on in the most careless and slovenly manner; a small red cap of about the shape and dimensions of an ordinary pint bowl just covered the crown of his head,—a cotton handkerchief encircled the upper part of his forehead,—all the front part of his hair was shaved close to the skin, and the remainder was combed backwards in long black locks, and

hung in a huge knot upon his neck. The wily old chief arose from his rug and welcomed me by a hearty gripe of his brawny hand, professing, with all the nauseating flummery of Greek politeness, to feel very highly honoured by a visit from a young American, who had come to Greece on such a charitable and philanthropic errand. Not to be outdone in civility, I returned the compliment by saying, that I felt proud of an opportunity of paying my respects to so distinguished a champion of Grecian liberty. This was too much for his vanity to endure; he laid his hand upon his breast, and making a modest and profound reverence, assured me that I set too high a value upon the poor services which he had devoted to his country. I was very much of the same opinion, and therefore pressed the matter no farther. I seated myself upon a vacant trunk, somewhat ashamed of having descended to such obsequious adulation, though at the same time with a sort of triumph at the thought of having fairly out-flattered a Greek. But my triumph was of short duration; for when I rose to take my leave, the sturdy old warrior caught me by the hand and held it firmly in his embrace for several minutes, while he wished me a happy return to my native land, expressed a vast deal of gratitude for the benevolent relief which America had extended towards his suffering country, and poured forth in conclusion a shower of parting compliments and fine speeches, too fulsome and too preposterous to repeat.

It is really a pity that a man so formed by nature for noble deeds, and with such a field of glory lying open before him, should demean himself by such sordid and groveling vices. That he is a patriot, in a qualified sense of the term, there can be no question; he sincerely detests the tyranny that has so long oppressed his country, and would as sincerely rejoice to behold her independent and happy. But it is his misfortune and his disgrace, that his patriotism and his interest have always been made to go hand in hand; that if he loves his country, he loves riches and power still more; that if he is



brave and daring, he is also avaricious and grasping; that if he has upheld the sacred struggle of his country against Ottoman oppression, he has also kindled the torch of civil war; that if he has fought and conquered, he has too often made the plunder of his foes, rather than their defeat, the end and aim of his exertions; that avarice has always stepped in to sully the fame of his most laudable achievements; in one word, that he has grown rich, immensely rich, while his countrymen have been perishing for lack of bread. He is a *Klepht*, and the son of a *Klepht*; and the lawless and rapacious habits which he acquired among the mountain retreats, where he and his fathers so long defied the conqueror's power, have proved to be too deeply rooted to give way to the virtues that thrive in cultivated soils. Like most of his brethren of the mountains, he is ignorant and uneducated, full of wild notions of independence, and unwilling to acknowledge any distinction between the restraints of salutary laws, and the chains of absolute servitude. Still, however, I could not help regarding the rugged old *Klepht* with a feeling of respect and almost of veneration; for whatever may be the faults or imperfections of his character, it would be uncandid to deny him the credit, of having rendered important services to the cause with which his name stands associated.*

On the tenth of the month, the frigate Hellas and the cor-

* Demetrios Gouzeles a poet of Zante, in a collection of Odes published at Napoli, in 1827, and entitled, Σάλπισμα πολεμιστήριον περιέχον τὰ τῆς Ἑλλάδος, thus describes Kolokotrones:

"Ἔμεινε ὁ Κολοκοτρώνης
Ἀρχιστράτηγος ἐκεῖνος,
ὅστις καὶ ῥιψοκινδύνως
δὲν φοβεῖ νὰ πολεμῇ·
Ἀλλὰ μάχεται μὲ γνῶσιν,
καὶ μεγάλην ἐμπειρίαν,
ὅταν κεῖνος ἴδῃ χρείαν,
καὶ ὁπόταν ὠφελῇ.

vette Hydra, under the command of the veteran Miaüles, arrived at Ægina from a cruise among the islands on the coast of Asia Minor. A few days before their return, the old Admiral attempted one of those daring and desperate exploits, which had already sealed his own fame and the glory of the Greek marine. Hearing that a Turkish fleet was lying in the principal harbour of the island of Mitylene, he hoisted Austrian colours, and gallantly ran in with his little squadron, to see what impression his guns could make upon the enemy's ships.* The people saluted the vessels as they passed along, and crowded around them in their boats, inquiring the news from Austria and Smyrna. The Greeks lay close behind their bulwarks and ran on unsuspected, till not finding the Turkish fleet, as they had hoped, they veered about and stood out to sea again. The trick was now discovered, and the inhabitants flew to the shores, where they crouched behind the rocks, and greeted the vessels with showers of musket-balls as they passed down the harbour. The frigate in return poured fourth from each side tremendous volleys of grape-

Οὔτε εἶν' ὡς αὐτὸς ἄλλος
νὰ γνωρίζῃ πάντας τρόπους
τοῦ πολέμου, καὶ ἀνθρώπους
στρατιώτας ὑφ' αὐτὸν·
Οὔτε εἶν' ὡς αὐτὸς ἄλλος
νὰ γνωρίζῃ πάντα δρόμον
εἰς νυκτὸς τὸν τυφλὸν τρόμον,
 κ' εἰς λειμῶνα, κ' εἰς χρημνὸν.
Φαίνεται αἱ κακοπάθειαι
τῶν πολέμων καὶ ἀγώνων
τρέφουσι τον δίχως πόνων
κ' εἶν' ὡς ἄλλος Ἡρακλῆς.
Φέρει ὡς ἑξήκοντ' ἔτη,
καὶ τριάκοντ' ὅτι φέρει,
ἐννοεῖ ὅστις δὲν ξέρει,
 τόσης χρύσεως καλῆς!"

* This harbour is formed by a narrow arm of the sea, running inland for several miles like a river.

shot all the way down, and finally regained the open sea, together with her companion, without any other personal injury, than a single musket wound received by one of the sailors of the corvette.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the morning of the fifteenth I sailed for Syra in a small Psariote *golette*, in company with a fleet of other vessels bound in the same direction. We passed close to the Sunian promontory, the southernmost extremity of Attica, and enjoyed a splendid view of the imposing ruins of the temple of Minerva Sunias, which have so often elicited the admiration of the classic traveller. We also sailed near the islands of Ceos (Zea) and Gyaros (Joura); the former celebrated as the birth-place of the poets Simonides and Bacchylides, and the rhetorician Prodicus,—the latter proverbial in ancient times for its extreme poverty, and still sustaining its ancient character. Gibbon relates, that its inhabitants once petitioned Augustus, that they might be relieved from one third of their excessive impositions, alleging that they were unable to bear so grievous a burden. The whole amount of the tax levied upon them was about five pounds sterling.

The island of Syra is the ancient Syros, the birth-place of the father of Grecian prose. It is composed of arid and naked hills of most uninviting aspect, and its only important production is its wine, which is of a claret colour and excellent quality. Owing, however, to the capaciousness and security of its port, and the convenience of its situation, it has become, since the revolution, the focus of nearly all the commerce of

Greece, and has increased with a rapidity altogether unexampled, except in the newly settled regions of our western world. Until within a few years, the town was confined to a high conical hill, which rises within a short distance of the port, and is piled with buildings up to its very summit. The population, amounting, as has been estimated, to six or eight thousand, was entirely Catholic. It was the only place in the Ottoman dominions, as the Count de Choiseul remarks in his "Voyage pittoresque dè la Gréce," where a single form of worship was exclusively adopted. Religious dissensions were nevertheless very common, and on one occasion arrived at such an alarming pitch, that the Turkish government very benevolently interfered and put an end to the quarrels for a time, by unceremoniously deposing the bishop, banishing a number of the priests, and sending off many of the principal inhabitants to the galleys.

The lower town, or Ermopolis, as it is sometimes called, has arisen entirely since the commencement of the war. It is inhabited by refugees from Haivali, Scio, &c., and merchants and traders from different parts of Greece, who have been prevented by the interruptions of war and the unsettled state of the country from prosecuting their business at home. In this manner a new town has started up almost in a day, containing a variable population of from twenty to twenty-five thousand.

The port is formed by a deep-sunk bay, and presents a display of shipping no where else to be seen in the Archipelago. The bazar occupies two or three long, narrow streets, which are filled with the commodities of Europe on the one hand, and Asia on the other, and are constantly crowded with a diversified and bustling throng, in which may be seen samples of almost every class of Greeks, from the sly and obsequious *rayah* of Asia who still pays the detested *haratch*, to the swaggering Anglo-Romaïc of the Seven Islands, who, with the British lion emblazoned upon his flag, roams the seas as



fearlessly as if he were Neptune himself. The Frank costume is also very frequently seen, being worn almost universally by the Catholic Greeks. A small rough platform lying upon the summit of a precipice close to the sea, and furnished with several excellent *cafés*, serves as an exchange and look out, and is much frequented, not only by the merchants, but by all the idlers and loungers in the town, who assemble here to steep themselves in the Elysium of coffee and tobacco, to enjoy the refreshing sea air, or to speculate upon the distant sail as it is seen emerging from among the islands. The place commands a beautiful and extensive sea view, including the islands of Tenos, Mykone, Delos, Reneia, and Naxia.

The town is wholly destitute of water; it is brought from a distance by women and children, in stone jars and pitchers, and is only to be had for money. It is as much an article of traffic as milk or wine. The water dealers have their stands in the bazar, where they sit surrounded with large vessels of the precious fluid, and retail it by the *oka*. They generally keep a glass cup filled, as a specimen of the quality of the article, and are very careful to give it as pure and tempting an appearance as possible, by attending scrupulously to the cleanliness and transparency of the cup, and by laying beneath it a piece of lemon skin or other bright-coloured substance, which communicates an agreeable tinge to the water.

The inhabitants of Ermopolis had just completed the erection of a new and costly church, handsomely adorned with a variety of marbles brought from Tenos, and with curiously and elegantly wrought sculptures in wood. It is quite a marvellous work for the modern Greeks, and highly creditable to their liberality and public spirit, especially considering the uncertainties which still hung over the termination of their struggle; although in point of architecture, it forms but a sorry contrast with the taste and elegance of the models which their forefathers have left behind them. Another church, much larger than this, and a far greater marvel in every respect,

had recently been built at Tenos, from contributions levied throughout Greece; a sincere monument of piety, perhaps, but a sad waste of money at a time of such extensive suffering, and when charity might have been so much more usefully employed in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and in establishing schools and seminaries of learning to enlighten the ignorance of the land. Of this edifice, the wonder of all Greece, a more particular description will be given in its proper place.

The seventeenth of the month was the last Sunday and the last day of the carnival, and was observed at Syra, after the Italian fashion, as a day of high festivity and foolery. Not Rome or Florence, or even Venice in all its glory, could have exhibited a scene of more universal gaiety or more supreme absurdity. The people seemed determined to take their fill of pleasure, while the tempting cup was within their reach, and to lay in, as it were, a stock of mirth and merriment, to last them during the gloomy days of fasting and penance which were to succeed the short-lived reign of joy. The streets were filled with parties of grotesque masquers, shouting and yelling as if enjoyment were synonymous with noise and confusion, and accompanied by every thing in the shape of a musical instrument from which blowing or scraping could extract a discord, and every thing approximating, however remotely, to a drum, from which banging and thumping could awaken a din and uproar. Several of the revellers were arrayed as camels, and, saving the deficiency of legs, enacted their parts to the life. Others were dressed as hobgoblins, others as harlequins and buffoons, and caricatures were not wanting of Mussulman pride and dignity, which were played off in many instances with admirable humour. The coffee-houses were thronged to overflowing, the women paraded their charms at the doors and windows of their houses, decked out in all their holiday tinsel and finery, and the surrounding country was alive with jovial groups of the common people,



labouring with all their might and straining their wits to the utmost, to invent some new variety in the universal business of merry-making. A theatrical entertainment and a grand masquerade wound up the joyous celebration.

In company with the Rev. Mr. Brewer, the worthy agent of one of the Massachusetts societies for the promotion of education, whose judicious efforts had succeeded in establishing a flourishing school at Syra, I mounted to the upper town to visit the house of the celebrated Theophilos, late Professor of Mathematics in the ill-fated college of Haivali, and one of the most distinguished writers who have wielded their pens in the cause of Grecian liberty. The Professor himself was unfortunately absent, but we were favoured with an audience by his interesting sister, a fine looking woman, between thirty and forty years of age, and far exalted above her countrywomen in point of talents and literary accomplishments. She has written a tragedy on the fall of Missolonghi, and an eloquent appeal in behalf of the females of Greece, and has translated one or two French works into her native language. These performances would perhaps not be deserving of particular notice in England or America, but they are quite astonishing in a country where a woman that can read and write is accounted a prodigy of learning.

Syra proper, or the upper town, is worth visiting to a person who is desirous of seeing the dirtiest place in the world. In toiling up the steep, winding alleys, one has fairly to wade through filth, in danger every moment of sticking fast in the mire, or of being washed away by the numerous cataracts of muddy water, which come pouring over the steps and terraces, especially after a recent rain. The amateur of fine prospects will also find abundant remuneration for his pains, by ascending to the monastery which crowns the summit of the hill. We were so lucky as to receive the additional recompense of an edifying sermon from a long-bearded Capuchin, who happened to be holding forth at the moment to a large

and attentive auditory, in the ding-dong soporific tone of Grecian declamation.

On our way down the hill we stopped at the house of a certain *Kyrios* Sbronos, late French consul at Samos, who showed us a collection of splendid antique jewellery, found in a tomb in that island. The most valuable article was an enormous finger-ring, large enough for one of the Titans to have worn; it contained about two ounces of pure massive gold, and a beautiful oval-shaped gem resembling a ruby, about an inch and a half by an inch in diameter, with a figure of Diana engraved upon it. Besides this, there were several rings of the ordinary size, two pair of pendants for the ears, a superbly wrought necklace, and a small medal, all of the finest gold. The collection was for sale, but the price which *Kyrios* Sbronos set upon it was so outrageously exorbitant, that unless he should come to more rational terms, it will probably remain for the benefit of his heirs.

From Syra I made an excursion to several of the neighbouring islands, proceeding in the first place to Tenos. This island is one of the largest of the Cyclades, and was, until the recent changes that have occurred, a place of considerable commerce. Tournefort enumerates above forty villages as existing in the island in his time (1700). The principal town is large and well-built, containing many spacious and convenient houses, constructed in a style of architecture introduced probably by the Venetians, and far superior to what is usually met with in Greece. The island is rocky and mountainous, but there are some fertile plains in the interior, and the sides of the mountains, by being cut into terraces, yield a considerable quantity of corn and wine. A sort of Malmsey (Monembasia), made here, enjoys a high reputation, and though rather cloying, is in fact a wine of delicious flavour. The productions of the island, however, are insufficient for the wants of the inhabitants, and the deficiency is supplied by importation from more favoured regions. The general appear-

ance of the island, though majestic in its outline, is rather bleak and desolate, owing to the almost total absence of trees, and the quantities of stone piled up to support the terraces. The same remark indeed may apply with equal propriety to most of the Cyclades. Their beauty and fertility, which have been so highly and deservedly extolled, lie, in a great measure, in the little valleys and strips of land which are enclosed by the mountains, and concealed from the view of the distant spectator. Like the females of the East, their charms are hidden beneath an unsightly veil, which must be penetrated before they are properly appreciated. A person merely sailing by, without landing, may survey even the most admired of the Ægean isles, without ever dreaming of the existence of those delightful gardens, and groves, and fruitful valleys, which lie embosomed among the rugged mountains that frown upon him in sullen majesty as he passes by.

The magnificent church, referred to in one of the preceding pages, stands back upon a rising ground, overlooking the town, in the court of a monastery to which it belongs. On the left of a sort of Gothic gateway of marble, which leads into the spacious area, is a fountain issuing from underneath the church, with an inscription in ancient Greek, setting forth, that this is water which lay hid for ages; that it is the gift of God to all, and inviting all to come and drink. Over the fountain is a very tolerable basso-relievo, copied from an old painting of the Annunciation, the finding of which led to the building of the church. An old man and woman were both informed in a dream of the existence of the painting upon this spot, and the excavations that were made in search of it brought to light a subterraneous chapel; such, at least, is the story related by the priests. The chapel has been preserved as it was found, and the present edifice erected over it, to record the miraculous discovery. The venerable painting has been covered over with a richly wrought plate of gold, leaving only the heads of the Angel and Virgin visible, the other parts

being represented upon the metal in low relief. It is kept in a splendid pavilion, standing in the nave of the church, surrounded with burning tapers, and loaded with small votive offerings made for the most part of thin plates of silver, which have been suspended from time to time by the sick, and wounded, and infirm, as well as by persons who have escaped from threatening calamities, as memorials of their deliverance from various diseases, and accidents, and dangers. Each one records his own particular affliction, or cause of gratitude; if it be sickness, by representing a person languishing upon a bed—if it be a wound, by carving out the form of the injured member—if it be a danger averted, by contriving some emblem of his perilous situation. In this manner has been accumulated a large collection of curious little images, together with eyes, noses, arms, legs, &c., sufficient to furnish forth the shelves of a toy-shop. There is one odd little figure dangling by the neck, and undergoing the torment of hanging—the pious oblation of a man whom the Turks had taken and had doomed to the gallows, but who, by some means or other, was delivered from the cruel fate which threatened him.*

The multitude of the faithful, who flock to pay their homage to this wonder-working picture, kiss it most reverently, and rub their foreheads against it, and honour it moreover with an extra number of bowings and crossings. Some of the more devout even kneel and kiss the pavement before it with the most profound awe and veneration. There is also another old painting, representing the Madonna and child, and covered over with a plate of silver, which was brought from Thebes to save it from the hands of the Turks. As far as the painting is concerned, it is one of the most hi-

* This practice of hanging up votive tablets, or other offerings in churches, is probably derived from a similar custom which prevailed in all the temples of Æsculapius.

deous things imaginable; but it is nevertheless regarded as one of the *Dii Magni* of the place.

This church, probably the finest modern building in Greece, is utterly devoid of taste, but as gorgeous as gilding and carving and bad painting can make it. The pavement, and more especially, the columns and pannels which adorn the interior, exhibit a rich display of beautiful marbles, taken from the quarries of the island. It has a lofty and singularly constructed spire of snow-white marble. The caloyer who acted as my guide conducted me to the subterranean chapel, and offered me a draught of water from the *agiasma*, or sacred source, to which superstition has attributed sundry healing and sanctifying virtues; but I declined the benevolent offer, on the ground of not being thirsty. The good old man cried, "*Kyrie eléeson*," and crossed himself with pious horror.

Tenos has become celebrated at the present day for its splendid church; it was still more renowned in ancient times for its superb temple of Neptune, erected in honour of the god by command of the oracle, for having banished the various diseases that afflict human life, and having, like St. Patrick in Ireland, and St. Paul in Malta, destroyed the venomous serpents which formerly rendered the island uninhabitable. The temple, together with the sacred wood that surrounded it, has now entirely disappeared. It is not improbable that the site is occupied by the modern fane; for an ancient church once stood upon the spot, and the early Christians are well known to have been fond of building their sanctuaries upon the ruins of Pagan temples. The situation is commanding, and one which would naturally have recommended itself for the erection of a temple.

Before taking leave of Tenos, I must not forget to mention the treatment which I received in that island, as an honourable instance of Greek hospitality. Being without acquaintances and unprovided with any letters of introduction, I had calculated upon no better lodging than the bench of a coffee-house;

but the gentleman of the *Casino*,* upon the simple application of one of my fellow-passengers from Syra, who had never seen me before, very politely allowed me, entire stranger as I was, the use of one of their apartments during my stay in their town. But this was not all; one of the members, a certain Col. Raphtopoulos, not satisfied with this cold civility, insisted upon my accompanying him to his own house, and compelled me by his importunity and seeming sincerity to accept the friendly invitation. He had formerly served in the Russian army, and showed me a large diamond ring, together with the letter that accompanied it, presented to him by the Emperor Alexander, as a testimonial of his approbation and esteem. So long as I remained his guest, not only he, but his whole family bestowed upon me the most assiduous attentions, and treated me more as a familiar friend, than as an obscure and unknown stranger. He introduced me to the family of a wealthy merchant of Zante named Kalogerakes, then resident at Tenos, who received me with equal politeness and cordiality, and furnished me at my departure with a warm letter of introduction to one of the primates of Mykone. Had my claims upon the hospitality of these gentlemen been ever so great, their kindness would have been in some measure supererogatory; it is peculiarly remarkable, therefore, inasmuch as it was altogether gratuitous and uncalled for.

At Tenos I chartered a small caique, and sailed from thence to the island of Mykone. *Kyrios* Laskares, the Primate to whom I was recommended, received me with a cordial welcome, and I gladly availed myself of his invitation to take up my quarters under his roof. He was a well bred, good-natured, and exceedingly respectable looking old gentleman,

* A *casino*, or *cercle*, as it is called in France, is an association of gentlemen, such as would be called in English a club, who have a building of their own, where they meet to read the news, play cards, billiards, &c.

(his portly figure being set off by a sort of Turkish costume,) and performed the duties of a host with exemplary courtesy and dignity; but his politeness was too strongly tainted with the fulsome adulation and servile deference so common among his countrymen, and especially among those who have learned to fawn and flatter, while enjoying offices and distinctions under their Turkish masters. He made a thousand apologies for the poverty of his table, saying that it was Lent, and nothing but *roba magra* was to be procured, and regretting that he was unable to give me a better sample of the good cheer which the island afforded. The standard dishes that were set before us, were olives of superb quality, caviari, *pilaf* boiled with snails, two or three curious kinds of small shell fish, celery, chicory, and several other salads, radishes, and a variety of fruit. These were accompanied with the most delicious wine I ever tasted, called virgin wine, and made from the Primate's own vineyard. It was of a deep ruby colour, and was made by expressing from the fruit only a small quantity of the juice and rejecting all the rest. The wine thus procured contains all the richest and highest flavoured portion of the grape, and the residue is consequently of very little value.

Mykone is in general an extremely arid island, and contains a great deal of uncultivated land; it yields however an abundance of barley, figs, and wine, and with respect to the latter, sustains the reputation which it anciently enjoyed. The quantity usually produced at the beginning of the last century was from twenty-five to thirty thousand barrels a year.* The island abounds with partridges, quails, woodcock, and a variety of other birds. From some unknown cause it is still remarkable, as in ancient times, for the early age at which the inhabitants become bald. The town is about as well built as

* Tournefort—Voyage du Levant.

many of the small towns of France and Italy, and contains at present a population of five or six thousand souls, of whom the greater part of the men have their home upon the seas. Its convenient situation, lying, as it does, upon the great thoroughfare of the Archipelago, rendered piracies at one time very frequent in its neighbourhood, when so many of its mariners were thrown out of employ by the sudden interruption of trade consequent upon the breaking out of the revolution. The security of commerce was however in a great measure restored in the Tenos and Mykone passage, as it is called, by the energetic measures resorted to by Capt. Hamilton of H. B. M. frigate Cambrian, and Capt. Kearney of the U. S. sloop of war Warren. The latter, by his prompt and spirited interference, succeeded in recovering the cargo of the American brig Cherub, which was robbed in the vicinity in the year 1827.*

The costume worn by the peasant women of Mykone is perhaps the most singular in all the Levant. Tournefort has given a minute description and several engravings of all its different parts, down to the very smock and smicket, not forgetting even the garters; but the power of fashion has almost completely metamorphosed the costume since the period when he wrote. Instead, however, of growing more civilized, it has only become still more barbarous and grotesque. My obliging host took me to the house of a strictly *fashionable* lady, residing a short distance from the town, that I might have an opportunity of sketching at my leisure the peculiarities of her dress; but I had no sooner taken out my pencil, than she flew towards me in great consternation, caught me

* Whether or no the conduct of these gentlemen, in the present instance, was marked by any of those unwarrantable procedures animadverted upon in page 198-9 the author is not informed. From the favourable account given of them, however, by the Primate Laskares, there appears to be no reason for suspecting them of any such injustice.

by the hand, and begged me not to attempt any such thing unless I wished to be the death of her; for a certain *Milordos* once took the likeness of a woman of her acquaintance, and she died after it! After a great deal of coaxing and soothing, the old Primate succeeded at length in quieting in some measure her apprehensions, and persuaded her, though still with fear and trembling, to submit to the alarming operation.

With respect to this costume it may be remarked in general, that it has an exceedingly masculine appearance; for instead of the long loose robe usually worn by women in all parts of the world, is substituted a short frock, not unlike a Scotch kilt, made without any fulness, and scarcely reaching to the knees. This frock is made of white muslin, ornamented with a sort of lace work down the seams and around the bottom. The legs are covered with long hose, fitting tightly so as to display the shape, and gartered above the knee. The foot is shod, when within doors, with a light slipper; and for walking out, is thrust into a clumsey wooden shoe, fastened on by means of a strap passing over the toes, and raised by two transverse pieces to the height of one or two inches. The dress is cut low over the breast, and is ornamented at the top with a semicircular piece of velvet embroidered with gold or silver thread and small beads, like some of the Swiss bodices. From the waist falls a broad ruffle, and a handkerchief is thrown around the neck and crossed in front over the breast. The arms are furnished with two sets of sleeves; the under pair are made like those of a shirt, gathered at the wrist and terminating in a ruffle; the upper pair are cut very much in the form of a surplice, but instead of hanging down and being drawn up at the bottom, they are more generally collected in folds and thrown up in front on top of the shoulders, so as to leave the under pair entirely exposed. The head-dress is a simple cap of dark-coloured velvet, in the form of a high truncated cone, standing backwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees. A narrow band is passed around the lower

part, crossed underneath and brought up and tied in a bow on top of the head. The hair is merely parted in the middle of the forehead, and hangs down in front upon each side of the neck in the manner of the American Indians. It should be mentioned that this unique costume is principally worn by those who are somewhat stricken in years.

Returning towards Syra, I landed at Delos, the most illustrious of the Cyclades, and one of the most peculiarly interesting spots in all Greece. The singular fable respecting the locomotion of the island, the parturition of Latona, and the fortunes of her divine offspring, rose naturally to my recollection, and with the identical scene before me, I was almost inclined to give credit to the pleasing fiction. I thought also of the splendid shrines of Apollo and Diana, and of the quadrennial fetes which were celebrated in their honour, and which attracted to the consecrated spot a crowd of revellers and worshippers from the most distant regions of Greece. But the glory has long since departed from Delos; its temples and palaces are prostrate, and the worship of its deities forgotten; its altars, once loaded with the sumptuous offerings of adoring nations, now lie neglected and desecrated amidst unsightly heaps of rubbish; the palm trees with which it was adorned have entirely vanished, and the stately swan no longer floats upon its waters; it is now a desert island, without a human habitation, or a human inhabitant, with the exception of half a dozen shepherds and goatherds, who find upon its barren hills a scanty sustenance for their flocks.*

The ancient city was situated in a small irregular plain, between Mount Cynthus and the narrow strait that separates Delos from the adjacent island of Reneia, or, as it is now called, Great Delos. A prodigious quantity of ruins lie

* See the description of ancient Delos in the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis.*

scattered over the whole site, consisting of confused piles of stones and broken pottery, and shatered columns and entablatures of Parian and Tenian marble of the most dazzling whiteness. The remains of the temple of Apollo are still conspicuous by their grandeur and extent, amidst the ruins of all the splendid edifices that surrounded it; it is nothing more, however, at the present day, than a disjointed mass of broken marble. A few decapitated granite columes, half-buried in the ruins of the building to which they belonged, are all that are now left standing throughout the whole extent of the city.

A number of lime kilns show the profane use to which many of these ancient relics have been applied in modern times. They have also been extensively plundered, and carried off to be used in the construction of other buildings. "All the masons of the adjacent islands," says Tournefort, "resort hither as to a quarry, to make choice of such pieces as they like best; they will break to pieces a fine column to make steps for a staircase, jambs for windows or doors; they will carry away a pedestal to turn into a mortar or other utensil of the kind. Turks, Greeks, and Latins, all come and make what havoc they please; and what is very odd, the people of Mykone pay but ten crowns land-tax to the Grand Signior, for the possession of an island which was the repository of the public treasure of Greece, then the richest country of Europe."

The far-famed temple of Apollo, whose ruins now particularly attract the curiosity of the traveller, was one of the oldest and most magnificent sanctuaries of Greece. It was founded by the son of Cecrops, embellished by succeeding generations, and enriched with costly offerings from the remotest nations. No wonder it should have been regarded with peculiar veneration by the pious votaries who flocked to its altars; it was erected on the hallowed birth-place of their adored divnity, it was consecrated by the presence of one of his most ancient statues, and was associated with every thing



calculated to impress the mind of the worshipper with feelings of solemn awe and reverence. In front of it stood a colossal statue, twenty-six feet high, and formed of a single block of marble, representing the "far-darting" god with his bow in his hand and his "ambrosial locks" flowing in large ringlets over his shoulders. Near it was also erected a tall palm tree of bronze—the sacred tree which was believed to have served as a support to Latona during the pangs of her eventful travail.

It was one of the altars of this temple that formed the subject of the famous geometrical problem, which baffled the skill of the ancient mathematicians, and so strikingly displayed their ignorance. The plague was ravaging the island—the oracle was consulted—and the inhabitants were told that the affliction should be removed, if they would double the altar in question. They immediately set themselves to work to double the dimensions each way; and were not aware of their error, until they perceived by ocular demonstration the enormous mass which was the result. Plato afterwards furnished a mechanical solution, and the oracle maintained its veracity; for the plague had already ceased.

Delos was totally unprovided with any kind of fortifications, the presence of Apollo being considered a sufficient defence; and it indeed proved sufficient to save it from the ravages of the Persian general Datis, who, instead of visiting it as a conqueror, sent the inhabitants three hundred pounds of incense to burn upon their altars. The protecting care of the god proved, however, an ineffectual substitute for stone walls, when the Athenians turned their arms against the island. It fell; and during the war of the Pelonessus was purified by the conquerors, so as to render it the peculiar and undisturbed abode of peace and religion. The dead were disinterred and removed to the opposite island of Reneia, which was thenceforth set apart as the birth-place as well as the sepulchre of the inhabitants of Delos. Every thing con-

nected with war or warlike occupations was studiously concealed from view; even dogs were excluded from the sacred territory, lest they should offend against the genius of the place by the destruction of smaller and less powerful animals.

Mount Cynthus is the principal elevation in the island. From its moderate height it is, more properly speaking, a hill; but the rugged form of its rocks and precipices, together with its pointed and craggy summit, give it the appearance of a mountain in miniature. Over these rocks and precipices, as ancient fables relate, the airy feet of Diana once bounded, as she pursued the wild goat in its rapid career. The horns of the animals which here fell beneath her unerring darts, were placed as trophies in the temple of Apollo. An altar, regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world, was formed of a part of them curiously entwined together without cement, so as to constitute a solid and compact mass.

From the central situation of Delos, in the midst of the Cyclades, Mount Cynthus furnishes one of the most favourable and interesting points of view for surveying this remarkable cluster of islands. Besides those which have been already noticed, the spacious panorama includes a number of others, possessing equal claims upon the attention of the spectator. Looking towards the south, are seen the islands of Paros and Antiparos, the one celebrated for its quarries, the other for its grottos; and a little to the left rise the blue mountains of Naxia (Naxos), the Queen of the Cyclades, the largest and most fertile of them all,—where the infant Bacchus was reared by the nymphs, and where the ruins of his temple are yet to be seen,—where the beautiful Ariadne was abandoned by her ungrateful lover on his return from the slaughter of the Minotaur in Crete,—and where the most delicious fruits and wines still recall the memory of those golden days, when Bacchus himself taught the fig to ripen, and filled the grape with the nectar of the gods.

The strait which separates the islands of Delos and Reneia is reckoned about half a mile broad. It is related that Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, took possession of the latter island, and connected it with Delos by a long chain, in token of his consecrating it to the Delian Apollo. Nicias the Athenian threw across the strait in a single night a superbly decorated bridge, in order to usher into Delos with greater pomp the procession of priests, and victims, and presents, sent by his countrymen on occasion of one of the great festivals. On the side of Reneia facing Delos are extensive ruins of a large town; but they have been robbed of nearly every thing valuable, excepting a number of beautiful altars. These are all of the purest white marble, of a cylindrical form, and ornamented with bulls' or rams' heads, placed at regular intervals, and hung with festoons of leaves and clusters of grapes. Tournefort has given an engraving of one of the same kind, which he saw in Delos, and which he calls an altar of Bacchus. In his time there were upwards of a hundred and twenty altars remaining in Reneia, but the number is now reduced to less than a dozen. Extensive excavations have been made in the ancient cemetery, and many of the sepulchres have been laid open. The monuments that have been disenterred have all been carried away, and many of them are exposed for sale at Mykone. They are generally slabs of marble, ornamented with human figures in relief, which are probably intended to represent the individuals to whose memory they were erected. On some of them is seen a child looking up out of a corner to the principal figure, as if lamenting the loss of its protector. The epitaphs are all in the same simple form, as for instance:

ΔΕΙΜΑΡΧΕ
ΧΡΗΣΤΕ
ΧΑΙΡΕ

Good Demarchus, farewell!

In many of the vaults have been found leaden vases of a cylindrical form, with covers shutting over the top, containing the bones of the deceased, which have probably lain there two thousand years. They are very much crumbled, and some are nearly reduced to powder. They are now sold to strangers at Mykone for more perhaps than they were worth, when clothed with flesh and blood. Juvenal did not foresee this adventitious value which the dust even of the ignoble dead would one day assume, when he wrote,

> "Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo
> Invenies?"

The island of Reneia is now entirely deserted; the silent dead are its only inhabitants.

CHAPTER XX.

I HAVE now completed the brief relation of my travels in Greece, and propose, in conclusion, to present a few rapid sketches of scenes in Turkey. In the first place, however, I solicit the reader's indulgence for a few general observations upon the history, character, and present condition of the modern Greeks, which have been deferred thus far in order not to interrupt the course of the preceding narrative. It is my design, in particular, to illustrate the progressive intellectual and moral inprovement of the nation, which has been silently, though steadily going on for more than a century; to show how long the leading men amongst them have been striving to enlighten their countrymen, and to prepare them

at length for their redemption from bondage; how, at the very time when the people were supposed to be irrecoverably sunk in ignorance and slavish debasement, and to have resigned their necks contentedly to the yoke of despotism, while the last spark of generous feeling was believed to have died away within their breasts,—that even at this gloomy and disheartening period the love of liberty, though long smothered and obscured, was still secretly glowing within them, and preparing to burst forth with that lustre which has recently astonished the world; that while seemingly wrapped up in the selfish pursuit of gain, they were ardently panting for the deliverance of their country, and gradually opening the way for such an event,—and that while crouching beneath the rod of tyranny and fawning upon the hand that oppressed them, they were silently meditating schemes of vengeance, and artfully severing the links of the chain that held them in their cruel captivity. We shall also see how completely the maxim, that "knowledge is power," was verified in the case of the Greeks; how their intellectual superiority gave them the ascendant over the minds of their Turkish masters; how they insinuated themselves into the confidence of the government, and rose to important honours and dignities; and how they managed by the powerful influence which they possessed, to favour and promote the regeneration of their country, and to alleviate in the mean time the miseries of her galling and humiliating servitude.*

At the very moment of the subjugation of the Byzantine Empire by the Turks, we perceive the seed sown by the hand of Providence, which was destined to spring up at a future day, and to be the ultimate salvation and deliverance of the unhappy Greeks. It was to be expected that the fierce and

* In pursuing this subject, I shall avail myself extensively of the valuable and interesting work of *Kyrios* Rizos referred to in page 56.

haughty conqueror, elated with the pride of victory, infuriated by the rancour of a blind fanaticism, and burning with a deadly and implacable hostility against all who refused to bow to the faith of the Prophet, would endeavour to annihilate the religion, language, and other institutions of his new subjects. But it was so ordered in the counsels of Heaven, that they should find a protector in the very enslaver of their country. The suggestions of prudence and policy, such as the fear of exasperating too far the Christian Sovereigns of Europe, and the desire of conciliating the affections of the Greeks, prevailed upon the victorious Mahomet to tolerate their religion with certian restrictions, to spare their clergy, and even to uphold and protect the Patriarchal throne. Gennadios Scholarios, the first Patriarch after the taking of Constantinople, relying upon the immunities of his office, ventured to establish a college near the Metropolitan church, and enriched it with a valuable library, by collecting a multitude of manuscripts which were found preserved in vaults and other secure places after the disasters that befell the city. This college, though not directly authorized by the government, was suffered to take its course unmolested, and soon obtained among the Greeks a high reputation.

Thus we see, that, at the very commencement of the Turkish dominion, amidst all the calamities to which the Greeks were exposed, and all the horrid oppression which they suffered, an important step was secured by them towards the preservation of their language and religion distinct from those of their conquerors, and that at the very period of their downfall was laid the foundation of their future melioration and final restoration.

During the interval between the taking of Constantinople and the end of the seventeenth century, other seminaries were successively established at Mount Athos, Ioannina, Smyrna, Patmos, Corfu, and Larissa in Thessaly. These all contributed to keep alive a spirit of inquiry, and to give currency to

liberal and enlightened sentiments; and though their influence was extremely partial, and the mass of the people lived and died in as profound ignorance as ever, still a body of learning and intelligence was constantly secured to the nation, and the work of reformation advanced with a slow but certain increase.

The Turks had never troubled themselves much with any other sciences but those of medicine, alchymy, and astrology, which they had borrowed from the Arabians; and being naturally of an unintellectual temperament, and exceedingly averse to study, they soon neglected even these, and leaving medicine to the Greeks, and alchymy to the Africans, confined their attention solely to judicial astrology. The supple Greeks, perceiving how readily they might ingratiate themselves with their stupid lords, by relieving them of the burden of mental exertion, devoted themselves to the sciences that were most in repute, and many of them soon rose in consequence to wealth and distinction. Among the number was one, named Panagiotakes, a descendant of a rich family of Trebizond, who travelled into Italy to complete his education, and returned to Constantinople in 1630, laden with a rich and varied store of useful and polite learning. His accomplishments here gained for him a high reputation, and he had the good fortune to insinuate himself to such a degree into the confidence of the Grand Vizier Kiuproulou Mehmed Pasha, that he even ventured one day, in presence of his patron and several Ulemas, to dispute with a Mahometan Doctor of Divinity respecting the truth of the Christian religion. His acquaintance with the various languages, both of the East and West, aided by his powerful patronage, elevated him at length to the important post of Grand Dragoman of the Porte. This was a proud triumph for Panagiotakes, and an event of auspicious promise to the whole Greek nation. When Mahomet established the Patriarch upon his throne, he vested the Greek with no new privileges, and his unwonted clemency was sufficiently explained

upon principles of ordinary policy; but that the proud sons of Othman should so directly acknowledge their incapacity, and so unbend their stubborn pride, as to admit to a confidential seat in the councils of their empire, a *Giaour*, a *Rayah*, a *Roum*,* a vile infidel, a Christian dog, was an occurrence that was justly regarded as one of the most wonderful phenomena of the day. We can scarcely imagine a more glorious triumph of learning over ignorance, of intelligence over stupidity, of mental energy and activity over sluggish indolence of character, of the invisible and immaterial weapons of subtle management and artful intrigue, over all the gigantic and formidable array of mere physical strength, unguided by the soul of wisdom. The office of Dragoman of the Porte, let it be remembered, was not that of a mechanical interpreter and translator of languages; his rank was scarcely inferior to that of a minister of state; he was necessarily intrusted with all the secrets of foreign diplomacy, and had the chief direction of nearly all the affairs belonging to this branch of government.

Panagiotakes accompanied his patron, the Grand Visier, in his expedition against the island of Candia, and gave an early evidence of the importance of the office to the interests of his countrymen at large, by interceding in behalf of the defenceless inhabitants, and saving them by his influence from the rage of the conqueror, who was burning to take revenge for the long and bloody resistance which had been opposed to his arms.

* This name, a corruption of Ρωμαῖοι, is the title by which the Turks call the modern Greeks. At the first news of the insurrection, hearing the rebels spoken of by the ancient name of Hellenes, which they had affectedly assumed, they were sadly puzzled to discover what people it could be; and wondered, in the simplicity of their hearts, what distant corner of the empire the insurgents could inhabit, since they had never before so much as heard their names mentioned.

Panagiotakes was succeeded by Alexander Maurokordatos, one of the most remarkable men that modern Greece has produced. Having completed the usual course of education in his native island of Scio, he proceeded to Italy to study medicine and the mathematical sciences in the universities of Pavia and Padua. He then went to Constantinople, where he spent some time, previously to his elevation to the dragomanship, in practising his profession and teaching philosophy and belles-lettres in the patriarchal school. He brought with him from Italy the recent discovery of the system of the circulation of the blood, and was charged by the Turks with magic and sorcery, for pretending to the inconceivable secret of detecting diseases by a simple touch of the pulse. To vindicate himself from these suspicions, he published both in the Greek and Turkish languages a treatise on the circulation of the blood. He also wrote a number of other works, among which was a history of the Jews from the time of Abraham down to the end of the seventeenth century. After his appointment to the office of interpreter, he was vested with full powers in the negotiations of Carlowitz, and received as a reward for his services on this occasion the title of *Confidant of the secrets of the Empire;* a title which was continued in the diplomas of all his successors down to the period of the revolution. Taking advantage of the favour which he enjoyed with the ministry, he protected his countrymen in some measure against the rapacity of the Pashas, established public schools in different parts of European and Asiatic Turkey, supplied them at his own expense with the works of the classic authors, and encouraged, as far as his influence enabled him, the dissemination of learning among his brethren. The colleges of Constantinople and Ioannina in particular, felt the benefit of his fostering and protecting care, and sent forth a host of young men of talents, who eagerly flocked to the institutions of western Europe to add to their store of know-

ledge, and many of whom distinguished themselves in their subsequent lives by their literary and scientific acquirements.

But though surrounded with honours, and flattered by the caresses of the great, the noble spirit of Maurokordatos could not be allured into a forgetfulness of his country's wrongs, and a servile resignation to the rod of the oppressor. The chains of tyranny were no less odious to a mind like his, for being gilded with the decorations of power, and concealed from the public gaze by the trappings of office. In his letters to his intimate friends, and particularly to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, he gives secret vent to his hatred of the tyranny, which for his country's sake he was content to serve with a show of loyal submission, and pours out his ardent hopes and desires for the restoration of her long-lost liberties.

Other and loftier dignities were yet in reserve for the enslaved Greeks; another corner-stone was about to be laid for the edifice of their political regeneration. In the year 1716, Nicolas Maurokordatos, who had succeeded his father Alexander in the office of dragoman, taking advantage of the disgrace of the Wallachian Brankovan, exerted his influence with the Porte in so artful a manner, as to procure for himself the appointment of *Hospodar*, or governor of Wallachia. One of his countrymen afterwards obtained the same dignity in Moldavia, and the government of the two principalities remained thenceforth in the hands of the Greeks until the commencement of the revolution. These *Hospodars* were vested with almost absolute power, and imitated, no doubt, in too many instances, the expensive pomp and parade and the arbitrary tyranny of the Turkish Pashas. Still, the provinces increased and prospered under their administration, the people were rescued from the savage barbarism in which they had long been sunk, and taught the rudiments of civilisation, the arts of agriculture were introduced among them, schools were founded, and the Bible and liturgy of the church were trans-

lated into the dialect of the country. The effect of these new dignities upon the Greeks themselves, was to elevate their hopes and cheer their future prospects, to create an additional stimulus to their exertions for the acquisition of learning, and to furnish them with more extensive opportunities for promoting those covert plans, which the patriots of the nation had wisely formed, for the gradual illumination of the people and their final emancipation from slavery.

Through the instrumentality of the causes thus rapidly traced, the Greeks were becoming every day more enlightened and more impatient of their bondage, and began to look around them for an opportunity to throw off their chains. To their deep and lasting sorrow, they founded their hopes upon the treacherous friendship of the Russian Czarina, who, under the pretence of rescuing them from the yoke, only wished to make use of them as tools to assist her in her ambitious designs. In the spring of the year 1770, while the minds of the people were in this state of feverish excitement, a Russian fleet appeared upon the coast of the Morea, and made a hostile descent upon Coron. The delighted Moreotes, believing that the hour of their deliverance had at length arrived, formed a partial and ill-concerted plan of insurrection, at the instigation of the Russian commander, and hastily flew to arms. The Maïnotes were the first to answer the summons, and joined the Russians in the seige of Coron; but perceiving the small amount of assistance which their protectors had brought with them, and that they were expected to fight their own battles, and work out their own deliverance, they took what plunder they could find, and returned in disappointment to their mountains. In other parts of the Morea the insurrection was crowned with a momentary success. Patras was taken, but was soon recaptured by the Turks and Albanians, who avenged themselves by the blood of fifteen hundred Greeks. Navarino surrendered after a six day's siege to a party of Maïnotes under the command of a few Russians.

Mistra also fell into their hands, and the victorious insurgents presented themselves before the walls of Tripolitsa. Here ended their short-lived triumph. They were attacked and repulsed by a troop of Albanian cavalry, who indemnified themselves for their trouble by plundering the town, and coldly butchering three thousand of the inhabitants, under pretence that they had formed a secret design to surrender it into the hands of the rebels. The Russians, finding their force too feeble to effect their object, soon relinquished the attempt, and abandoned the miserable dupes of their fallacious promises to the rage of the infuriated Mussulmans. The inhuman massacre of no less than one hundred thousand Greeks was the dreadful punishment inflicted to appease the tyrant's wrath.*

The disastrous issue of this rash and untimely revolt seemed for a while a death blow to the hopes of the Greeks. The people trembled, and resigned themselves to despair; but the leading men of the nation still prosecuted in silence their efforts to pave the way for the future establishment of their independence, by the diffusion of learning and liberal principles among their countrymen. Six years only had elapsed when the British provinces of America threw down the gauntlet in the face of the world, and gave a glorious example of rebellion, which has since shaken the thrones of Europe, and is still spreading its contagious influence through distant quarters of the globe. The news of this astounding event soon flew to the remotest corner of the civilized world, and produced an excitement in the minds of men, which was felt even among the secluded mountains of Greece, and revived the drooping hopes of her anxious patriots. France followed the example of America; and the political missionaries that she sent forth to preach to the nations the dangerous doctrines of her revo-

* Voy. pit. de la Gréce.

lutionary creed, found their way to Greece, and disseminated among the people those new principles of liberty and equality, which were working such magical changes among the civilised nations of Europe. It was at this period that the celebrated Rigas, carried away by the vehemence of a misguided enthusiasm, resolved to strike another desperate blow for the liberation of his unhappy country.

This extraordinary man, the hero of modern Thessaly, while in the service of the Hospodar of Wallachia, suddenly left the principality in the year 1796, and went to Vienna; where he associated himself with a number of other Greeks of the first respectability, and set on foot a daring project, for revolutionizing his country and rescuing her from the grasp of Turkish tyranny. This was the origin of the secret society, known under the name of the Hetaireia, which was re-organized in 1814, upon a more extensive and systematic plan, and which was one of the most active agents in bringing about the late insurrection. Rigas was of an ardent temperament, possessing more zeal than judgment, and by his hasty and indiscreet proceedings gave umbrage to the Austrian police, which arrested him at Trieste, just as he was on the point of embarking for the Morea to carry his schemes into execution. The cabinet of Vienna, with the same philanthropic devotion to the *holy* cause of legitimacy which has ever since distinguished it, immediately gave information to the Ottoman ambassador, who transmitted an account of the affair to his government. The devoted patriot, perceiving his fondly cherished plans thus suddenly crushed, stabbed himself with a poniard, in order not to betray the secrets of the conspiracy; but he failed even in this last resort of despair, and was thrown into prison at Semlin, together with eight of his principal associates, until the imperial government should receive instructions from the Porte, respecting the manner in which its victims were to be disposed of. The friends of the unfortunate prisoners at Constantinople, exerted their influence

with the ministry, to save them from the fate that threatened them; and the minister of the Interior actually consented to grant their petition, for the sum of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. The Greeks thought the price rather exorbitant, and, hoping to obtain a better bargain, deferred the payment of the money; but while they were negociating with the avaricious Turk, and cheapening the lives of their countrymen, the sentence of death was executed upon the unhappy men at Belgrade. Rigas was led to the scaffold in irons; but his great bodily strength, infuriated by despair to a supernatural degree, enabled him to burst asunder his fetters, and two of his executioners were laid dead at his feet, before he was finally secured and decapitated.

The name of Rigas is no less distinguished in the literary than in the political world. His patriotic odes and war-songs deserve to be ranked with the finest effusions of the kind that have ever been produced. The celebrated song, commencing with the words "Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων," upon which his reputation abroad is chiefly founded, and which has been translated or rather imitated by Byron, and still better by Professor Doane of Hartford, is of itself sufficient to immortalize his fame. His songs were every where the admiration of his countrymen, and produced upon their minds the most thrilling effects. "Nothing was heard throughout Greece," says *Kyrios* Rizos, "but the hymns of Rigas: the young men recited them in their societies, and in their festive celebrations; in winter, at the fire-side; in summer, under the shade of the olive and plane tree. They even rang in the ears of the barbarians in the very capital of the Sultan. I myself, having accompanied the Turkish ministers sometimes in their parties of pleasure, have heard them order the Greek musicians to sing the air, "Δεῦτε παῖδες." This song was so widely circulated, and the air was so much admired by the Turks, that they knew by heart the first words, without having the curiosity to learn the sense."

The melancholy death of Rigas and his brave companions, and the failure of their abortive enterprise, instead of deterring the Greeks from prosecuting their unfinished work, only roused their indignation, and strengthened their resolution to persevere in the glorious attempt. The blood of martyrs, whether in the cause of religion or of liberty, is the seed of a precious harvest, which time, sooner or later, never fails to bring to maturity: such proved to be the result of the martyrdom of Rigas. The Greeks, on learning the fate of their hero, gnashed their teeth in secret, and muttered vows of vengeance upon the heads of his murderers.

Meantime the youth of the higher classes, animated by a laudable zeal in the pursuit of learning, still continued to resort in crowds to Italy, Germany, and France, for the purpose of completing their education in the literary institutions of those countries. The opinions then prevalent in Europe were readily adopted by the young Greeks, who returned to their own country, fraught with the new doctrines respecting the rights of man, and burning with the desire of restoring the independence of their race. They were naturally looked up to with deference by those who had not enjoyed the benefit of similar advantages, and easily imparted to their countrymen at home the notions which they themselves had imbibed abroad. Many of them had devoted themselves to the study of medicine, and in the practice of their art found peculiar facilities for exerting an influence over the minds of others. Enjoying extensive opportunities of mixing familiarly with all classes of society, they failed not to disseminate, wherever they went, the popular sentiments of the day, and contributed not a little, in the course of their professional labours, to encourage and promote the growing spirit of independence.

The intellectual improvement of the nation towards the close of the eighteenth century, was strikingly evinced by the large number of scientific and philosophical works translated by their learned men from the languages of civilized Europe,

by the multiplication of schools and colleges in different parts of the country, and particularly by the establishment of the institutions of Kydoniais and Kouroutzesmè. The latter, situated upon the Thracian Bosphorus, was founded by the Prince Demetrakes Mourouzes, and soon rose to the highest rank among the Grecian seminaries of learning. The former was the work of Benjamin of Lesbos, a poor ecclesiastic, and one of the most deservedly celebrated of the Greeks that have distinguished themselves in the regeneration of their country. Although barely provided with the means of subsistence, he contrived by his industry and frugality to support himself for a long time in the universities of Italy, where he became passionately devoted to scientific pursuits, and deeply impressed with the importance of education in accelerating the political revolution to which his countrymen were so anxiously looking forward. On his return, he endeavoured to establish a college in his native island of Lesbos or Mitylene; but being unable in consequence of the poverty of the place, to raise sufficient funds for the purpose, he selected the town of Kydoniais, or Haivali, as it was called by the Turks, as the most advantageous position that he could find for the accomplishment of his patriotic designs. This town was situated upon the coast of Asia Minor, directly opposite to Mytelene; it was inhabited entirely by Greeks, who carried on an extensive commerce in oil, and rapidly advanced in wealth and refinement, under the mild and moderate government of the celebrated family of Kara-Osman-Oglou. The place was an apanage of the Durri-Zadès a powerful family of Constantinople, which has given birth to several Muftis, and through whose protecting influence it was secured against the vexatious tyranny of the Pashas, and became one of the most flourishing settlements in all Asia Minor. Such *was*, a few years ago, the place where the talents and perseverance of Benjamin erected one of the most distinguished and frequented seats of learning in Greece, and to which the country stands indebted for so many

of the patriots who have laboured in the field of her revolution. What it now is, alas! the awful catastrophe of 1821 will call to mind; the desolating torrent of Turkish vengeance has swept over it, and every thing has perished but its memory and its name.

Byron speaks of Benjamin, in one of his notes to Childe Harold, as a free-thinker and a smatterer; but Byron is not the best authority in matters of this sort. The following is the portrait given of him by his eloquent countryman, *Kyrios* Rizos. "He returned to Greece, far advanced in the physical sciences. His austere manners, which belied not his ecclesiastical character, his affability, and his extreme modesty, gave an additional value to his solid and diversified attainments.

"Knowing the proceedings of the Hetaireia, and that the great drama of the insurrection was not far from opening, he was desirous of taking an active part in it, and of sharing the dangers of his fellow-citizens. From the very commencement of the bloody struggle, he was found upon the scene of action. Simple as a pastor of the primitive church, and imperturbable at the sight of the most imminent dangers, he went through the islands of Hydra, Spetsia, and Psara, and traversed in every direction the Peloponnesus and eastern Greece, preaching, in the name of religion and of his country, the virtues of courage and contempt of death. His exhortations were marked by the eloquence of the heart; his example carried away the minds of all his hearers: he was one of those rare men who speak in few words, and leave to their character and their conduct the work of convincing and persuading. Supporting the most severe fatigues and the most terrible privations, claiming every thing for his country and nothing for himself, he resembled a burning lamp, which consumes itself in giving light to others. He terminated at last his glorious career, cut down by the dreadful typhus, which committed such ravages at Napoli di Romania."

The college of Ioannina also enjoyed at this period a remarkable degree of prosperity, under the celebrated Professor Psalidas, in spite of all the insufferable tyranny of the cruel and blood-thirsty Ali. The professor, imagining that it was the Pasha's ambition to erect himself into an independent sovereign, and knowing his indifference in matters of religion, proposed to him to make a public profession of Christianity, in order to secure the affections of the Greeks, and afterwards proclaim himself their king. Ali caught at the proposition with the hope of attaching the Greeks to his cause, and pretended to give a favourable reception to the professor's advice. To keep alive the expectations of the people, Psalidas was treated as one of his favourites, and was enabled to support by his powerful influence, not only the college to which he belonged, but all the schools and seminaries within the limits of the tyrant's government.

From the commencement of the present century, the intellectual improvement of the nation was marked and rapid. A powerful impulse was given to the cause of education by the patriotic exertions of the numerous Greek merchants established in different cities of Europe, who afforded peculiar facilities and encouragements to the young men that were desirous of studying in the foreign universities, and, with a liberality which may serve as an example to the merchants of more enlightened countries, extended a generous patronage to every literary enterprise. The most distinguished of these beneficent patriots were the brothers Zosimas of Leghorn, who sent to Paris and supported the celebrated Koraës, (Coray,) and printed at their own expense and distributed among the schools a number of works in ancient and modern Greek. During the twenty years immediately preceding the revolution, more than three thousand original works and translations in the Greek language were published at Paris, Vienna, Venice, Leipsick, Moscow, Jassy, and Constantinople. Four literary and political journals were circulated in Greece, and

theatres were opened in Odessa, Bucharest, Jassy, and Corfu, where tragedies were represented in the modern dialect.

The colleges during this period were in a very flourishing state, and exercised a most important influence over the destinies of the nation. Those most in repute, in addition to the three just mentioned above, were those of Smyrna, Scio, Bucharest, Jassy, and Athens. But of all the Grecian institutions of learning, none could compete with that of Scio; it had fourteen professors, a valuable library, and a printing establishment, and might almost rank with the universities of western Europe. The pride and the boast of Greece, however, exists no more; it was blotted out in the horrid and heart-sickening calamity, which converted into a frightful desert "the most wealthy, the most populous, the most civilized, and the most beautiful, of all the islands of the Archipelago."

All the other fountains of learning above enumerated have likewise been stopped up by the disasters of war. The only Grecian seminary of any note, which exists at the present day, is the university of Corfu, founded in 1823, under the auspices of that generous philanthropist and munificent patron of learning, the noble Briton, Lord Guilford, who was appointed the first Chancellor of the institution.

If we revert now to the situation of Europe during the course of the present century, we shall find that other causes, of a political nature, united at the same time with the diffusion of knowledge, in preparing the way for the long contemplated insurrection. The creation of the Ionian Republic, in the year 1800, was hailed by the other Greeks as an encouraging symptom of the favourable disposition of the sovereigns of Europe towards them, and as the harbinger of a glorious era that was destined soon to dawn upon their nation. They had yet to learn the incredible truth which recent experience has taught them, that philanthropy, in the language of Christian diplomacy, is synonymous with cold and selfish policy; and that the governments of Europe would look on

for six years as passive and unconcerned spectators, while a savage and merciless foe was burning their towns, and laying waste their fields, and dragging away into a horrid captivity their wives and daughters, and butchering by thousands and tens of thousands the helpless victims of his rage. Of this melancholy truth they then were ignorant; and regarding the emancipation of the Seven Islands as the precursor of their own liberation, they only became the more restless and impatient, as the term of their thraldom seemed about to expire, more irreconcileable in their hatred towards the oppressors of their country, and more determined in their resolution to attempt, at all hazards, the recovery of their ravished liberties.

The political troubles which agitated the rest of Europe, afforded them, in the meantime, the most ample facilities for forging in secret the weapons of their rebellion. Greece found her safety in her insignificancy: while the fate of mighty empires was in the balance, this obscure corner of the earth was in a great measure overlooked. The storm that was sweeping over the surrounding nations with such tremendous devastation, was only felt as the droppings of a fertilising shower in the sheltered seclusion of this favoured spot. While Napoleon was overturning the foundations of Europe, while the Sultans were involved by turns in unequal contests with Russia, France, and England, while the turbulent Janizaries were filling their capital with sedition, and rebellious Pashas were openly braving their authority in the provinces, the Greeks were advancing unseen and unheard, under cover of these propitious events, towards the accomplishment of the glorious object upon which their hopes and desires were constantly fixed. Once, towards the commencement of the present Sultan's reign, the effervescence of the popular feeling betrayed itself for a moment in a partial insurrection in Thessaly and Western Greece, directed ostensibly against the tyranny of Ali Pasha, but concerted in reality for no less an object,



than the deliverance of the country from the Turkish yoke. The Greeks had the art to strengthen their party by the accession of their Mahometan compatriots, who had suffered in common with the Christian inhabitants from the extortions and impositions of the arbitrary despot. The enterprise was headed by a daring priest, named Euthymios, who led forth his little army with the view of attacking the Pasha; but he was taken by surprise and cut to pieces, after a brave and desperate resistance. The Sultan was delighted to see the Christian *rayahs* uniting so cordially with his believing subjects in opposing the encroachments of the obnoxious satrap, and viewed their conduct as an evidence of their loyalty and fidelity; and so completely was he deceived in the object of this insurrectionary movement, that when he at length determined to crush the dangerous power of Ali, he directed his generals to take into their service all the Greek *armatoloi* or *guerillas* of Thessaly and Western Greece.

But let us return for a moment to the period succeeding the rising of *Pappas* Euthymios, and mark the auspicious connection of events, which continued to favour the secret projects of the Greeks. Turkey was abandoned by Napoleon, an inglorious war with Russia humbled her power, and she was obliged to sue for a disgraceful peace. Soon afterwards commenced the war between Russia and France; that gigantic contest which the nations beheld with a trembling and awful interest, as if the very fate of the universe were involved in the momentous issue. The progress of this mighty struggle, connected with other recent occurrences, weighed heavily upon the mind of Mahmoud, and called off his attention from the movements of his Grecian subjects. The mystic name of the Holy Alliance fell upon his ear with a startling and terrific sound, and nothing could divest him of the idea, that it was a combination of the Christian sovereigns formed to expel him from Europe. This alarming suspicion seemed to derive confirmation from the reports that reached him respecting the

British Bible Society, the abolition of slavery, the bombardment of Algiers, and the delays which he encountered in the conclusion of peace with Russia; all of which he viewed as so many warning indications of hostile machinations in preparation against him on the part of the European potentates. Yielding to the suggestions of these unfounded suspicions, he used every exertion to propitiate the friendship of Russia, avoided giving her the slightest cause of offence, and allowed her an extraordinary influence in the concerns of his government. It was owing to circumstances of this nature, together with the frequent disturbances created by his Janizaries and rebellious Pashas, that Mahmoud remained in such utter ignorance of the tempest that was gathering around him, and about to convulse his empire, as to appoint the Greek *Hospodar* of Wallachia, only six months before the explosion took place, to the confidential office of minister plenipotentiary of the Porte, to treat with the Russian envoy respecting the differences existing between the two governments.

It would be encroaching too long upon the province of the historian, to prosecute any farther this curious subject. Enough has perhaps been said, to answer the end proposed; which was to illustrate the progressive operation of those singular causes, that have finally restored the hallowed name of Greece to the catalogue of living nations.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE character of the modern Greeks is one of those floating questions, which never has been settled, and perhaps will not soon be settled to the entire satisfaction of mankind. There never was a people so admired and so abused, so extolled and so reviled, so buffeted about by the partiality of friends and the virulence of enemies. While their eulogists, on the one hand, have represented them as a nation of heroes and patriots, the inheritors of all the virtues of their illustrious progenitors,—their detractors, on the other hand, have stigmatised them as a race of cowardly and misbegotten slaves, without one drop of the pure Hellenic blood in their veins, unworthy of the common rights of humanity, fit only to writhe beneath the lash of a task-master, and to drudge at the bidding of an unfeeling despot. The extremes of praise and censure have been eagerly resorted to, while the middle path of truth, though obvious to the view, has been but little trodden. The former of these errors arises for the most part from an excess of classic enthusiasm; the latter has its origin in a variety of causes, which it will be well to examine for a moment.

As the opinions of the world in general on this point are founded upon the representations of travellers, it will be sufficient to consider the manner in which persons visiting Greece have been led to form their estimate of the character of the inhabitants. With respect to those travellers who saw the Greeks before their insurrection, while they were yet crouching beneath the rod of oppression, it is not difficult to conceive, that some of them may have mistaken appearances for facts, and have allowed themselves unwittingly to be influenced in

their decisions by an improper prejudice and partiality. They saw the Greek cringe to the lordly Moslem, and, ignorant of the spirit that was secretly stirring within him, imagined him to be tamely resigned to his ignominious lot; they saw him obsequious, selfish, avaricious, and deceitful, and, forgetting that obsequiousness, and selfishness, and avarice, and deceit, were almost necessary to his very existence, they hastily pronounced him to be utterly worthless and unprincipled; they saw him poor, abject, despised, and trampled upon, and perhaps commiserated for a moment his unhappy condition; but pity was soon followed by its twin-sister, contempt. The Greek vassal suffered moreover no small disparagement by contrast with his haughty lord; there was a stateliness and a majesty about the proudly-moving Turk, which commanded respect and almost admiration, and could not fail to render contemptible the timid servility of the Greek; the Turk was the master and the Greek the slave, and it was the interest of the traveller to applaud the one and to despise the other. In the same manner may be accounted for the prejudice against the Greeks at the present day, on the part of those whose observations are confined to the countries still subject to the domination of the Turks.

Since the commencement of the revolution, Greece has been overrun by a multitude of foreigners, of different nations, many of whom have circulated reports extremely prejudicial to the character of the people. Some among the number are desperate adventurers, who went, as the saying is, "to seek their fortunes;" and finding nothing but *mis*fortune and misery, have dealt their curses upon the Greeks with most unsparing acrimony. Others are young men of ardent enthusiasm, and filled with extravagant expectations, who were drawn from their homes by a chivalrous love of liberty, and a classic veneration for the Grecian name. Visions of helmets, and spears, and bucklers, floated before their eyes; they ex-



pected to see warriors something like the ancient heroes of whom they had read, and battles such as had often excited their youthful ardour; the names of Athens and Sparta, called up the most delightful anticipations; the idea of beholding the sons of Aristomenes, and Leonidas, and Epaminondas, and Miltiades, rising from their long slumber in the might and majesty of freedom, ravished their imaginations and filled them with enchanting dreams. They arrived upon the scene of glory, and the charm vanished—the magic spell was broken; heroes had dwindled into men; "the bright clime of battle and of song" was peopled by a ragged, squalid, onion-eating, tobacco-smoking race; the contest which they had come to join was no epic poem—no heroic game of the sword and buckler; it was a vulgar, practical fight with lead and "villanous saltpetre;" where they had expected to earn laurels, they found themselves sorely pressed to earn their bread; instead of glory and distinction, dangers and hardships innumerable beset them on every side; disappointed and disgusted, they turned their backs upon the cause, and joined in the hue and cry against the tame-spirited, craven-hearted, unprincipled, degenerate Greeks.

There is still another class of foreigners, who embarked in the Grecian struggle, from a sympathy for the sufferings of the people, an admiration of their gallant attempt to recover their liberties, and an honest and laudable desire of upholding their sacred cause. These also entered the arena without weighing sufficiently the cost and the recompense of the service in which they were to engage. They expected to be received with open hands and open arms; to be welcomed by the people as their champions and deliverers; to be exalted to honours and dignities; to be rewarded with pay and power; to have their opinions and advice looked up to with submissive deference; to direct and command, instead of serving and obeying. In these arrogant calculations they were cruelly disappointed. They found that the Greeks were not a people to be "led

by the nose,"* and to bow to the dictation of a stranger, especially of a Frank. The guise of a Frank the people had learned with reason to regard with suspicion and distrust; from the Franks they had received little else but insults, and empty promises, and treacherous friendship; the perfidy of Russia towards them they had not forgotten; their affecting appeals to the governments of Europe had been received with a cold and heartless indifference; the travellers who had visited them had treated them, in many instances, with worse than Turkish insolence; the dissolute renegadoes of France, Italy, and Germany, who had been among them since their insurrection, had shown themselves overbearing, grasping, ambitious of power and influence,—had rendered themselves infamous by their ungodly and profligate lives,—had ridiculed their religion, abused their hospitality, debauched their women, and fomented discord among them; the partial charities which had been extended towards them were an insufficient set-off against these manifold provocations; is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the name of Frank should be no great recommendation to their favour, and that it should even be regarded by some with deep-rooted hatred and aversion? These Philhellenes, moreover, had not taken into consideration the perils and privations they were destined to encounter; they found that they must sleep hard, and fight hard, and fast long and often; that to be fellow-workers with the Greeks, they must also be fellow-sufferers with them; and that the highest recompense they could expect for their generous self-devotion, was the consciousness of befriending a good cause, and perhaps an honourable death in the lap of glory. These disappointments

* Prince Maurokordatos makes use of this expression in a letter to Mr. Blaquiere. "Does the first comer think," says he, "that he can tread us under his feet, or are we thought capable of being *led by the nose* by the first intriguer?"



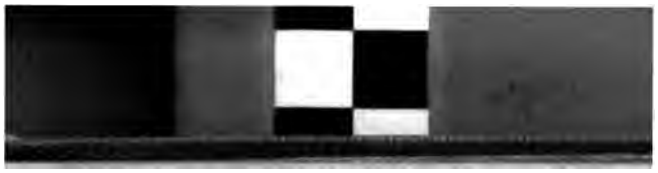
naturally filled them with chagrin, mortification, and disgust; and nothing was heard from their mouths but bitter anathemas against the ungrateful Greeks—the illiberal Greeks—the unmanageable Greeks—the Greeks unworthy of liberty, unworthy of sympathy and common charity.

There are other travellers again, who take pride in vilifying the Greeks, for no other reason than to show themselves exempt from the weakness of classic enthusiasm, and to have the credit of observing things independently and philosophically, uninfluenced by the false glare and glitter which captivate the vulgar mind. Such persons affect to despise, as vain and puerile, all those ancient recollections and associations, which appeal so strongly to the feelings of the scholar in behalf of the modern Greeks; and in their anxiety to avoid this absurd partiality, they frequently lose sight of all justice and candour, and run into the opposite extreme of illiberal prejudice.

There is yet another set of men who constitute a very powerful body of *Mishellenes;* I allude to the naval officers, captains of merchant vessels, supercargoes, &c., whose duties call them to the Levant. These generally visit for a short time some one or more sea-ports, and from a very limited observation among the most vicious and degraded portion of the Greek nation, venture to pronounce a sweeping denunciation against all who bear the name. We shall have occasion to consider more particularly the motives which operate upon this class of traducers, when we come to speak of the Greeks of Smyrna.

From the reports of these various descriptions of travellers an opinion has gone abroad, and has obtained possession of the minds of many candid and intelligent men, that the Greeks are really the most despicable people in the wide world, and that they are neither sufficiently enlightened nor sufficiently virtuous, to be intrusted with their own liberty. Now, admitting for a moment, that they are as bad as they are repre-

sented, ought the establishment of the fact to exclude them from the sympathies of mankind, and to doom them forever to a hopeless slavery? Instead of reprobating them for vices which have been entailed upon them by a long and debasing tyranny, should we not rather admire them for that unbroken and unsubdued spirit which they have maintained through centuries of oppression, and that persevering attachment to their religion and country, which has remained rooted in them through ages of infamy and disgrace? Because they have sunk low in the scale of moral dignity, does it follow that they can never rise any higher? Because they are ignorant and degraded, is it impossible for them ever to become enlightened and ennobled? And because they are incapable as yet of exercising aright the privileges of freemen, would it be the part of humanity and sound judgment to rivet again their chains? Must they drag out a still longer probation in the weary school of servitude, in order to learn the proper use of the inestimable blessings of liberty? Alas! the people that wait for freedom, until they become capable of enjoying it discreetly and soberly, will wait forever, and in vain! It is as if a man should wait until the malady was cured before taking the remedy. There is no other method of learning how to enjoy liberty, but the actual enjoyment of it. Experience, in a case like this, is the only preceptress whose instructions are of any avail. Men must be free, before they can become rational and intelligent freemen. They must become acclimated to the dangerous atmosphere of liberty, before they can be able to breathe it with safety. They must indulge for a while to satiety in the intoxicating cup of independence, before they can learn to drink of it with moderation. The galley slave who has long borne the weight of a wearisome chain, will walk wildly and irregularly when his limbs are first released from their accustomed load; and the traveller who has long been starving in the dreariness of the desert, will be apt to indulge his appetite without control when the well filled table is again



spread before him. So with the nation just delivered from a long despotism; irregularities, eccentricities, excesses, will always accompany the first stage of their independence; these are the necessary price that they pay for their liberty. The retlemption of a people from bondage cannot be accomplished by an easy and gradual transition into a state of freedom; the fetters cannot be unlocked—they must be broken; and this can only be effected with convulsions, and throes, and groans, and agonies unspeakable. Such has been the course of the Greek insurrection: it was a bold and perhaps a hasty step, and many crimes and disorders might perhaps have been prevented, had the period been deferred a little longer; but if the people have been rash, their countless sufferings have a thousand times atoned for their rashness: whatever benefits they have secured, they have bought at the price of blood, and sweat, and toil, and complicated misery, such as no nation ever before paid for the acquisition of freedom: let us not therefore frown upon their heroic struggle, and reproach them as unfit to enjoy their dearly bought privileges, but let us rather hope, that, under the benignant auspices of peace and liberty, they may gradually become more enlightened, more virtuous, and more worthy of a place among civilized and Christian nations.

The man whose feelings are not diverted from their natural channel by interest or prejudice, will look upon the Greeks as he would look upon an unfortunate and degenerate son of a sire once honoured and revered. If, after having ruined himself by his effeminacy and profligacy, after having squandered his patrimony and reduced himself to beggary, the unhappy youth should be sold into slavery and linked with the born thralls of some cruel despot,—if, stung with anguish and remorse, he should yet bethink himself, in his captivity, of the dignity from which he had fallen, and should flee from the house of bondage, resolved to retrieve his disgrace, and restore the honour of his name,—if, wretched and for-

lorn, the returning prodigal should stretch forth his hands for succour and protection,—where is the man who would not sympathize with his misfortunes—who would not feed him and clothe him, and endeavour to lead him back to the paths from whence he had strayed, and to reinstate him in the heritage from which his vices and follies had driven him? Such is the nature of the appeal which Greece makes to the sympathies of the civilized world; and it is an appeal which comes home to every generous heart, in spite of all the admonitions of cold philosophy. It may be a weakness, but it is a natural and pardonable weakness, to feel a partiality towards a land so renowned in the annals of glory, so teeming with inspiring reminiscences, and peopled by a race whose language, customs, dispositions, and capacities connect them so intimately with the ancient occupants of the soil; to long to behold it reclaimed from the pollutions of barbarism and tyranny, and becoming once more the happy seat of freedom, and civilization, and refinement; and to feel a greater regard for its natural heirs and representatives, professing, though corrupted, a common faith with ourselves, than for the brutal usurpers of their birthright, the followers of the sensual and degrading superstition of the arch-imposter of Mecca. Of this partiality, childish and unphilosophical as it may be, no philosopher need be ashamed; and it becomes still more excusable when we reflect, that of the Greek, however debased, there is hope—that he is in the road of improvement—that he is active, intelligent, and not only willing, but eager to learn,—while the Turk shuts out the light of knowledge as he would shut out the pestilence from his dwelling, and intrenching himself in his ignorance, defies all innovation, and stupidly resolves to live and die as his fathers lived and died before him.* The man who, in view of all these

* The author is fully aware of the spirit of reform which has recently appeared among the Turks, and which has exhibited itself in

claims upon his sympathy, can still resist the touching appeal of Greece, has full reason to blush and be ashamed. The man who has ever listened to the immortal accents of her bards, upon whose ear the flowing periods of her historians have ever fallen, whose heart the thrilling eloquence of her orators has ever reached, whose mind has ever been enlightened by the precepts of her sages, whose taste has ever been refined by the study of her divine models, whose memory has ever mused o'er the spirit-stirring scenes of her brilliant and eventful story, whose eyes have ever gazed upon the memorials of her departed glory,—and who can yet feel no interest in the fortunes of her suffering sons, degenerate though they be—who can behold them struggling against an inhuman oppression for the reconquest of their dearest and most sacred rights, and yet withhold from them his best wishes for their success—who can see them undergoing the horrors of famine, and pestilence, and captivity, and facing death in the most frightful shapes, all for the sake of their country's independence, and who can notwithstanding regard their cause with a heartless apathy or malignant hostility—who would not rejoice to see them free and prosperous, the muses restored to their ancient haunts, genius and learning reinstated in their long-deserted habitations, and the purity of the Christian faith revived upon the shores where the Gentiles first heard it proclaimed—that man would do well to look within his own breast and examine, whether interest, or passion, or prejudice, or the pride of opinion, have not swallowed up the better feel-

the important improvements of doffing turbans, cutting off beards, and casting aside veils. But this reform, such as it is, is to be considered as confined in a great measure to a single master genius, and as having wrought little or no change upon the habitual sluggishness and stubbornness of the great mass of the people. The military reforms are the most decided that have been introduced, but these have very little bearing upon the moral character of the nation.

ings of his heart, and fortified it against the convictions of justice, and humanity, and religion.

This may be called the language of enthusiasm, but it is nevertheless the language of truth and soberness. The *cause* of the Greeks, whatever may be their individual character, is one which no disinterested and reflecting man can fail to approve and admire. It is the cause of liberty against tyranny; of the religion of Christ, though under a corrupted form, against a still more corrupted form of the most relentless and unyielding fanaticism that ever desolated the earth; of an oppressed people, only requiring the advantages of freedom and education, in order to become a useful and respectable member of the family of nations, against an empire of barbarous and brutal despotism, cut off by an impassable wall of separation from all community of feeling with the civilized world, and which nothing less than the interposition of an Almighty hand can rescue from the abyss of ignorance and sensuality in which it has long been plunged. Supposing, then, that the Greeks were even far worse than they are, this would only be an additional motive for endeavouring to make them better; to make them worthy of the cause which they have sustained with such noble resolution, worthy of the illustrious name they bear, worthy of the glory of their ancestors.

We intend not, therefore, to advocate the character or cause of the Greeks, on the ground of their moral excellencies; we waive all claims founded on such pretensions; we concede the point, that they are far from being a perfect race; that the traveller among them may be imposed upon by the boatman that ferries him from island to island, robbed by the muleteer that guides him over the mountain, and cheated by the *Palikari* that attends him in his journeyings; that he will encounter many trials and vexations to ruffle his temper and exhaust his patience, and that he will therefore have most solid and substantial reason for cursing the Greek *nation*. Still, however, we refuse to admit, that they are very materially worse than the subjects of other long established despotisms, or that

they are by any means as bad as their enemies and calumniators would make the world believe them to be. They have been judged with a severity to which no people under similar circumstances was ever before subjected; they have been made to undergo an ordeal, which no nation under the sun could pass through unhurt. They have been judged upon the basis of pure, abstract merit; their vices have been carefully held up to public indignation, their follies to public derision, and their sacred struggle to the frown of public disapprobation. Whence arises this most extraordinary fastidiousness —this withholding of common charity—this devout indignation at the appearance of vice—this zealous regard for the cause of religion and sound morals? Let the intelligence and the good sense of mankind determine, whether a sincere love of virtue and horror of vice, or some meaner and less creditable motive, is the actuating principle of these stern and censorious moralists.

For my own part, I should incline to the opinion, were I to judge from personal observation alone, that the Greeks, with all their faults, are a more amiable and estimable people, more hospitable, more generous, and less disposed to take advantage of travellers, than their neighbours the Italians. I speak now with reference to the lower classes, such as a traveller has generally to deal with. I have known Greeks in repeated instances to decline any remuneration for their hospitality: during two extensive journeys in Italy, I have never known an Italian to bestow so much as a draught of water without an adequate consideration. I have several times known Greeks to refuse compensation for trifling services: I have never known an Italian who would not endeavour upon the slightest pretext, to exact compensation for no services at all. At a time when murder, and robbery, and every other crime, enjoyed full license and impunity in Greece, and when every one was crying out to me, that there was "a lion in the way"—that thieves and assassins were before me,

looking out for prey,—I travelled the wild mountain path with only a single, unarmed attendant, and found no danger or cause of alarm: instead of insult or injury, I received nothing but a peaceful and respectful salutation from the peasantry and soldiery that I encountered as I passed along. As a comment upon the faithlessness and treachery so often charged upon the Greeks, I shall only observe, that instances are known, not only to myself individually but to a number of other Americans, of devoted fidelity and scrupulous honesty on the part of servants and attendants, which we might perhaps look for in vain among any other people. It is a common and almost proverbial saying among the foreigners in the country, "only use a Greek kindly, and though he should cheat the whole world besides, he will prove true and faithful to his master."

The Greeks are moreover, by common consent, a shrewd, inquisitive, ingenious, industrious, and enterprising people. The traveller is at once struck by the keen intelligence which beams in every eye, and the universal sprightliness which animates every countenance that he beholds. It is this remarkable acuteness of intellect which has given rise to many of the unjust imputations that have been cast upon the honesty of the people. What is called roguery, is in many instances nothing more than a fair and legitimate triumph of superior cunning and artifice. It is the same sort of cunning which has rendered the name of Yankee a by-word for a sharper and a swindler: the only difference is, that the Greek possesses it in greater perfection, and knows how to employ it with greater tact and skill. The man that deals with him must be endowed with more than Yankee cunning, or he is sure to be outwitted and get the worst of the bargain. If outwitted, he is as sure to be stung with shame and vexation; and in this very proper state of mind for judging dispassionately and impartially, he of course writes down the Greek, a base and unprincipled knave.

With respect to the second of the traits above enumerated, inquisitiveness, it forms perhaps the most prominent and remarkable feature of the national character. The modern Greek is like his Athenian ancestor of old; he is ever running about to learn something new. "Τί νέον; ἔχεις τίποτε νέον;" (what news? have you any thing new?) are his standing inquiries, after the first complimentary salutation has passed. Among all classes of the people this spirit displays itself in a surprising degree; and especially in the eager thirst after knowledge, which is every where observable. The exertions that have been made for the last century in the cause of education, have already been spoken of at length.* Since the revolution, the desire of instruction has received a new impulse. While travelling in the Morea, at the period of its greatest desolation and distress, I was surprised and delighted to find a number of elementary schools, flourishing like so many spots of refreshing verdure in the wide waste of the desert. The school-house was sometimes a cave, and sometimes the open air; the humble pedagogue squatting upon the ground in the midst of his ragged charge, and employing himself in the manufacturing of wooden spoons, or some similar occupation, while the noisy urchins were studying aloud their lessons in deafening concert. Many and ardent were the longings that I heard expressed for the enviable privilege of being able to read; many who were too old to begin their pupilage, seemed willing to make any sacrifice, to procure for their children the advantages of which they themselves had been deprived. The school established at Syra by our philanthropic countryman Mr. Brewer, was filled at once to overflowing, and numerous and urgent applications were frequently made for admission, which the want of accommodations rendered it necessary to reject. The Testaments published by the British Bible Society, and the little volumes sent forth from the American press at

* See preceding chapter.

Malta, found a ready access to every house, and were in many instances purchased and read with an avidity that was really astonishing to behold. Even in the monasteries, those strong holds and last refuges of bigotry, I saw the same spirit of curious inquiry at work, and missals and breviaries thrown aside for the living oracles of truth.

The Greeks, it has also been observed, are an ingenious people. In nearly every employment in the Turkish empire, requiring mechanical or manual skill and dexterity, they are almost the only artists; and considering the imperfection of their tools and instruments, the absence of suitable models, and the deficiency of scientific knowledge, many of their works may be justly regarded as surprising performances. Their masons, for example, work entirely by the eye, without the assistance of either square or plummet; and yet their buildings are frequently finished with perfect neatness and symmetry. Their boats and vessels of every description, though built with tools which would provoke a smile from a shipwright of another country, are the admiration of all who see them. Monuments of their skill in the working of marble may be found in the elegantly sculptured tomb-stones, which adorn the Turkish cemeteries. By means of the simplest hand machinery, they contrive to produce a variety of superb braids and ribands of silk and gold, which might vie with the fabrics of France or England. In the embroidery of garments they stand unrivalled; and, what is very remarkable, they execute all this sort of work extempore, without any preparatory marking out of the figures. They also excel in picture embroidery: the most elegant specimen of the kind that I ever saw, was a piece representing the deposition in the tomb, wrought in Constantinople, and belonging to the monastery of Spetzia. Painting, as might naturally be expected, is yet in its infancy among them; but for this, as for every other art to which they direct their attention, they appear to possess a decided taste and talent. While travelling in Maïna, I was presented with

a miniature of Saint George and the Dragon, painted on wood by an old native of the country, which, viewed as an effort of untaught natural genius, is really a marvellous production. At Poros there was a painting of the *Panagia*, which was regarded by the Greeks as a *chef d'œuvre* of the pencil, and was in fact, under all circumstances, a performance of extraordinary merit. In the fresco style I saw some very creditable specimens, executed by untutored Greeks, under the porticos of the stupendous barracks recently erected for the new troops at Smyrna. From indications such as these, there is good reason to believe, that the Greeks, with better opportunities of improvement, would soon carry the fine arts to as great perfection as any other nation in Europe.

They are likewise an industrious people. Activity is as characteristic with them as indolence with the Turks. Whatever they may have in hand, whether it be business or amusement, they do it with all their might; and when their hands find nothing else to do, they employ them with indefatigable diligence in twirling and counting their rosaries. Even the poor women, who came faint and exhausted to the distribution of our charities at Corinth and in Maïna, brought with them, for the most part, their distaffs and spindles, and improved the time most assiduously while waiting to receive their portions. In fact, the Greek peasant women are scarcely ever without the spindle, when unoccupied with other labours; sitting or walking, at home or by the way, it forms their chief and almost constant pastime.

Of the enterprising spirit of the Greeks the history of their commerce affords ample illustration: upon this topic, therefore, it is unnecessary to enlarge.

There is yet another valuable quality which they undoubtedly possess, although it has been sometimes called in question: they are a brave people. They are not distinguished, it is true, by that fiery and reckless courage, which attacks stone walls and scales battlements, regardless of all danger, nor that

cool and steady discipline which meets unmoved the dread array of battle in the open and unguarded field; their valour is of a more discreet and calculating character, shrinking from any unnecessary exposure of life, and studying to conquer with the least possible expense of blood. They have very little notion of the fair and open opposition of force to force, as practised by the armies of Europe: their general mode of fighting is to waylay the enemy in some secure mountain pass, or to crouch behind their *tambouris* and fire through the crevices or loop-holes. This cautious kind of warfare certainly seems at first sight, something very like cowardice; but it must be remembered, that it is the only manner in which they could oppose, with any chance of success, the overwhelming numbers of their adversaries. They could never afford to risk a pitched battle; for even supposing them to be victorious and the loss of their enemies to be tenfold greater than their own, it would still be a losing concern for them. If a thousand Greeks fall, a breach is made in the strength of the nation, which is almost irreparable; with the Turks, on the contrary, it is of comparatively little moment what numbers are sacrificed to gain an important object:

> "Vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
> Hundreds, thousands more succeed."

To compensate, therefore, for inferiority of numbers, the Greeks have no other resource but to employ superior caution and management; to effect by stratagem what they are unable to effect by force; to endeavour to inflict injury without receiving any in return; to lie in ambush for their enemies, to fall upon them unawares, and to harass them by petty skirmishes, instead of meeting them in the open field and allowing them the advantage of a fair trial of strength.

Examples are not wanting, however, among the patriots of modern Greece, of heroism as noble and courage as daring,

as any recorded in history. We need only call to mind the general and enthusiastic gathering of the unarmed peasantry of the Morea, when the dauntless bishop of Patras first raised the standard of liberty; the glorious self-devotion of the flower of the Grecian youth who composed the immortal *Sacred Battalion;* the destruction of the army of Dramali Pasha in the passes between Argos and Corinth; the heroic exploits of Mpotzares and his brave Souliotes, and especially their last fatal attempt upon the army of Mustapha Pasha; the gallant conduct of Ypsilantes and his little band at the battle of the Mills; the noble fortitude and resolution of the Missalonghiotes during the memorable seige of their city; the courageous resistance of the Maïnotes against the attempts of Ibrahim to invade their country; the fearless efforts and gallant death of Karaïskakes; the daring and brilliant achievements of the navy under Miaules, and Kanares, and Tombazes and Sachtoures; and numerous other instances of heroic bravery which occur in the history of the revolution.

It is useless to pursue any farther these observations upon the character of the Greeks. The circumstances of their late struggle, in the absence of all other testimony, are a sufficient refutation of the unsparing calumnies that have been heaped upon them. How indeed can we refuse some small tribute of admiration to a people, amounting to no more than two millions,* who, in the face of the most insurmountable and disheartening difficulties,—in the midst of the most aggravated suffering of every kind,—without resources, without an organised army, without even a cordial union among themselves,—in spite of internal commotions,—in spite of the cruel denunciations, or cold and withering indifference of the Christian Sovereigns of Europe,—were yet able to sustain, single-

* This is the estimate commonly made of the Greeks who took part in the insurrection.

handed, through six long years of agony, an unequal contest with the Sublime Ottoman Porte, and to oppose a successful resistance to all the gigantic efforts that were from time to time made for their destruction? Surely such a people cannot be so utterly vile, and spiritless, and worthless, as it is the delight of some to portray them: without some redeeming and ennobling qualities, they never could have persevered so manfully and resolutely through all the gloomy horrors of their protracted and hopeless conflict.

The struggle is at length over; the fond wishes and prayers of the Christian and philanthropist are fulfilled; the battle of freedom is won; the cause of the oppressed has triumphed; the sceptre of tyranny is broken; the veil of barbarism is rent asunder; and Greece is severed, irrecoverably severed, from the corrupt and decaying mass of the Turkish empire. Henceforth, whatever vicissitudes she may be doomed to undergo, it seems morally certain that she can never again return to her former vassalage. She may suffer for a while, and perhaps for many years to come, under the *protection* of the Allied Monarchs; still she is virtually free, and, with the advantages now secured to her, will go on increasing in wealth and strength, until she shall no longer stand in need of the guardianship of any foreign power. A bright and glorious destiny, it may be confidently predicted, awaits this interesting nation, as a compensation for her long and innumerable sufferings. The extent and variety of her resources, when fully developed, and the spirit and intelligence of her people, aided by the grand moral revolution which has begun its work among them, cannot fail to raise her ere long to an honourable rank among the minor states of Europe. Whether she is destined to rise still higher, and to dispute the pre-eminence at some future day with the nations to whose power she now humbly looks for protection, is locked up from mortal view in the inscrutable counsels of Omniscience. One thing is certain; she can never regain the high distinction which she en-

joyed in the days of her ancient glory; not, at least, until the rest of the world shall relapse again into barbarism. When we reflect, however, upon the myriads of Greeks still remaining in Turkish bondage, all linked together by a common language and a common faith, and who will naturally be tempted to transplant their homes to the happy soil of freedom, we perceive the elements of a great and powerful empire, which the course of future events may not improbably bring together into an intimate and harmonious union. We are justified indeed in expecting, at no very distant period, a general secession of all the Greeks now scattered throughout the Turkish dominions. If such a consummation ever does arrive, woe to the race of Othman!*

* The Sultan himself has foreseen the danger which threatens his empire from this source, and has expressed his apprehensions in the following striking passages of his famous proclamation, addressed to all the Pashas and Agas throughout his dominions, in December, 1827, in relation to the efforts of the Allied Powers, to obtain the acknowledgment of the independence of Greece: "Now it is as clear as the light of day, that as a consequence of this independence, the infidels would become masters of all the provinces of Europe and Asia inhabited by the Greeks, and that they would gradually place the *rayahs* in the condition of the Mussulmans, and the latter in that of the *rayahs*; that they would perhaps convert our mosques into churches, and ring their bells in them, and that, in short, they would make the Mussulmans soon disappear from the face of the earth." And again, in another place: "This then is the state of the case. If now, after reflecting upon their present procedure, and the alliance which they have formed, we should avoid going to war, (God preserve us from it!) and should think it necessary to submit to this independence, (God deliver us from it!) being no longer able to arrest the contagion, it would seize upon the Greeks of Europe and Asia, who in a very short time would declare themselves independent, and rise from the rank of tributary subjects, and subjecting in one or two years the generous Mussulman nation, would one day fly at our throats, and it is evident that the result would be, alas! the annihilation of our religion and of our empire."

CHAPTER XXII.

With deep reluctance and regret I bade adieu to the sunny isles of Greece, and embarking in an Ionian *golette*, proceeded from Syra to Smyrna. The morning after our departure we were abreast of the ill-fated Scio; but the wind soon afterwards abandoned us, and we lay becalmed during the remainder of the day, between the island and the main, and within about two miles of the town. This detention afforded us an opportunity of surveying at our leisure the far-famed beauties of the island, and of witnessing one of the last unavailing efforts of Col. Fabvier to obtain possession of the castle. A few hours before sunset a brisk cannonading commenced along the Greek *tambouris*, and soon awaked the slumbering batteries of the Turkish fortress. Shot and bombs innumerable were fired on either side, and the battle was sustained with undiminished ardour, until the darkness of the night closed in upon the combatants. Even long after the day was spent, the vivid flash of small arms was visible at short intervals, and it was not until near midnight that it entirely ceased. A brig and several *mystikos*, which were blockading the channel, took their stations towards evening before Cheume, a town on the continent opposite to Scio, where the troops of the Pasha of Smyrna were waiting for an opportunity to cross over. But all the perseverance and vigilance of the Greeks were in vain: in less than a fortnight the Capitan Pasha came down with his fleet from the Dardanelles, and the once flourishing and happy island of Scio, till lately the principal seat of wealth, and learning, and refinement, in all Greece, passed

once more into the undisputed possession of the ruthless barbarians, who, a few years before, had polluted its peaceful soil by the most brutal and cold-blooded butchery recorded in the annals of modern cruelty.

On arriving in the gulf of Smyrna, we encountered a strong head wind, and were obliged to take refuge in the port of Phogis, a town on the northern side of the gulf, and not far distant from its mouth. Several French and Austrian men of war, and a fleet of merchantmen of different nations, were lying there at anchor, waiting for a change of weather to proceed to Smyrna. The blood-red flag (fit emblem of Mahometan cruelty!) was waving over an old tottering castle, which stands at the entrance of the harbour. The town is an ancient and black looking place, built upon a small promontory jutting out into the bay which forms the port, and surrounded by lofty but very much dilapidated walls. In walking for the first time through its dark and dismal streets, I was struck very forcibly with the solemn and death-like stillness which reigned throughout. It seemed almost like a city of the dumb; there was no lack of life and motion—a multitude of stately forms were slowly moving along the streets or sitting in the shops and coffee-houses, but they appeared bereft of the power of speech: scarcely a voice broke in upon the dreary silence except that of some light-hearted and loquacious Greek: the haughty Moslems were sitting for the most part in grave and gloomy taciturnity, smoking their amber-headed *chibouks* and sipping their coffee from the prettiest little cups in the world—an occupation which forms the principal and most important business of their lives. Once indeed, towards evening, a loud cry was heard—the most unearthly cry that ever issued from an earthly voice: it rang along the air, and pierced the soul of the listener, and thrilled every nerve: it was the solemn and sonorous *Alla hu* of the *Muezzin* sent forth from the top of the minaret, as he summoned the faithful

to the evening prayer—an operation which answers to the ringing of bells in Christian countries.*

Every thing at Phogis was full of novelty and interest, as being the place where I first set foot upon the soil of Asia, and the first Turkish town that I entered. My curiosity was greatly heightened by the discovery, that this obscure little town was the representative of no less celebrated a place than the ancient Phocæa, one of the most wealthy and powerful cities of Ionia, the first great example of commercial enterprise among the Greeks, and one of the most memorable instances in all history of a devoted love of liberty, and impatience of foreign rule. The Phocæans were the first Greeks who traded to remote countries; and so determined were they in their unwillingness to live in slavery, that when reduced to extremities by the Persian General Harpagus, and allowed a day to consider of a surrender, they embarked their families and moveable property on board of their ships, and left the empty city to the astonished Persians. Being disappointed through the jealousy of the Chians of some small islands in the neighbourhood, to which they had expected to transfer their homes, they again put to sea, and bound themselves by an oath, never to return to their native land until a large stone which they threw into the water should rise and swim upon the surface. Firm in the observance of this sacred vow, they launched forth into the Mediterranean, and settled themselves at Corsica; but being shortly afterwards overcome in a naval engagement with the Carthagenians and Tyrrhenians, they abandoned the fatal island, and sailed with the wreck of their fleet to

* The form of the summons is in these words: *God is great, there is no other God but God; come to the prayer, I summon you with a clear voice.* The *Muezzin* repeats the proclamation four times, stopping his ears with his fingers, and turning in succession to each of the four quarters of the horizon.

the South of France, where they founded Massilia, the embryo of the present city of Marseilles.*

The Phocæa of the present day, though still enjoying the advantages of an excellent harbour, and convenient situation, has lost its commerce, and with it its prosperity, and is now of very little importance except as a place of refuge for vessels navigating the gulf.

About seven miles from Smyrna is a large white castle, standing close to the water's edge, and commanding the approach to the city. Though quite off of the direct route, the channel is such that all vessels are obliged to pass immediately in front of its tremendous batteries. What renders it particularly formidable, is the possession of two enormous bronze cannon, which, excepting some others of a similar description in the Dardanelles, are the largest pieces of artillery in the world. They are of about eighteen or twenty inches calibre, and proportionate length, and throw balls of stone, a single one of which would be sufficient to shatter the stoutest ship.

We came to anchor opposite to the castle, and received a visit of inspection from the portly old Agas, accompanied by a little Greek secretary, and a strapping Armenian Dragoman arrayed in a flowing robe, and huge white *calpac*,† the common badge of his profession. After examining the papers of the vessel, and making the usual registers, the Agas and his Dragoman drew forth their handkerchiefs, and very unceremoniously requested to have them filled with rice. The captain knew too well the importance of securing the good graces of so lofty a personage, to refuse the impertinent request. From contributions levied in this manner upon the numerous vessels passing under his inspection, the old harpy is said to make a handsome living.

* Macpherson's Hist. of Commerce.

† A sort of cap.

The wind being ahead, we left our *golette* at anchor, and hired a Turkish caique to carry us up to the city. For a great part of the way we were dragged through the water by two stout fellows, who walked along the shore, and tugged like cattle, at the end of a long rope to which they were harnessed. The tall and solemn cypresses, the graceful palm trees, with their wide-spreading and waving plumes, the singular style of the houses, the whole colouring of the landscape, every thing that we saw, as we coasted along the beautiful plain which skirts the gulf, announced that we were in "the clime of the East," "the land of the sun." On reaching the city, our *Caïkgi* delivered us over to one of the inquisitors of the custom-house, who conducted us forthwith before the awful tribunal. In ignorance, not in wilful defiance, I neglected alas! to soften the hearts of the merciless publicans by the customary and indispensable peace-offering. The sad and grievious omission was visited upon my poor unoffending wardrobe, which was dragged forth from its violated sanctuary, and overturned, and distracted, and mauled, and mangled, with a barbarous cruelty which I have never seen equalled, not even in the tyrannous and vexatious *doganas* of Italy. Oh let the future traveller take warning—let him profit by the dear-bought experience of others! If he be ever doomed to pass through the *infernal regions* of a Turkish custom-house, let him not forget the pacifying *cake*, wherewith to quiet the hungry Cerberus that guards the dreadful entrance.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE city and gulf of Smyrna, as viewed from the water on a calm bright day, present one of the most transcendently beautiful prospects in the world; scarcely inferior indeed to the admired bay of Naples, and in some respects nearly resembling it. The city is extended over a small plain, and along the side of a steep hill, which branches out from a mountain of considerable elevation, and is crowned with a large ruined fortress, erected during the Lower Empire. The population is commonly estimated at something like a hundred thousand, and is made up of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Franks, among whom the two first-mentioned are far the most numerous. Each class of the inhabitants occupies a separate district, with the exception of the Franks and wealthy Greeks and Armenian Catholics, who mingle together indiscriminately in the same quarter of the city. This quarter is much more agreeable than either of the others: the houses are built in a showy though unsubstantial manner, and if placed in regular, wide, and well-paved streets, would constitute a handsome city; but the streets are narrow and dirty, and the upper stories of the houses project to such a degree, that persons might almost shake hands from opposite windows. This mode of building not only gives the streets an irregular and awkward appearance, but excludes the light and air, and renders them very gloomy and confined. The pleasantest situation, and the largest and finest houses, are along the water side: the only decent street in the interior is one which

the English call Bond Street, and the Greeks Κοπριαὶς (the dunghills).

The portion of the city inhabited by the Moslems is in general very meanly built, very crowded and contracted, and very filthy. They have no houses equal to those of the Franks, excepting of course their public edifices, some of which are very imposing structures. The palace of the Pasha is a large, and lofty, and gaily painted building, though quite destitute of architectural elegance. Some of the *Khans* or *Karavanserais* are also worth looking at; but nothing in Smyrna can compete with the barracks just erected for the Sultan's new troops. They form three sides of an immense quadrangle opening upon the gulf, and have the appearance, at a little distance, of a vast palace. They are built of stone and covered with a yellowish stucco, are neatly, and in some parts, elegantly finished, and are adorned the whole length with columns and porticos, upon which, as has been already mentioned,* the Greek artists have executed some very respectable frescos. It is doubtful whether there are any barracks in Europe to be compared to these, excepting the still more superb edifices of the same kind at Constantinople. At all events, there are many European palaces, which are externally very far inferior.

Some thousands of the newly organised troops for whom the above structure was destined, were quartered in Smyrna, and were daily to be seen, manœuvring in the court-yard of the palace or marching about the streets. Instead of the noble costume of the Janizaries, they wear a half-civilized dress, consisting of a plain close-buttoning cloth jacket, full-bottomed pantaloons fitting tight to the leg from the knee downwards, a simple red cap with a tassel over a close-shorn head, and belt and cartridge-box in the European style.

* Page 269.

They are a vile and barbarous looking crew, extracted from the very dregs and offscouring of the empire. They scarcely seem like Mahometans, being deprived of the turban, that universal and becoming badge of their religion: the change in their costume has robbed them at least of all the characteristic grace and dignity of the Mussulman.

There are a number of large and handsome mosques at Smyrna, but the profane feet of infidels are not allowed to enter them; at least, it would have been a hazardous experiment during the critical situation of affairs at the period now under consideration. A tolerable view of the interior may however sometimes be obtained by looking in at the open doors: they are without much ornament, and a carpet and a few lamps are their principal furniture. When the voice of the *Muezzin* is heard at the appointed hour from the top of the minaret, the people are seen crowding at once around the fountains with which the neighbourhood of every mosque is supplied, and carefully performing their ablutions before entering the sacred precincts. After thoroughly washing away the pollutions of earth from their hands and faces and every other accessible part, they begin to ascend the steps and approach the entrance by successive genuflections and prostrations, kicking off their slippers on reaching the threshold, and leaving them without until they have finished their devotions. A more curious and impressive spectacle can hardly be conceived, than that of a good Mussulman saying his prayers. He seems perfectly abstracted from all outward objects, and his whole soul wrapped up in his orisons; his eyes and his mouth are closed—his petitions ascend in silence, without even a motion of the lip—he kneels—bends slowly forward and touches the pavement with his forehead—rises—then kneels again and prostrates himself in the same manner; and this solemn ceremony is repeated at short intervals through the whole of the pious exercise. In conclusion, he takes hold of his beard, if he has any, and turning first to the

right hand and then to the left, salutes the two angels whom he believes to be near him, one on either side. One of these angels is supposed to be white and the other black; the former inciting him to virtuous deeds, the latter tempting him to evil. The form of salutation is the same for both; the words are, *the salvation and the mercy of God be upon thee!* All these formalities the devout Turk will go through without the least respect of place or person; wherever he may be, and in whosesoever presence, when the stated hour of prayer arrives, he will abandon at once his present employment, and if no mosque be at hand or he be prevented from attending, will apply himself to his devotions upon the spot. I have seen merchants in the *Karavanserai*, shop-keepers in the bazar, and even persons in the street, spreading a handkerchief or small rug to kneel upon, and addressing themselves to the business of prayer, with as much composure, and apparently in as deep abstraction, as if they had been buried in the solitude of the desert, far from all human presence. However stiff and ceremonious this Mahometan mode of worship may appear, there is certainly more solemnity and more of the semblance of religion about it, than in the Greek manner of mumbling over their prayers with wandering eyes and hurried accent, accompanied with rapid and unmeaning crossings, and bowings, and kneelings, with which the heart has evidently no concern.

The Turks regard their temples with great veneration, always entering them with unshod feet, and observing within them the most grave and solemn demeanour. Woe betide the unthinking stranger, who happens to profane the sanctity of a mosque by any irreverent act! The wife of an ambassador once spit upon the pavement of one at Constantinople: the indignation of a bystander was roused to such a pitch, that in the vehemence of his wrath he smote the unconscious offender. Another remarkable instance of the same kind, is that of a renegade American, residing in Smyrna. According to his

own story, he came to the place on business a number of years ago, and thoughtlessly entered a mosque with muddy boots. The Turks seized him, threw him into prison, and gave him the alternative of renouncing his religion or forfeiting his head. He chose the former course, and was for some time in a deranged state of mind, through terror and remorse. He has continued ever since to wear the Turkish costume, and to practise an outward observance of the ceremonies of their religion; being poor, he says, and without the means of getting out of the country. It is probable, however, that he has become reconciled to his lot, (supposing his story to be true,) and feels no inclination to change it; for if he were sincerely desirous of returning home, he might easily escape the vigilance of a Turkish police, and get on board of some American vessel. There is reason indeed to believe, that the account which he gives of himself is a fabrication, and that his assumption of the turban was a purely voluntary act.

There is a fountain in Smyrna, called the fountain of Phasoula, which is said to possess the very remarkable quality of generating the tender passion in all who drink of it. Although I made daily use of it so long as I remained in the place, I cannot say that its pretended virtues were very clearly attested by the experiment: thus much, however, I am fain to confess, (whether or no it was through the influence of these amatory waters, I shall not presume to determine,) that the ladies of Smyrna appeared to me, taken as a body, decidedly the most beautiful that I had ever seen. I speak, of course, with reference to the *Giaours;* for the wives and daughters of the faithful are so completely screened from the vulgar gaze when they appear abroad, that it is nearly impossible to discover whether they are white or black, young or old, fair or deformed. Their heads are swaddled up in a thick muslin veil or wrapper drawn tight across the face, so as to leave nothing visible, but the twinkle of their eyes,—their bodies are enveloped in loose and shapeless mantles,—and their feet waddle

along in great clumsy boots,—for the reason, I ween, that the young Moslems are not to be trusted even with the sight of a delicate ankle. The Christian ladies of the better sort follow for the most part the fashions of Paris, except that instead of a bonnet, they wear a light and graceful turban. The chief peculiarity of the native Grecian costume, which most however of the fashionable belles have abandoned, consists of a tight open jacket of cloth or velvet, generally trimmed with fur and embroidered with gold, with sleeves expanding from the elbow downwards, and hanging loose around the wrist, which is covered with a tight under sleeve of silk or muslin. The hair is plaited behind, and brought round in front, entwined with a piece of thin silk or gauze, so as to form a sort of turban with a large bow standing out on each side.

The coquetish display which the Greek and Catholic females of all classes make of their charms, forms the greatest imaginable contrast with the impenetrable seclusion of their fair Islamite compatriots. Every pleasant afternoon, they exhibit themselves in all the glory of their unveiled beauty, either walking, or leaning out of the windows, or sitting at the doors of their houses, for the express purpose of seeing and being seen. To a person unaccustomed to their manners, they have an exceedingly indelicate and almost meretricious air, suffering themselves to be gazed at with the most tranquil *nonchalance*, and even encountering with invincible impudence the most brazen-faced and scrutinizing stare. I am informed however, by persons long resident among them, that their habits are by no means licentious, compared with those of the females of many parts of Europe.

The Turks are very fond of taking an afternoon stroll in the Christian quarter of the city, to regale their eyes with the lovely spectacle which is denied them at home. On the promenades in particular, where the fair *Giaours* shine to most advantage, the turban and the flowing beard are seen frequently moving along in the promiscuous assemblage of

hats, and *calpacs*, and *phesis*. The fashionable promenade is along the water side to the northern extremity of the city, called the Point. Here is a level and spacious sand-beach, where the Turkish cavaliers may be seen every fine day, amusing themselves with their favourite and manly exercise of the *jereed*. Another promenade is to the Caravan bridge, which crosses a small stream half an hour's walk from the city. This stream is the river Meles, so renowned in song, as one of the seven birth-places of the prince of poets. At the entrance of the bridge is a small custom-house, where an Arab serves out pipes and coffee; for it is the universal fashion to sit down upon the bank of the river, and puff tobacco, and sip coffee, and look grave and dignified for a half hour or more. On a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when the place is most frequented, the whole air is scented with the fragrant weed, and filled with a palpable mist from the volumes of smoke sent forth from the innumerable *chibouks*. The road beyond the bridge is lined with extensive cemeteries, whose groves of cypresses furnish an agreeable shade to the multitudes assembled on these occasions. There is no other place which affords so favourable an opportunity for viewing, in one imposing *coup d'œil*, all the various costumes and characters of Smyrna. It is also a convenient position for seeing the Tartars* and caravans, which are constantly passing to and from the great emporium.

The climate of Smyrna is inexpressibly delightful, excepting during the summer months, when the air becomes sultry, and the earth parched and seared from the long absence of rain. The winter is in general a premature spring; the process of vegetation is scarcely a moment suspended; the trees put forth their blossoms, and the gardens retain a cheerful verdure, during the coldest portion of the year. On a fine April day, when the spring has unfolded all its glories, one feels almost constrained to cry out with transport, at the rich and luxuriant

* The Turkish couriers are called *Tartars*.

spectacle which the environs of the city exhibit. Envy not, however, ye habitants of ruder climes, where winter comes with angry blasts and icy tempests, envy not the cloudless skies, the genial sunshine, the balmy breezes, and the perennial fruits and flowers of fair Ionia! "I have lived twenty years in Smyrna," said an old Swiss merchant to me, "and I have lived in constant uneasiness and alarm. Every year has brought with it some new peril or calamity; either war, or pestilence, or earthquake, or massacre, or commotion of some kind or other. We live with the sword suspended over our heads, and a breath may sever the hair that holds it. Better, I often think, even when most enraptured with the delights of this serene and fruitful climate, better far the snows and glaciers of my native mountains!"

While I was at Smyrna, the *Ramazan*, or great annual fast of the Turks commenced. It is so called from the moon, or month *Ramazan*, the whole of which is set apart for its observance, as being the month in which Mahomet pretended to have received the Koran from heaven. The people watch very eagerly for the appearance of the new moon, and as soon as it is discovered, a discharge of fire-arms announces the commencement of the Lent. The *Ramazan* is unlike the Greek and Catholic fasts, which are a mere change of diet: the followers of the Prophet are prohibited from tasting any thing, not even so much as a whiff of tobacco or a drop of water, from sunrise to sunset; and what is more, the prohibition is in general most scrupulously regarded. They make amends however for their abstinence during the day, by the unrestricted license which is allowed them at night; for as soon as the sun has set, they are at liberty to eat whatever they please, and as much as they please. It is not uncommon to see them at the approach of evening, sitting in the little eating houses and *cafés*, with a plate of meat cut up before them, or a pipe already filled, waiting impatiently for the sunset gun to give the signal for action. Some of them even go so far as

to light their pipes in anticipation, so as not to defer the blissful enjoyment a single moment longer than necessary. The little galleries of the minarets are illuminated as evening sets in, and the interior of the mosques brilliantly lighted up. After the religious services are over, the people give themselves up for the remainder of the night to eating, drinking, smoking, and various amusements, until the daylight breaks in upon their festivities; they then betake themselves to rest, and sleep and lounge away the time until afternoon, when they begin to stir about again and put themselves in readiness for another night's banqueting. So that the *Ramazan* is in fact a Carnival rather than a Lent, and the seemingly grievous penance which the Mussulmans are obliged to undergo, is nothing more than a reversion of the order of nature, and a substitution of night for day. Upon the poorer classes, however, who are obliged to labour during the day, the prohibition falls sometimes with intolerable severity; for though oppressed with fatigue and suffocating with thirst, they are not allowed even to cool their tongues with a drop of water, unless, as an atonement for every such profane indulgence, they observe another day at some more convenient season. The only privation which is a real grievance to the rich, is that of tobacco—a privation with which every habitual smoker will know how to sympathize. To comply with this part of the injunction requires the utmost exercise of religious fortitude; it is the severest trial to which the faith of the pious Moslem can be subjected. If the prophet had only left him his darling *chibouk*, he could bear all the rest with unmurmuring patience; but to be denied for twelve long hours of each succeeding day, the chief solace and enjoyment of his life—

> "——— there, where *he has* garnered up *his* heart!
> Where either *he* must live, or bear no life;
> The fountain from the which *his* current runs,



Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
——————turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!"

One evening during the *Ramazan* we formed a party of Franks, and took a long ramble through Turk-town, to observe the singular fashions of the season. We went in the first place into a pastry shop, and tasted a variety of rich cakes dripping with oil and honey, which are peculiar to this period of alternate fasting and feasting, and are esteemed a great delicacy among the Turks. To Christian stomachs, however, a viler compound could hardly be offered. After performing extensive experiments in the pastry and confectionary shops, and admiring the voracity with which the hungry Mussulmans gulped down the nauseating dainties, we directed our steps to one of the principal mosques, in hopes of obtaining some insight into its occult mysteries. It was wrapped in such a blaze of light, that it seemed for a moment to be on fire, as we suddenly entered the square in front of it. The people were just coming out from the closing prayer of the day, and we soon found ourselves entangled in the midst of the crowd. Many a dark and lowering look was cast towards us, and we were not without some apprehension of being mobbed; for it is so unusual for the Turks to see a Frank in their quarter at night, that our appearance at such an hour about the purlieus of a mosque very naturally attracted a great deal of notice, and excited some unpleasant suspicions. While we were in this situation, three or four uncouth looking fellows came up to us, and to our great surprise offered to show us the interior of the mosque, assuring us that we might enter it without apprehension. It was a tempting offer, and we were disposed at first to avail ourselves of it; but our Dragoman was of opinion, that the object of these courteous gentlemen was merely to extort money or perhaps lead us into

a snare, and that we should at all events be liable to be spit upon, or have our hats knocked off, or to be insulted in some way or other, by some fanatical Imam or Dervis. We concluded, therefore, to forego the gratification, and withdrew to a coffee-house, where we beheld one of the most characteristic scenes that could be imagined. The room was surrounded by silent and almost motionless figures, seated cross-legged upon straw mats, each with a long *chibouk* extended before him, which formed his sole amusement and engrossed his whole attention. As they sat luxuriating in the delicious vapour, which they sucked in with new delight in consequence of their long privation, they scarcely deigned to raise their eyes, even to see a party of *Giaours* intrude upon their reveries. We each took a pipe and a cup of coffee, and joined in the sober diversions of the place. A jolly old grey-beard, whom one of our party recognised as ci-devant Janizary to the English Embassy, politely handed us his tobacco pouch to fill our pipes, and even condescended to salute us when we took our leave. The rest of the company were too deeply engaged, and too thorough-bred Moslems withal, to bestow the least notice upon a pack of vile Christian dogs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It is indeed surprising, in view of the notorious fanaticism and bigotry of the Turks, to observe the degree of toleration which they extend towards other religions, particularly at Smyrna. Greeks, Catholics, Armenians, Jews, all have their own places of worship—not covertly or in a corner, but openly and boldly—large and elegant churches sumptuously adorned, and displaying the various ensigns of their respective creeds. The Catholics ring their bells—a sound most odious to Turkish ears, and even parade the streets with their processions, as in other countries. I saw two Catholic funerals while I was at Smyrna; one of a young woman, the other of an infant. The corpses were gaily dressed, and carried on couches decorated with flowers and ribands; the priests were in their sacerdotal robes, bearing crucifixes and lighted candles, and chanting aloud the funeral service as they marched along the streets; and the whole ceremony was conducted with as much "pomp and circumstance" as in Spain or Italy. The haughty Moslems even stepped respectfully aside to let the processions pass. In short, so long as the *Giaour* does not intrude upon the devotions of the faithful, or offend in any manner their pride or religious scruples,—so long as he shows a proper respect to the turban, and quietly attends to his own concerns,—and so long as he pays well for the privileges which he enjoys,—whether he be Christian, Jew, or Pagan, he may follow his own religion without molestation: he may worship God or Mammon, Gog or Magog, Saint Peter or the *Panagia*, and no questions asked. The fact is, the Turks have long since

learned, that to attempt to convert all mankind to the faith of the Prophet, by violent measures, would be only keeping themselves perpetually in hot water, without gaining their object: instead, therefore, of quarrelling with the consciences of the heretics and unbelievers with whom they come in contact, they find it more to their interest to let them have their own way, and choose the road to perdition if they think proper, contenting themselves the meanwhile with merely exacting a toll for the privilege of passing by.

This liberty, which is enjoyed at Smyrna, is not confined to the concerns of religion. Every person, to whatever sect or nation he may belong, may live as he pleases, go where he pleases, and amuse himself as he pleases. The Christians and Moslems mix with each other freely in the streets, in the bazars, and on the promenades; and it is not uncommon even to see a Greek and a Turk chatting together as familiarly as if they were the best friends in the world. One may walk the streets with safety at all hours of the night, unarmed and alone: the only necessary companion is a lantern, an instrument which every honest man carries, and without which there would be danger of being arrested by the night patrol, and laid in limbo until morning. There is probably not a city in Christendom, where a man would be more secure from injury in going abroad at night, than in Smyrna. Murders or robberies in the streets are seldom heard of: more no doubt are committed than are ever heard of, but the probability is, that they are not in fact of frequent occurrence. The reason of this is the certainty of punishment: an offender cannot here escape through the loop-holes of the law; no technical formalities are necessary to convict him; even suspicion passes for proof, and innocent or guilty, if circumstances make against him, the unhappy culprit is hurried away to a speedy and exemplary punishment. There is moreover no censorship of the press at Smyrna,—no prohibition of foreign publications; the gazettes and periodicals of Europe, and even Bibles and Christian

tracts, circulate unobstructed through the city; the Turks, good simple souls! apprehending no danger but from the visible weapons of material force, and never troubling themselves much about any measures of defence against so harmless an enemy as a few leaves of printed paper. The Franks have a large and elegant *casino*, containing a splendid ball-room, together with card, billiard, reading, and drawing rooms, which are surpassed by few establishments of the kind in Europe. Both Franks and Greeks indulge without restraint in the gaieties of the carnival, the haughty and phlegmatic sons of Mahomet even condescending to be amused by their buffooneries. During the carnival of 1828, a party of Greeks, having indulged rather too freely in *the Christian's delight*, dressed themselves up as some of the rebel chieftains of their nation, and marching to the palace of the Pasha, began to dance and sing under his windows. His excellency, instead of flogging them for their impudence, only laughed at their humour and threw them a handful of money.

Unhappily, however, the Greeks of Smyrna have not always experienced this indulgent treatment. In the summer and autumn of 1821, that year of dreadful memory, when they were so severely punished for the rising of their brethren in the Morea, they learned, to their long and bitter agony, the little dependence that could be placed upon Turkish justice and loving kindness. The horrors of that awful period are enough to "make each particular hair stand on end," at the bare recollection. The signal for slaughter, which had been given at Constantinople by the murder of the venerable Patriarch and other leading men, was eagerly obeyed at Smyrna, and the streets of that devoted city ran for weeks with Christian and innocent blood. The defenceless Greeks were shot or cut down in the streets and in their dwellings, and many of the young women and children whose beauty saved them from death, after suffering all manner of indignity, were dragged away and sold into slavery. Day after day the

streets were strewed with mangled and weltering corpses, which were frequently left upon the spot where they fell, to putrify or be devoured by dogs. The Captain of an American vessel which happened to be here at the time informed me, that as he was walking out one morning, during a period of momentary tranquillity, he saw a Turk draw his pistol, and deliberately shoot through the head a poor Greek who was about to pass him; he was so near the spot where the revolting deed was perpetrated, that his clothes were bespattered with the brains of the unhappy victim. A number of millers, who had secreted themselves in their mills, were dragged forth from their lurking-places, tied, thrown alive into the water, and then pelted with stones. The struggle was short with all of them but one, who held out for a long time, and seemed to defy all the hellish cruelty of his murderers. Having sufficiently enjoyed the torments of their floundering prey, and becoming at length impatient for his death, they finally sent in a Jew to cut his throat and to complete their savage triumph. By night as well as by day, the insatiate fiends carried on the horrid butchery; even the stillness of midnight was frequently awakened by the cries and shrieks of the flying Greeks, and the report of guns and pistols fired at them by their blood-thirsty pursuers. Hundreds of the persecuted wretches fled for protection into the court-yards of the Frank merchants, who generously afforded the poor fugitives an asylum, at the sacrifice of their own comfort, and even at the risk of their lives. Being cut off from all communication with the markets, except at great hazard, they were oftentimes sorely pressed for food to support these numerous and sudden accessions to their families. The wives and children of the Franks, and also of the wealthy Greeks, were deposited for safety on board of the shipping in the harbour. Here also the suffering was immense; in one small vessel, in which three or four hundred persons were crowded together, the plague broke out, and in all of them the greatest distress prevailed, in

consequence of their confined situation and the difficulty of obtaining provisions. They were saved from absolute famine, by the occasional supplies which the boats from the shore were able to furnish them; but this was an extremely hazardous and desperate undertaking, for the boatmen were sometimes shot before they could reach the vessels.

It is a remarkable fact, that amid all these scenes of confusion and bloodshed, the persons of the Franks were uniformly respected: the only foreigner that was killed was a German, who was accidently shot by a ball intended for a Greek. A very singular instance may be mentioned, to show the fear of the Turks to molest the Franks. A Greek was chased through the street, and ran behind an Englishman: his pursuer came up foaming with rage, and told the Englishman to stand aside that he might shoot the dog: the noble-hearted Briton, knowing that the life of the poor Greek was in his hands, resolutely refused to obey, and maintained his position undaunted, notwithstanding the imminent danger to which it exposed him. The infuriated Turk, though thus provokingly disappointed of his prey, merely discharged the usual epithets of *Karata*, *Kyopec*, and *Giaour*, (pimp, dog, and infidel,) thrust his pistol into his belt, and strode away to seek some other victim. In case, however, of another massacre, the Turks would probably not be so careful to discriminate between Greeks and Franks. Much apprehension was entertained indeed, among the European residents, after the battle of Navarino: there were strong indications of some violent commotion, and the maintenance of tranquillity was no doubt attributable to the number of ships of war lying in the harbour. A great deal of uneasiness was also felt while the siege of Scio was pending; for it was feared that if the Turks should be driven from the island, they would wreak their blind vengeance once more upon Smyrna.

Besides this constant exposure to the fury of popular excitement, there are several other considerations, which show the

precarious tenure by which the Christians in general, and especially the Greeks, enjoy their present tranquillity, and the small amount of real liberty which they possess, under the appearance of the most ample license. The *haratch*, or capitation-tax, which the *rayahs* pay to the Porte, is not in itself a very grievous burden, but a thousand extraordinary contributions are levied upon them without mercy, whenever an occasion offers. A Pasha, for instance, hints to his Grecian subjects, that he has taken a fancy to a certain house or garden: they know too well the consequences of misunderstanding the hint, to refuse a moment to obey it. He tells them he wants a certain number of sailors for the Grand Signior to equip his fleet: they must not only furnish the complement of men, but must send them to Constantinople at their own expense. The poor Greek, whether he wishes to build a house, or open a shop, or keep a boat, or bury a friend,—in short, whatever he does beyond the ordinary actions of eating, drinking, and sleeping, he must first buy a license of the government. For the toleration of his religion he is obliged to pay an exorbitant sum, in the shape of indirect and incidental expenses: he cannot even build a little chapel, or repair an old one, without purchasing the privilege at an oppressive price. The most respectful deference, and the most implicit submission are required of him, to the haughty caprice of the favoured sons of the Prophet, who take advantage of their prerogative in practising upon the unresisting *rayah* a multitude of impositions and abuses. A very short residence in Smyrna will bring under the notice of every observant stranger, the most outrageous instances of petty tyranny and unfeeling cruelty on the part of the Turks towards the defenceless Greeks and Jews.

The Franks are exempt from many of these abuses, but they are peculiarly exposed to the brutal insolence of the Turkish rabble and soldiery. An American gentleman related to me, that as he was once walking in the outskirts of the city, he was, without any provocation, assailed with stones

by a party of young vagabonds, and obliged to run for his life.* On another occasion, as he was riding on horseback with a friend, a gang of soldiers who were sitting by the side of the street stopped them as they came up, pulled them violently from their horses, and made them walk by in token of submissive respect; for nothing galls the pride of a Mussulman more severely, than to see a *Giaour* mounted on a fine horse. Another gentleman informed me that he was one day riding out, and in turning a corner came suddenly upon a party of Turks. They were terribly enraged at being thus unceremoniously jostled by an infidel handsomely mounted, and accordingly seized his bridle, and began to beat him most unmercifully. After suffering patiently for some moments, and finding them not disposed to desist, he suddenly clapped spurs to his horse, broke loose from their grasp, and effected his escape in safety, though not without considerable injury from the blows which he had received. For a Christian to attempt to defend himself in such cases, would only be heaping coals of fire upon his head: non-resistance and passive obedience are virtues which it is absolutely necessary for him to practise, if he wishes to escape without more serious injury than a few bumps and bruises. The English Consul was once assaulted in a similar manner. He went immediately to the Pasha, represented the circumstances of the outrage, and

* Throwing stones at a Frank is a favourite amusement with the Mahometan boys, and may be considered as indicative of the principles instilled into them by their elders. I was myself attacked in this manner at Gallipolis in the Dardanelles, in company with an Austrian gentleman who sailed in the same vessel with me for Constantinople. We were walking leisurely along the road, when a set of little turbaned devils, who were playing with great gravity within a short distance of us, suddenly set up a shout of *Giaour!*—and let fly at us a tremendous volley of stones. We were obliged to retreat backwards, dodging the dangerous missiles as they flew swiftly by us, until we had escaped beyond their reach.

threatened to quit the place at once, if the ringleader in the affair was not brought up and punished in his presence. The Pasha regretted exceedingly that such an indignity should have been offered him, but attempted to put him off by saying that "he didn't know the offender." "But I know him," said the Consul. "But it will be impossible to find him," replied the Pasha. "You must send a party of soldiers to hunt him up," insisted the resolute Englishman. The Pasha's pride now began to rise, and he refused to interfere in the matter, pretending, as before, that the search would be fruitless. "Give me a file of soldiers, and I'll find him," said the importunate Consul. This was at length acceded to—the man was found—and brought up before the Pasha. His Excellency administered to him a severe reprimand, and assured the Consul, that he should receive the punishment which he deserved. But this would not satisfy the insulted and aggrieved Englishman; he insisted that the chastisement should be inflicted on the spot, and actually persevered, until he saw the offender soundly flogged in his presence. If it had been any other person but one in an official station like the Consul, he might as well have sued the clouds for damages committed by the lightning, as to have attempted to obtain any reparation for the injury which he had sustained.

These are a few instances, among many which might be mentioned, to show the condition of the Christians at Smyrna, where they probably enjoy greater privileges and greater security, than in any other part of the Ottoman empire. Add to all this the grievances which they suffer in common with the Turks themselves,—vexatious imposts, the insolence and partiality of office, the want of fixed laws and a well organized administration of justice, and the consequent insecurity of life and property,—and we shall find their apparent liberty to be nothing more than a name, and their real condition to be no other than that of the most humiliating vassalage.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless very much the fashion for the Frank residents and native Catholics to laud the honour, generosity, magnanimity, politeness, and hospitality of the Turks, in order to degrade the Greeks by the contrast. The former of these two classes of determined *Philo-Turks* hate the Greeks, because they are their rivals in trade and generally contrive to get the better of them by superior industry and frugality, and perhaps less scrupulous honesty; the latter are influenced by religious animosity, frequently combined with other causes. Since the breaking out of the revolution, this admiration of the Turks and concomitant hostility towards the Greeks have run very high, in consequence of the impediments in the way of commerce and the disturbances of the public tranquillity, which the long protracted war has occasioned. The merchants, seeing their trade obstructed and their safety endangered, and a new commercial nation preparing to enter the field of competition with them, are very naturally disposed to regard the Grecian contest with an evil eye, and curse the Greeks as the authors of all their troubles; more willing to see a whole people forever enslaved, than to lose a *pará* of their accustomed gains. This selfish calculation is strongly seconded by that singular proneness of human nature, to despise the weak and to respect the strong—to view with unjust contempt the timid, abject slave, and to admire the imposing dignity of the tyrant lord. To give an idea of the extravagance to which this blind and absurd partiality for the Turks sometimes proceeds, and of the spirit which prompts and fosters it, it will be sufficient to notice the opinions of an American gentleman, long established at Smyrna, and one of the most wealthy and respected among the foreign residents. This gentleman, (I blush to mention it,) during a conversation one day on the Greek and Turkish character, avowed to me his sincere and deliberate belief, that the lower classes of the Turks in Smyrna were better clad, better fed, and better educated,—that they

were a more moral, amiable, and estimable people, than the same classes of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, his native city, and that the Turkish laws and administration of justice, and more particularly their criminal system, were more equitable, more reasonable, and more salutary and efficacious in their operation, than those of his own country! The same gentleman, as a natural and necessary consequence of his excessive partiality for the Turks, was actuated by a bitter and implacable hatred of the Greeks; the very name of a Greek was gall and wormwood to him; he could scarcely speak of them without getting into a rage; he denounced them as an infamous and irreclaimable race, fit only for bondage; and, in the enthusiasm of his virtuous abhorrence, very piously and humanely deprecated the success of their accursed rebellion! I leave these opinions, without note or comment, to speak their own extravagance and absurdity.

Before dismissing this subject, it is important to observe, that the Greeks of Smyrna, and those of Asia Minor generally, are among the worst of the species, hardly deserving indeed of the name; full of the petty vices of trade, and more ignorant and more debased, in consequence of being more oppressed, than their European brethren. From these mongrel and degraded Greeks very many persons form their estimate of the national character: captains and supercargoes of merchant vessels, naval officers, and many others, who happen to visit Smyrna or some other sea-port, taking their cue from what they hear among the Frank residents, and setting out therefore upon their observations with their prejudices strongly excited, eagerly join in the general cry against the despised and persecuted Greeks. I have known persons of this description, who, after passing a few days among the peddling and pettifogging shopkeepers of Smyrna, without ever having set foot in Greece, or so much as seen a Greek proper, would talk about the character of the people generally, with as much confidence as if they had spent their lives amongst them. The

authority of such persons may perhaps be entitled to some respect, so far as their observations have extended; but they are no more competent to pronounce upon the national character of the Greeks, than a Frenchman who had merely been in America, would be to pass judgment upon that of the English.

For my own part, I am no partial admirer of the *moral* character of the Greeks; neither do I hold that every Turk must of necessity be a monster devoid of all human sensibility; but when a comparison is instituted between the two nations, and the question arises, with which of them we shall enlist our sympathies and good wishes, it seems to me unaccountable how any unprejudiced man can a moment hesitate to give the preference to the former. The Moslems, it is true, are entitled to the praise of possessing some noble and admirable qualities; but their ferocious and intolerant spirit, encouraged and even enjoined by their religion,—their haughty pride and insolence towards other nations,—and the savage cruelty which they have displayed in all their wars,—are certainly more than a sufficient set-off for all their virtues. At the same time however it must be admitted, that their ferocity and cruelty are vastly magnified in the minds of the ignorant and vulgar, who fancy a Turk to be a sort of cannibal, forever raging with the thirst of Christian blood, and ready to glut his passion at every opportunity which occurs. In times of ordinary peace and tranquillity, he is as quiet, inoffensive, and sometimes as good-natured an animal, as any in the world: but once excite him—once rouse him to wrath, and he is a wild beast—"a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," and tearing and rending without mercy, wherever he can find a prey. But are not the Greeks, it may be asked, equally cruel and sanguinary? Are not the excesses committed by them at Monembasia, at Tripolitza, at Hydra, and at Athens, as flagrant outrages as any charged upon the Turks? It cannot be denied, that in the instances above mentioned they

were guilty of the most revolting and disgraceful acts of cruelty; but these cruelties, let it be borne in mind, were mere retaliations on the part of men who were stung to madness by recent outrages of the same kind committed upon them by their enemies, and spurred on to revenge by ages of insufferable violence and oppression. The Greeks were the provoked and exasperated party, and could plead the multitude of their wrongs to palliate the sternness of their retribution. Not the best disciplined army in Europe could have been restrained, with the murder of their fathers and brothers, the rape of their wives and sisters, and the captivity of their children, fresh in their recollection. The Turks, on the other hand, were the injurers and oppressors, and could urge no such plea to justify their barbarous atrocities: whatever they did was in the spirit of cold-blooded and wanton cruelty. There is another distinction, moreover, which it is important to observe: all the excesses with which the Greeks are chargeable, were perpetrated by the inflamed populace and soldiery, in the heat of phrensied excitement, without the participation, and in spite of the fervent remonstrances and expostulations, of their leaders: whereas in most of the massacres committed by the Turks, their rulers and leaders were the instigators, directors, and partakers,—and the executioners were in some instances even set on to the bloody work by the express command, or with the secret connivance and approbation, of the Sultan and his Divan.*

* The massacre of Scio, for instance, in which the Capitan Pasha acted the part of Butcher in Chief. "That the whole of this terrific drama," says Mr. Blaquiere, "had been got up at Constahtinople, a variety of concurrent circumstances tend to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt. When the messenger who announced the descent from Samos reached the capital, it was decided in full divan, that the Capitan Pasha, whose preparations were still incomplete, should sail with all possible despatch, and take such measures with the people of Scio, as would effectually prevent their joining the confederation. All the

A word or two now, in conclusion of this subject, on the boasted virtues of the Turks; their brutal and disgusting vices must needs be passed over in silence, for they are such as decency forbids even to name. As to their honesty and honour, it is probably a fact, that in matters of trade they are more plain-dealing, (because more stupid,) and more punctual in fulfilling their engagements, than almost any other people; but in their public capacity, they have ever been notorious for their bare-faced infraction of treaties, and their unprincipled violation of the most solemn promises and stipulations.* They

most opulent Sciote merchants, resident in the capital, were at the same time seized and thrown into prison as hostages. The fate of these unfortunate persons leaves no room whatever to doubt, that the proceedings at Scio were fully approved of at Constantinople; for it was immediately after the arrival of the Capitan Pasha in the former place, and when the steps he had taken must have been known, that the whole of them were impaled alive, by a mandate from the Sultan himself." In the famous *Hatisheriff*, or proclamation, of Dec. 20th, 1827, Mahmoud coolly remarks, in speaking of the breaking out of the Greek revolt, "the necessary measures were immediately taken at Constantinople;" (alluding to the bloody massacre which took place,) "the schemes which these fellows had projected against the Ottoman empire were frustrated, and by putting to the sword a large portion of the insurgents of the Morea, Negropont, Haivali, Missalonghi, Athens, and other places on the continent, the greater part of them were secured."

* The present Sultan makes no secret of his duplicity in the negotiations with Russia preceding the late war. The following extraordinary passage, in which he plainly confesses his intention to deceive, is extracted from the same *Hatisheriff* refered to in the preceding note. "Having from the beginning understood the intention of the Franks, and knowing well that the answer to those propositions" (in relation to the pacification of Greece) "must finally be given sword in hand, the Sublime Porte, in order not to disturb the repose of the Mussulmans, *and to make at the same time the necessary preparations for war, sought to gain time and to bring into operation all her means of defence, by giving satisfactory answers and holding official conferences.* Notwithstanding, that these propositions were so dis-



are also equally notorious for the gross venality and corruption which pervades all ranks and gradations of office throughout the empire, from the meanest Kadi or tide-waiter of the customs up to the Grand Turk himself. As to their hospitality, one of their virtues which has been the most puffed and vaunted, it is very questionable, whether, so far at least as it is extended to infidels, it does not spring from a selfish motive—the hope of receiving an adequate remuneration. From their known contempt of Christians, and the precepts of their religion respecting them, it is difficult to believe that any act of kindness towards them, except in some individual cases, is prompted by a generous and disinterested feeling. But even allowing them to be as hospitable and as honest as they are represented, are these solitary virtues a sufficient compensation for all their brutal and degrading vices? It is really astonishing to see Franks, after being despised, insulted, spit upon, pelted with stones, stigmatized with the opprobrious names of dog, infidel, and others too indecent to mention, jostled and looked down upon with contempt by the common street porters, those mere beasts of burden, still upholding the nobleness, the generosity, and the magnanimity of their insolent

graceful and so prejudicial to the interests of the Ottoman empire and the Mahometan nation, even during the past year, although the preposterous terms proposed by Russia at Ackerman with respect to indemnities, and particularly in relation to the Servians, were not of such a nature as to be accepted, the Sublime Porte adhered to them against her will, *in order to conform to the urgency of the moment*, and to save the Mussulman nation *until a more favourable opportunity should arrive*." So also in another place. "Now it is evident, *that it has only been to gain time until spring*, that the Sublime Porte has proceeded amicably, as well in the messages sent, as in the conferences held, and that she has more than once informed the Ministers, that whenever the Greeks would submit they should obtain full and entire amnesty, and that all their goods and possessions should be restored to them," &c.

oppressors and implacable enemies. It cannot be because they sincerely love the Turks, but because they hate the Greeks.

CHAPTER XXV.

IMPELLED by an ardent desire to behold, though but for a moment, the illustrious city of Constantine, and the magnificent seat of Mahometan power, I resolved at all hazards to gratify my curiosity, although the transactions in which I had recently been engaged in Greece, and the troubles which threatened the capital in prospect of the approaching rupture with Russia, combined to deter me from the undertaking. A fine Austrian vessel happened most opportunely to be on the point of sailing, and it was impossible to resist the temptation. I accordingly fortified my passport with the signatures of the Austrian and American Consuls, and casting behind me all doubts and apprehensions, on the 22d of March set sail for *the great city.**

A strong southerly breeze bore us rapidly down the gulf, and past the majestic island of Lesbos or Mitylene, the birthplace of Alcæus and Sappho, and the morning after our departure we found ourselves between Tenedos and the plain of

* The Greeks, when speaking of going to Constantinople, always say "εἰς τὴν πόλιν"—*to the city*. Hence probably *Istamboul* or *Stamboul*, the Turkish appellation of the place. The expression εἰς τὴν πόλιν being in such common use, might very naturally have been mistaken for the name of the city, and being pronounced *ees teen bolin*, might easily have been corrupted into *Istamboul*.

Troy. I longed devoutly for a head wind (a thing which commonly requires no praying for) to arrest our course, and afford us an opportunity of landing upon the glorious scene of the Iliad; but the same officious breeze which had followed us all the way from Smyrna, unseasonably propitious! still continued to blow most pertinaciously directly up the Dardanelles, and compelled us to forego the satisfaction of treading in the footsteps of Achilles, and Ajax, and Diomede, and Ulysses, and the other renowned heroes, who wrangled, and clamoured, and strutted, and immortalized themselves before the walls of "wide-extended Troy." A few classic raptures might however be pardonable, even in enjoying a passing glance over a scene which summons up so many thrilling and inspiring associations. At the sight of the spot where "Ilium was,"—the region pre-eminently set apart and consecrated to the Epic Muse, what ravishing sensations involuntarily rise up in the mind of the beholder! He seems, as it were, to realize a delightful dream; to commune face to face with the immortal bard, whose genius he before contemplated in distant admiration; and to see the heroes of the Iliad lingering in ghostly forms around the still existing monuments erected over their ashes.* But how strikingly has the scene changed since the days of which Homer sings! The city of Troy has disappeared so entirely, that the most laborious researches have been unable even to ascertain its site with any accuracy; and the realm of old Priam is now overgrown with oaks, and unfrequented, except by the few merchant vessels which resort

* In sailing along the coast of Troy, a number of large *tumuli* are visible, which are universally supposed to be sepulchral mounds. Two on the Sigean promontory (now known by the name of Cape Janizary) have been called the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus. Another on the Rhœtean promontory, is called, and with good reason, according to Dr. Clarke, the tomb of Ajax.

thither occasionally to take in cargoes of valonia for Europe.

"Strange transmutation of all human things!"

Where the Grecian heroes went for glory and revenge, the money-seeking race of the present day now go for acorn cups!

Amid all the revolutions, however, of three thousand years, the grand and prominent features of the surrounding scenery, —the sea, the mountains, and the islands, have probably remained unchanged. Mount Ida, with its glittering summit of snow, which bounds the eastern horizon,—Tenedos, with its low vine-covered hills,—Lemnos, where Vulcan fell when the Father of the gods kicked him from the skies,—and the lofty Imbros, with the cloud-capped peaks of the still loftier Samothracia peering majestically over its head,—these, it is reasonable to believe, have passed the ordeal of ages unaltered; such as the eyes of Homer beheld them, we behold them still.

A few hours after passing Tenedos, we began to stem the swift-rolling current of "the *salt** Hellespont." The mouth of the strait is guarded by two large castles, one on the European and the other on the Asiatic side, which were built, as Tournefort informs us, by Mahomet IV. in 1659, to defend his fleet against the incursions of the Venetians. These castles present an imposing and formidable aspect, but their distance from each other (the entrance of the strait being upwards of four miles wide) renders them nearly harmless, at least in the hands of the Turks. In the afternoon we reached the old castles of the Dardanelles, from which the channel derives

* The epithet πλατὺς (commonly translated *broad*) which Homer applies to the Hellespont, and which commentators have found it so difficult to reconcile with the actual width of the strait, Mr. Walpole contends, in his MS. journal quoted by Dr. Clarke, should be rendered *salt;* producing several instances of the use of the word in this sense by other writers.



its name. They stand opposite to each other, at a point where the strait becomes contracted to the breadth of about a mile. In the rear of each of them is a considerable town. It is in these castles that the famous bronze cannon, the largest in the world, are kept. Tremendous as they are, however, they proved of little avail against the daring bravery of admiral Duckworth, who forced the passage with a British squadron in 1807, and burned the Turkish fleet at Nagara, about three miles farther up the straits. Other fortifications have been erected since that period at short distances from each other, and no less than eight large and superb white castles now appear in sight at once, standing out upon the principal headlands, and presenting a *coup d'œil* which has probably nothing comparable to it in the world, excepting in the Thracian Bosphorus. Notwithstanding, however, all these mighty preparations for defence, it is extremely questionable, whether, in Turkish hands, they would oppose any effectual resistance to a judiciously arranged and well managed fleet, sailing with a favourable wind. The following occurrences, which seem almost incredible, but which may be relied upon as authentic, will serve to illustrate in some measure the strength of the Dardanelles, and the skill of the Turks in the use of artillery.

About a month before our passage through the straits, a small Russian merchant vessel stole away from Constantinople, having on board a large number of Armenian Catholics, whom the Sultan, in order to get possession of their money, had arbitrarily ordered away into some remote part of Anatolia, and who, to prevent the tyrant's designs, had secretly embarked their moveable property, and resolved upon the desperate expedient of attempting to run through the Dardanelles without the requisite passport. On arriving within a short distance of the castle where the visit of inspection is usually made, the vessel hauled up her courses and tacked about from side to side as if endeavouring to lie to, suffering herself all the while to drift down along with the cur-

rent as rapidly as possible. The visiting officer, who had approached her very nearly, perceiving something suspicious in her movements, and imagining that all was not right, became alarmed and hesitated to board her. The captain urged him very warmly to come on board, but his suspicions were only confirmed, and he began to pull for the castle.* The garrison, who had been anxious spectators of what was passing, seeing their commander returning in trepidation without performing the visit, and the vessel fast drifting by without obeying the signals that were made for her to heave to, could no longer mistake her intentions, and accordingly opened upon her their batteries. Finding it too late for stratagem, she now threw off the mask, and spreading every sail to the breeze, made the best of her way down the channel, through a shower of balls sufficient to have sunk a fleet. Nearly one hundred shot were fired at her, only three or four of which struck her; and even these did not inflict upon her any very material damage. The only person injured on board was a female passenger, who, happening to stand in the way of an immense ball, had the upper half of her body completely shot away. The fugitive vessel, after escaping thus miraculously from the fire of the castles, was met some miles below by a Turkish Admiral, who was cruising at the time near the mouth of the straits, and who, on hearing the cannonading above, repaired with all haste to the spot; but never dreaming that a paltry merchantman could have been the occasion of all the uproar, he suffered her to pass on unmolested. The castles "shot in each other's mouths" and battered each other terribly; insomuch that a fortnight after the affair was consumed in repairing damages. In one of them a gun burst and killed three men,

* It was probably the plan of the Russians to detain the officer until they had passed all danger, and then to set him ashore; for they knew that the castles would never fire upon them so long as he was on board.



the tompion having been inadvertently left in the muzzle, in the hurry and confusion of the moment. The towns along the shores of the Dardanelles were thrown into the greatest consternation, the people imagining that the allied fleet was attempting to force the passage. Many of the Greeks became so alarmed, from apprehension that the rage of the Turks might vent itself, as on former occasions, upon them, that they left their shops and houses unguarded, and fled with precipitation into the surrounding country.

Shortly afterwards, the captain of a French vessel lying at Constantinople, emboldened by the successful experiment of the Russian, and tempted by the intelligence that corn was very scarce in the Archipelago and commanded an enormous price, took in a cargo with great caution by night, (for the exportation of every thing of the kind was prohibted,) and determined to run the gantlet for Syra. Despairing of succeeding by any artifice that he could employ, after the recent experience which the Turks had acquired, he took advantage of a strong northerly wind, and with all sail set bore directly down through the middle of the channel, without paying the least regard to the repeated signals that were made to bring him to. The castles, of course, did their best to arrest him, but with as little success as in the case of the Russians: nearly every shot went over him, and he escaped with some trifling injury, which, though it crippled him a little, did not prevent him from continuing his voyage in safety.*

* In the autumn of 1827, Capt. Thomas of the Greek brig Sauveur, after burning a number of Turkish vessels at Salona in company with Capt. Hastings of the steamboat Perseverance, succeeded by the following ingenious stratagem in passing unharmed through the fire of the castles at the mouth of the gulf of Lepanto. Knowing that it was the practice of the Turks in such cases, to fix their guns beforehand at the proper elevation, and to fire them in succession as the object came within their range, he directed his course about midway between the

As we approached the formidable pass, the first three castles made signals in succession for us to heave to, by flashing a quantity of powder. The order was immediately obeyed, and the Agas of the old Asiatic fortress came off in a twelve oared barge, and boarded us accompanied by his Dragoman. After examining the papers of the vessel, and stamping them with a curious signet which he wore upon his finger, he proceeded to inspect the credentials of the passengers. He was exceedingly taken with the vignette at the head of my passport, as well as the seals attached to it, and manifested as much delight in surveying them, as a child at the sight of a new picture-book. When informed that I was an American, he patted me on the back with the most affectionate condescension, saying with his own lips, "*bravo Americano!*" But his stock of *lingua franca* was here exhausted, and he was obliged to make use of his Dragoman, in order to express more fully his profound admiration of the American people, and his grateful sense of *their friendly disposition towards the Mussulmans.* The same notion respecting the sentiments of Americans towards their nation seemed to be very prevalent among the Turks; for the battle of Navarino had so exasperated them against the English, French, and Russians, that it was natural for them to suppose, according to their inconclusive mode of reasoning, that all the nations of Christendom, who had not taken part in this alliance, were their friends and well-wishers. The notion was strongly favoured, moreover,

two castles, until he arrived nearly opposite to them, when he suddenly turned off, and passed as far as possible on one side of the channel, instead of pursuing the central course upon which the enemy had made their calculations. The consequence was, that the shot from one of the castles passed over him, while those from the other fell short. As the guns in these castles are mounted in such a manner as when once fixed to be incapable of having their direction changed horizontally, they became useless, of course, after the first discharge.



by their extreme ignorance concerning the Americans, and the singular ideas which they had in some unaccountable manner imbibed respecting them. An impression, I was credibly informed, prevailed very generally, even among the higher classes, that the Americans, if not exactly Mahometans, were something much better than Christians, and much more nearly assimilated to the disciples of the true faith. Few, if any, among the Turks, had ever heard of the supplies sent out to the Greeks from the United States. Some of them had heard, indeed, that the Greeks were in possession of a frigate built in America; but it was commonly believed, that she was intended as a present to the Sultan from the American government, and that she was captured by the Greeks on her way to Constantinople. The Reis Effendi, it is said, remarked to an eminent English merchant, in a conversation which took place between them shortly after the formation of the alliance for the pacification of Greece, "however you may act towards us, the Americans will be our good friends; and an American ship, you very well know, is worth two of yours of the same size." The Sultan also, it is reported, in the spirit of vainglorious boasting for which the vicegerents of the Prophet have ever been famed, expressed to the British Ambassador his kind partiality for our country, by threatening to take away the crown from the King of England, and to give it to his brother, the Emperor of America!*

In that part of the straits where the castles are situated, (upon what precise spot it is not known with any certainty,) stood the towns of Sestos and Abydos, whose names are immortalized in the story of Hero and Leander. This was what might be called "the very ecstacy of love"—for a man to swim a mile of cold salt water, and athwart a current almost as rapid as a millrace,

* These anecdotes are merely given, as being in current circulation, without vouching however for their authenticity.

for no other object but to see his mistress! Verily, as Tournefort quaintly observes, "a man must be no milk-sop, to make love in that sort." But what the Grecian swain did for love, others have since done for glory. The Hellespont, in these latter days, has been swum by Lord Byron, Lieut. Ekenhead, and a servant belonging to one of the consuls at the Dardanelles, who have thus verified the practicability of Leander's exploit, and shared at the same time his renown.

It was this part of the channel also, which Xerxes selected for the transfretation of his immense army, on the occasion of his celebrated invasion of Greece. The Turks, when they made their first incursion into Europe, are commonly supposed to have landed at Cimenlic Issar, a place about five miles above the old castle, called by the Greeks *Cheiridokastro.*

On the evening of the same day we passed Gallipolis, the principal town in the Dardanelles; but the wind soon after died away, and left us at the mercy of the current, to drift whithersoever it might think fit to carry us. A conventicle of tumultuous frogs, croaking the same dialect as those of our own country, greeted us as we began to retrograde towards the Ægean, and made the shores of the Hellespont resound far and wide with their horrid and discordant jargon. In the morning the wind sprung up from the northward, and the force of the current preventing us from making any headway against it, we came to anchor in the port of Gallipolis.

This town is on the European side of the straits, and contains a mixed population of Turks, Greeks, and Jews, amounting probably to between fifteen and twenty thousand. It was taken by Solyman the son of Orcan, in 1357, and was the first place in which the Turks cantoned themselves, after they had obtained a foothold in Europe. It was strongly fortified by Solyman and his successors, and when Brussa in Asia, and Adrianople in Europe, became the two capitals of the Ottoman empire, was considered a post of great importance, as



forming a connecting link between these two cities. Its fortifications are now in ruins, and nearly all its importance is gone.

We found every thing surprisingly cheap at Gallipolis. Very passable oysters were selling at twelve *parás* a hundred, wine of excellent quality at twelve *parás* an *oka*, and the most delicious fish at twenty-eight *parás*. The place was filled with raw Asaitic recruits, such as were daily pouring in from every part of Anatolia, on their way to the capital and the Russian frontier, to meet the threatening brunt of war. The sight of these barbarous but unwarlike hordes, just landing in Europe, and on the very spot where their ancestors achieved their first important conquest in this quarter of the globe, was one of deep and peculiar interest. On the self-same shore, where Solyman and his valiant followers commenced their victorious and terrific march for the propagation of their faith and the extension of their power in Europe, their descendants were now gathering, not with the same invincible zeal, but with a reluctant obedience to the mandate of their lord, to wage an unequal and almost hopeless contest, in defence of their tottering empire. How had the star of Islam become dimmed! how cold and dead the proud spirit of its sons! That religious enthusiasm, which in times past had led the Mussulman in triumph whithersoever he directed his arms, no longer urged him on: the martial fire that once burned within him, and that rendered his name a terror wheresoever it was heard, had now become nearly extinct—too faint and feeble to be revived into any thing more than a momentary glimmer, even when the sacred banner was unfurled before his eyes, and the thrilling war-cry was sounded in his ears, "To arms! for the throne of Othman! To arms! for the faith of Mahomet!"

We set sail from Galliopolis, after a day's detention, in company with a beautiful Turkish corvette, which was lying on the opposite side of the strait. A strong breeze springing up soon after from the southward, we glided rapidly over the sea

rent as rapidly as possible. The visiting officer, who had approached her very nearly, perceiving something suspicious in her movements, and imagining that all was not right, became alarmed and hesitated to board her. The captain urged him very warmly to come on board, but his suspicions were only confirmed, and he began to pull for the castle.* The garrison, who had been anxious spectators of what was passing, seeing their commander returning in trepidation without performing the visit, and the vessel fast drifting by without obeying the signals that were made for her to heave to, could no longer mistake her intentions, and accordingly opened upon her their batteries. Finding it too late for stratagem, she now threw off the mask, and spreading every sail to the breeze, made the best of her way down the channel, through a shower of balls sufficient to have sunk a fleet. Nearly one hundred shot were fired at her, only three or four of which struck her; and even these did not inflict upon her any very material damage. The only person injured on board was a female passenger, who, happening to stand in the way of an immense ball, had the upper half of her body completely shot away. The fugitive vessel, after escaping thus miraculously from the fire of the castles, was met some miles below by a Turkish Admiral, who was cruising at the time near the mouth of the straits, and who, on hearing the cannonading above, repaired with all haste to the spot; but never dreaming that a paltry merchantman could have been the occasion of all the uproar, he suffered her to pass on unmolested. The castles "shot in each other's mouths" and battered each other terribly; insomuch that a fortnight after the affair was consumed in repairing damages. In one of them a gun burst and killed three men,

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as I had never before witnessed, but every thing went beyond my most exalted anticipations. It is not my intention, however, to inflict upon the reader all the transports which I felt, while gazing upon the magnificent scene; neither shall I be guilty of the vain presumption, of attempting to describe minutely what so many abler pens have attempted before me, and all with so little success. I should despair of conveying, by any picture that language could draw, any thing like a just and satisfactory conception of the grand original. I might paint with the most studied precision, and in all the glowing tints of the most laboured eloquence, the vast and venerable pile of the Seraglio, with its time-shaken battlements, and its little gilded spires and crescents glittering among the tall cypresses,—the huge swelling domes of the mosques with their slender minarets at the angles, rising majestically in every direction far above all surrounding objects,—the Golden Horn with a thousand diminutive caiques shooting swiftly over its rippling surface, sweeping gracefully away and losing itself among the commingling edifices of the city and its opposite suburbs,—the rapid Bosphorus, pouring down the waters of the Black Sea between ranges of lofty and beautifully cultivated hills, covered from base to summit with palaces, and summer houses, and gardens, and groves, and villages,—the noble suburb of Scutari, a vast city of itself, stretching, with its immense cypress groves, along the shores of Asia,—and the snow-crowned Olympus, towering far away in the distance, beyond the opposite coast of the Propontis. Upon these, and other objects too innumerable to mention, all the powers of the most vivid description might be exhausted, without producing, after all, any thing more than a vague and indistinct confusion of images, blended together in faint and shadowy forms, without either the proportion, the arrangement, the harmony, or the colouring, which give the chief effect to the original.

When I first looked abroad upon this transcendent scene,

we were lying motionless and with flapping sails, within a few hundred yards of the Seven Towers. The sun had just risen—the day was cloudless and serene—not a breath of air disturbed the sleeping waves of the Propontis—and all nature wore its most delightful and attractive hues, as if rejoicing and exulting with the opening spring. But it was not until we had passed the Seraglio point, that the glories of the prospect burst upon us in full and complete developement. It is here that the Golden Horn, with the city proper on one side and the extensive suburbs of Galata and Pera on the other, first becomes visible to a person arriving from the Dardanelles. The eye here embraces, in one comprehensive view, all that is most interesting and imposing both in the city and its environs. It is said, that a young English nobleman, who was travelling about to see the wonders of the world, paid a visit to Constantinople a short time ago, and was so enchanted on reaching this point of view, that, for fear of breaking the charm, he turned about again almost immediately, and went off without having once set foot on shore.

The charm indeed vanishes on entering the city—the illusion is at once dispelled. I shall not imitate, however, the romantic sentimentality of the fastidious Englishman, but shall venture to conduct the reader ashore, even at the risk of disappointing the agreeable anticipations, to which the exterior prospect may have given rise. Let us land at Galata, the place where foreigners most commonly disembark. The quay is tolerably clean, and one or two public buildings, constructed in the pure Turkish style, have a very respectable appearance, even upon a near approach; but beware of the troop of hungry and filthy dogs, that are lazily basking in the sun, or fiercely contending for some bone or mess of garbage, that has just been thrown in their way. These squalid and loathsome creatures have the right of common all over the city, and are suffered to multiply and prowl about the streets, free from all human jurisdiction; the Turks being too tender-



hearted and conscientious forsooth, to resort to any severe measures against brutes of this description, even when they become, as in the present case, an insufferable pest and nuisance. The sagacious animals well know the difference between a hat and a turban, and are the most fanatic of all Mussulmans: a true believer they seldom molest, while they are sure to bark and growl at a Frank, and if provoked, will sometimes manifest their antipathy in a more decided manner than by mere barking or growling. Taking care, therefore, not to disturb or offend any of the privileged canine race, turn now away from the water side, and pass through Galata up to Pera; or rather cross over to Constantinople itself, and take a look into the interior of the city. What seemed bright and beautiful at a distance, now becomes dull, and dreary, and disagreeable; disgust succeeds to delight; poverty takes the place of splendour, and meanness, of magnificence; narrow lanes and shabby wooden houses shut in the dismal view on every side; mud and ordure beset the feet, and pestiferous odours assail the nostrils; a dank and clammy atmosphere, cheered by scarcely a sunbeam, floats heavily around, and soaks into the very heart;—every thing appears, in short, as if the wand of a magician had touched it, changing its form and colouring, and almost its identity. In all nature there is hardly to be found a contrast more complete, than between Constantinople surveyed in distant prospect, and Constantinople trodden through its dark and gloomy streets. It has been very aptly compared to those famous Egyptian temples, whose exterior dazzled the eyes of the beholder, but which within were filled with rats, and crocodiles, and leeks, and onions.

Having made the necessary arrangements for bed and board, with a French lady who kept an indifferent *pension* in Pera, I made my escape with all possible despatch from its contracted and sunless streets, and sallied forth to find some open spot, where I might breathe once more the pure un-

tainted air, and recall the gay illusion which had captivated my eyes, before coming on shore. The greater part of the day, and even of the night, I spent with increasing admiration and delight, in surveying, from different points of view, the brilliant and surpassing scene. I shall omit, however, all the ecstacies which I felt, until the sunset view of Scutari and the Seraglio from the quay of Galata. Here I must be indulged, while I pause for a moment, and give vent to the transports which swelled within me at the time, and which again rise up with undiminished fervour, even at the distant recollection. Such a flood of splendour and magnificence as here burst upon my sight, I had never before witnessed. All that I had yet seen in Constantinople or elsewhere, faded away into the blackness of darkness. I gazed, and gazed, until the dazzled sense ached with beholding what it could not sufficiently enjoy. If I had been bound in the strong spell of some mighty enchanter, who had summoned up before me an unreal and unsubstantial vision, I could scarcely have felt more deeply the power of enchantment. Shall I attempt to paint the glorious landscape? I shall fail, I fear, of catching even a faint reflection of the celestial hues which o'erspread it; but however difficult, or even impossible, the task may be, not to attempt it is more difficult still.

In the first place, then, for the outline of the picture. The foreground is the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, with little fairy boats darting about in every direction with the swiftness of an arrow, and innumerable sea-gulls, of immense size and snow-white plumage, whirling through the air in endless gyrations. Beyond the water, on the right, rises the huge and fantastic pile of the Seraglio, half concealed from the view by tall and tapering cypresses, and terminating in a hundred little domes and pinnacles crowned with the symbolic crescent. Beyond the Bosphorus, on the left, lies the city of Scutari, swelling with domes, and bristling with minarets and cypresses, —and in the centre of the back-ground, towers sublime the

gigantic form of Mount Olympus. So much for the outline—now for the tints. Dark green for the trees, and lighter green for the distant hills—dark red for the houses—white for the mosques—scarlet, and crimson, and blue, and green, for shawls, and turbans, and vests—purple, and rose-colour, and gold, for the sky—and for the minarets, and spires, and windows—alas! I throw down the pencil in despair! for every pinnacle is a blaze, and every window a sheet of burnished gold! But hark! with what a mournful cadence "it floats upon the dewy air!"—the loud and startling chorus of the *Muezzins*, ringing at the same moment from every minaret of this vast city! The shades of evening now gather around, and the brilliant illuminations of the *Ramazan* eclipse the last fading splendour of the departed sun. I leave the picture for the imagination of the reader to fill up.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In perambulating the streets of Constantinople, for the purpose of inspecting its wonders and curiosities, I generally took with me, as a *Cicerone*, and at the same time as a protection against the insults of the populace, a ci-devant Janizary attached to the English embassy. Mustapha, for this was the gentleman's name, was a most valuable companion, having been long in the habit of escorting foreigners about the city, and having learned to speak English with tolerable intelligibility. In spite, however, of Mustapha's powerful protection, I found these excursions to be accompanied with no small peril; not that there was any imminent hazard of life or limb, where a person observed proper prudence and circumspection.

but there was danger of meeting with a variety of rather unpleasant little adventures; such as being hooted at, called by hard names, jostled by the soldiers, bandied about by the women, and greeted now and then by a blow from their fair hands. Of all these *désagrémens* I had sore and frequent experience, whenever it became necessary to mingle with the Turkish crowd. From the ladies in particular, so often as I came in contact with them, I received the most flattering demonstrations of bitter and implacable antipathy. Whenever there was any sight to be seen, there were always swarms of them abroad; and it sometimes happened to me to become entangled in the midst of them, or to be squeezed against them by the pressure of the crowd, in rather too familiar contiguity. On such occasions, I could see their eyes glisten with religious fury from underneath their ample mufflers, as the word *Giaour* broke scornfully and in wrath through the thick folds of the muslin. In several instances, in which my presence interfered somewhat with their movements, and the altitude of my hat obstructed their vision, I was cuffed and pushed about without ceremony from side to side, and compelled to retire discomfited to a more respectful distance. All these provoking aggressions, whether from man or woman, I was fain to bear with meek and passive resignation, without any offer of resistance, and without any expression of resentment. Knowing what I had to expect, I always laid in a good store of patience and forbearance, whenever I crossed over to the city; making it a rule, to heed no insult, however galling, if jostled, to pass quietly on, and if buffetted, to bear all without a murmur or a frown. These severe mortifications were the lowest price at which the gratification of my curiosity could be purchased, at that period of popular uneasiness; and the acquisition, though dearly bought, I considered well worth the cost. As for the gallant Mustapha, he never interfered on any of these occasions, but left me to shift for myself, in the best manner I could; for he very well knew, that he should only draw down ven-



geance on his own head, by attempting to espouse the cause of a Christian. In our rambles through the city, and especially while passing through the more frequented parts, he used to hurry along in advance without bestowing upon me the slightest notice, as if ashamed of his company, and desirous of concealing, as far as possible, the connection existing between us.

But however contemptible as a protector, Mustapha was a very useful attendant as a *Cicerone*, and to his guidance I am indebted, for nearly every thing that I was enabled to see of the great capital of the Sultans. It is not my intention, however, to detail, at this time, the half of what I there saw; although I saw not the half of what might have been seen under more propitious circumstances. To describe every thing curious and worthy of notice in and about the city, would require the compass of a volume: I shall confine myself therefore, in the account which I propose giving, to such objects chiefly as are the most conspicuous, and of the most commanding interest. And if this page should chance to be opened by any one already familiar with Constantinople, I must crave his indulgence, while I say a few words, for the benefit of the more unenlightened reader, respecting this celebrated and truly wonderful city.

Constantinople, like the city to whose power and importance it succeeded, is built upon seven hills. Its ground-plot is an irregular triangle, the eastern side of which is washed by the sea of Marmora, and the northern by a narrow arm of the sea forming the port, and long known by the appellation of the Golden Horn. The land side, which is the longest of the three, is defended by a triple wall and about five hundred turrets, in a sadly neglected and decayed condition. It was on this side that the victorious Mahomet first entered the city, when it fell beneath his resistless arms: the place where he effected the breach that gave him admission, is discernible by a patch in the wall, near the *Top Capou*, or

Cannon Gate. At the eastern extremity of this wall, towards the sea of Marmora, is the famous Bastile of Turkey, that horrid prison-house of despair, the Castle of the Seven Towers.

The opinions that have been formed by different travellers, in regard to the extent and population of Constantinople, vary so widely from each other, that it is difficult to come to any accurate conclusion upon the subject. The lowest estimate commonly made of its circumference is from ten to twelve miles; while Tournefort, whose judgment is of the highest authority, pronounces it to be twenty-three, besides twelve for the various suburbs, exclusive of Scutari, which is sometimes, though very improperly, reckoned as one of the number. With respect to the population, the statements of different travellers are equally incongruous, for all of them are founded upon vague conjectures and surmises. The city is undoubtedly less populous, in proportion to its size, than London or Paris, because the houses are generally much lower: the extent of ground occupied is therefore not a sufficient criterion to guide us in our calculations. Taking this circumstance, however, into consideration, and making due allowance for the terrible inroads that have been made upon the population in these latter years, by the plague, the massacre of the Greeks and Janizaries, the expulsion of the Armenians, and the destructive war with Russia, we should probably not err very widely beyond the truth, in estimating the number at half a million.

The object which first attracts the curiosity of the stranger in Constantinople, and upon which he never fails to look with a feeling of awful interest, is the mysterious and impenetrable Seraglio, called by the Turks the *Padisha Serai*, or Palace of the Emperor. This singular edifice, or rather collection of edifices of all sorts and sizes confusedly clustered together, stands somewhat elevated above the water, where stood the ancient Byzantium, at the northeastern angle of the city,



formed by the Golden Horn and the Propontis. The original structure was erected by the conquerer of Constantinople, and has ever since been receiving additions and alterations, to suit the various tastes of his successors. It is surrounded by a wall, enclosing an area of a triangular form nearly three miles in circumference. A long low building, in a very neat style of architecture, and of quite modern construction, with a splendid gate entirely covered with gold, stands upon the extremity of the point, outside of the old wall and close to the margin of the water. It is in this part of the palace, I was informed, that the Grand Signior resides in the spring of the year, until he retires to his summer house on the bank of the Bosphorus. · The windows are all covered with fine lattices, so as effectually to screen the interior of the apartments from the sacrilegious gaze of persons passing by in boats. It is here that the ladies of the Harem embark on the water excursions with which they are occasionally indulged, and where the profane eyes of unbelievers have sometimes been blessed with the distant view of their be-muffled and be-swaddled forms; I say the distant view, for the black eunuchs always take care on these occasions to clear the coast beforehand, and wo betide the thoughtless wretch, whether Moslem or Christian, who should chance to be passing along at the time, and who should fail to pull to his oars with might and main, or should dare to look up before getting out of eyeshot.

The principal entrance of the Seraglio, from which the title of the Sublime Porte is derived, is on the side facing the land. It is a lofty arched gateway in the centre of a gloomy pavilion, of solid but simple construction, and containing little other decoration besides an Arabic inscription. Over this gate are exhibited from time to time, for the consolation of all good Mussulmans, and as a salutary lesson to those who have not yet learned sufficiently to dread the mighty displeasure of their sovereign, the heads or ears of the Sultan's enemies, such as have either been executed from among his own beloved

subjects to gratify his royal caprice, or have been slain in battle by the arms of the faithful, "through the blessing of Allah and the wonder-working assistance of the Prophet." Unfortunately, there had recently been neither battles nor executions of any moment, and I was denied the gratification, of witnessing the edifying and agreeable spectacle. The last grand exhibition of the kind took place shortly after the battle of Athens. The noses and ears of the slaughtered Greeks, and of the slaughtered Moslems too, no doubt, (for the Turks with all their stolidity, have wit enough to know that a Mahometan head furnishes as good trophies as that of a Christian,) were packed up in salt and sent off to the capital, where, after having been strung together like bunches of onions, they were hung up in triumph at the palace gate of the Sultan. What a refutation of the charge of barbarism so unjustly urged against this refined and amiable people!

This outer gate leads into a large quadrangular court, with various buildings ranged on either side of it, among which are the imperial mint, and the offices of the *Azancoglans*, or menial servants of the palace. An English merchant resident at Pera undertook to conduct me into the court, walking up with a bold and confident air, as if he had a perfect right to enter, and offering to pass on without asking leave of the sentinels; but we had no sooner reached the threshold, than we found, to our sore discomfort, a couple of bayonets crossed in front of our breasts. My companion, however, soon satisfied the *Kapougis*,* by telling them we had business at the mint, and obtained their permission to let us pass through. We accordingly entered, and having soon despatched all our business at the mint, were at liberty to look around us and observe what was passing. A number of horses, belonging to some of the great men of the Empire who were in

* Porters, or gate keepers.



attendance upon the Sultan, were standing at the farther end of the court in charge of the servants of their owners; for no one but his Sublime Majesty himself ever goes on horseback beyond the limits of this enclosure. Groups of soldiers were lounging and sauntering about in different places; *Azancoglans* were carrying in wood and provisions for the use of the Sultan's household; and *Bostangis*,* and other officers of the palace, were hastily passing to and fro in various directions. But amidst all this bustle, there was no noise; a mysterious silence hung over the scene; not a voice spoke; scarcely the sound of a footstep fell upon the ear; every one seemed to move with a cautious trepidation, as if fearful of breaking the slumbers and rousing the fury of some dreaded monster. It might have been nothing more than imagination, but I fancied I could discern in the countenances of all whom I saw within the precincts of this terrific abode of despotism, the haunting and disturbing thought, that their lives were in the hands of a tyrant who might at any moment cast them away; that a fierce volcano was raging beneath their feet, which might at any moment burst forth and swallow them up in its flames.

At the upper extremity of this court is a large gate leading into a second, which is laid out into walks, and ornamented with fountains; but we were unable to obtain any thing more than a peep into this inner court, for no Christian is now allowed to enter it, excepting ambassadors and their suites on days of audience. Visiers and other great men enjoy the privilege of having their heads stuck up, after execution, near this second gate: it was here that the ghastly visage of the

* Originally gardeners, as their name denotes; now the body guards and personal attendants of the Sultan. They are a very numerous corps, and are distinguished by scarlet gowns of worsted, or goats' hair stuff, and caps of the same, projecting backwards horizontally to the distance of several feet.

renowned Ali of Ioannina was displayed, for the benefit of all fractious and rebellious Pashas.

In looking up through the long vista which lay beyond this impassable gate, my curiosity pressed eagerly forward to penetrate the forbidden ground, where, wrapped in silence and in gloom, stood the dwelling-place of the once mighty and terrible Sultans. I almost felt at the moment, as if it would be worth the sacrifice of one's life, to gain an insight into the awful mysteries of the place. I envied the happiness of the Russian conqueror, who, it was believed at the time, would soon plant his standard upon the walls of the Seraglio: I longed to accompany him into this den of abominations, and to explore the scene of that frightful tragedy of a thousand acts, which opened with Mahomet four hundred years ago, and seemed now about to reach its eventful consummation under Mahmoud. Oh! could the Seraglio reveal its dreadful secrets, what a tale of horror would it unfold—what revolting deeds of darkness would it bring to light! It would tell of broken hearts, and bosoms wrung with anguish and despair; of beauty torn away from the soil of its nativity and the kindred affections with which it was entwined, admired perhaps for a moment, and then thrown aside to perish, neglected and despised; of hecatombs of innocent victims slain by the cord, the axe, and the poisoned bowl; of parricides, and fratricides, and infanticides without number, and a long catalogue of other enormities and atrocities, such as would almost make fiends and demons to shudder at the recital. And could all the blood that has been violently and unrighteously spilt within its accursed walls again be collected together, and poured forth in one united stream, that crimson flood, it might almost be said without exaggeration, would rival even the deep-rolling Bosphorus itself.

Not far from the Seraglio is a large and elegant building called the Pasha Kapousou, where the Reis Effendi and other great officers of government have their quarters, and where

all public business is transacted. This is what the Franks now call the Porte.

In the same quarter of the city is the celebrated mosque of St. Sophia, which, before St. Paul's of London was built, was considered the noblest edifice in the world, next to the Vatican church at Rome. There are few persons probably, who need to be informed, that this remarkable structure was for a long time a Christian temple, before Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks. It was built by the emperor Justinian, and remains to the present day very nearly in its original form, and in excellent preservation. There is probably no building in the world, of the same antiquity, excepting the Pantheon at Rome, which has escaped with so little injury by time, and so few alterations by the hand of man. It is said that Mahomet II., after he had conquered the city, went and sat down cross-legged in the sanctuary of this church, by the side of the great altar, and having said his prayers and caused himself to be shaved, fastened to one of the pillars a piece of embroidered cloth, which had been used as a screen in the mosque of Mecca, and in this manner consecrated the building to the service of his own religion. Some trifling alterations were all that were necessary, in order to convert it into a mosque.

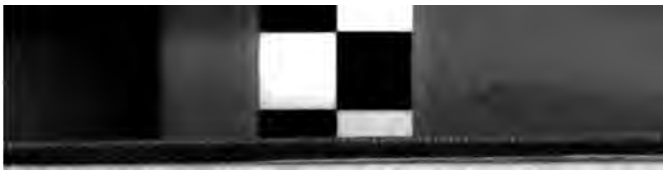
There is nothing remarkable in the external appearance of St. Sophia, but the size and graceful swell of its dome, and the four minarets which rise at the angles, separated, as is usual, a short distance from the main building. It is very much blackened and defaced by time, and its architectural beauty entirely ruined, by the immense buttresses which have been built all around it, to give greater solidity and stability to its walls. To my deep regret, I found it impossible to obtain permission to inspect the interior of the edifice. Formerly, a few piastres were a sufficient passport to St. Sophia, even without the imperial firman, which was necessary in order to

enter the other great mosques; but for some time past all foreigners had been refused admittance.

The other mosques most worthy of notice are those of the Sultans Solyman, Achmed, and Bajazet, and the Sultana Valida, mother of Mahomet IV. They are all built very nearly after the model of St. Sophia, and some of the copies, so far as the exterior is concerned, excel the original, if not in taste and beauty of proportion, at least in neatness of ornament and general effect. That of Sultan Achmed stands in a beautiful enclosure planted with trees, on one side of a spacious square, and is set off by six of the tallest minarets, each of which is encircled by three separate galleries.

The square above mentioned is the ancient Hippodrome, which name is found almost literally translated in the Turkish appellation of *Atmeidan*,* by which the place is at present distinguished. This similarity of names is probably, however, nothing more than an accidental coincidence; for we can hardly suppose the Turks to have been wilfully and deliberately guilty of such a knowledge of Greek, as to be at all aware of the meaning of the word *Hippodrome*. The place is adorned with a fine Egyptian obelisk, and a spiral column of bronze, composed of three large serpents entwined together and standing erect. This latter piece is one of the most curious of all the relics of antiquity, that have been transmitted to the present day; being nothing less than the identical group of serpents, that supported the golden tripod, which the Greeks found in the camp of Mardonius after the battle of Platæa, and which they consecrated to Apollo and placed in his temple at Delphi. Such, at least, it is pronounced to be by the most distinguished antiquarians that have seen it. The heads of the serpents have all three disappeared, and their bodies, which are hollow, are filled to the top with stones.

* *At* in Turkish signifies a horse, and *meidan*, a place.



Tournefort mentions that two of the heads were taken off in the year 1700, but in what manner, or by whom, he does not state. Chishul, a traveller quoted by Dr. Clarke, says that they were broken off by some of the servants of one of the Polish ambassadors, who had his residence on one side of the square. With respect to the third of these serpents, a number of traditions are current among the people; one of which is, that it was decapitated by Sultan Mourat, and another, that Mahomet performed the operation by a single blow of his battle axe.

In the Atmeidan I saw, one morning, a grand parade of the Sultan's new troops, whom he was training from morning till night all over the city, to meet the disciplined armies of Russia. The greater part of them were young men under twenty years of age, and many were mere boys not over sixteen. They were uniformly and decently equipped, and considering their short experience in European tactics, went through the various exercises with surprising ease and regularity. But it is one thing to manœuvre on a parade ground, and another, on the field of battle; and the event has proved what every intelligent foreigner in Constantinople predicted, that these new and youthful champions of Islamism, thus suddenly drilled into soldiership, however bravely and stubbornly they might fight for a moment under the influence of national pride and fanaticism, could not ultimately stand in the open field, before the veteran warriors of Russia. A large concourse of spectators were assembled on this occasion, to witness the performance of the troops, and among them a goodly number of the amiable sex, who, inTurkey, as elsewhere, are always foremost in a crowd. The greater part of the fair creatures waddled along on foot, but many of the higher order were in their *arabas* or carriages. To prevent any misconception, however, it is necessary to explain, that a Turkish carriage is what we should call a wagon, and a

wagon too of the clumsiest and most awkward construction. It is gaudily decorated, it is true, with coarse painting, and gilding, and carving, and silk lining, but it is nevertheless in form a wagon, and is drawn at a snail's pace by a team of spiritless led horses, and sometimes, of oxen or buffaloes. An Englishman and myself were the only Franks among the crowd, and we received, as usual, a number of very pretty compliments, addressed both to ourselves and our mothers; but as they were of too delicate a nature for Christian ears, I shall be under the necessity of omittting the repetition of them. The ladies, I must do them the justice to say, on this occasion were particularly civil; neither spitting upon us, nor inflicting a single blow, but contenting themselves with administering a little gentle and sweet-tempered abuse.

The antiquities of Constantinople, besides those already mentioned, may be described in very few words. The principal are, a stupendous aqueduct, built by the Emperor Valens, which still brings water to the city, and two immense reservoirs or cisterns, lying entirely under ground, with vaulted ceilings supported by innumerable marble columns. One of these reservoirs, the only one generally known even to the inhabitants themselves, is called the *Bin beer derek*, or thousand and one columns; this expression being commonly used by the Turks, to denote any indefinitely large number. It is now entirely dry, and is occupied as a factory for the making of silk lines and cords. The other one, which was discovered by Dr. Walsh* a few years ago, is partly filled with water, forming a subterranean lake of considerable extent. These reservoirs were constructed by the Greek emperors, in order to secure a supply of water in case of a siege; for without some provision of the kind, the city might be at once reduced, by interrupting the communication with the

* Author of the *Journey from Constantinople to England.*



*bendts** in the mountains, from which the ordinary supply is brought in aqueducts. The Turks have neglected altogether these most important works, and unless they should have the prudence to repair and fill them in time, the city would be completely at the mercy of a besieging army.

The only other remains of the Roman empire, that are deserving of notice, are two lofty pillars, of similar proportions, but far inferior workmanship, to that of Trajan at Rome. One of them has been very much blackened by the action of fire, and is therefore called the burnt column: it is supposed to have once supported a statue of Constantine. The other is called the historical column, and was erected in commemoration of the victories of the Emperor Arcadius, which are represented upon it in basso relievo.

Next to the palaces and mosques, the finest edifices in Constantinople are the barracks, the *Karavanserais*, the bazars, and the public baths. The latter are generally built with domes, and were it not for the absence of minarets, might sometimes almost be taken for mosques. By way of experiment I visited one of these baths one morning, in company with several English gentlemen, and submittted to the novel and curious operation which is here practised. The establishment which we selected was one of the largest and best in the city, and being situated on the sea of Mamora, several miles distant from Pera, we hired a splendid six-oared caiquet

*By this name are known the ponds which the Turks have formed in the mountains near the Black sea, and which furnish water for the use of the capital. They are made by selecting such streams as flow through elevated valleys conveniently walled in by nature, and throwing strong dams across them, so as to obstruct their passage and accumulate the water above.

†The caiques of Constantinople, in general, are vastly superior to any boats that I have ever seen. In lightness, swiftness, neatness of finish, and elegance of model, they surpass even the famous gondolas of Venice. They are very long and narrow, and so delicately poised

to convey us to the spot. The course of purification through which we passed was of so very singular a nature, that I shall venture to describe, somewhat in detail, the whole of its various ceremonies.

The first room that we entered was a large circular apartment, with a marble basin in the centre, and surrounded with a platform raised to the height of several feet, upon which were ranged, at short and regular intervals, small beds or couches, giving the place very much the air of a hospital. We each selected a bed, though not for immediate use, and denuding ourselves in the open room, consigned our clothes to the care of the attendants, who bundled them up, each parcel in a separate napkin, and placed them at the heads of the respective beds, in token of their being set apart for our special benefit and behoof. We were then arrayed anew, with a blue cotton cloth wound round the waist and hanging below the knees, a long white napkin thrown over the shoulders in the form of a shawl, a towel folded in a small square and laid on top of the head, and wooden shoes on the feet; and in this *bizarre* costume we shuffled along over the slippery marble floor into the first bathing room. This was a neat square apartment paved with white marble, with a dome overhead studded with a large number of small circular lights, and several marble basins in the walls, supplied by cocks with hot

in the water, that it is necessary to sit in the bottom, to avoid the danger of upsetting. The exterior is painted entirely black: the interior is lined with beautiful broad planks, without paint, but richly decorated with carved and gilt work, which is sometimes executed in the most superb style. The oars, and every thing else connected with them, are the perfection of neatness. Those that are employed on the Golden Horn, in crossing from Galata to the city, are very small, and are rowed by a single man: such as are intended for more distant excursions are larger, and carry from four to eight oars. Some, belonging to men of rank, are upon a much greater scale: I once saw the Capitan Pasha descending the Bosphorus in one of twenty oars.



and cold water. The atmosphere of this room was a palpable steam, hot almost to suffocation, and producing, for some minutes, a disagreeable sensation of faintness. A rug was here spread for us to sit upon, and pipes and coffee were brought for our entertainment, while the preparatory process of soaking, and stewing, and opening the pores was going on. In a few minutes the perspiration began to flow in copious streams, the heat became gradually less oppressive, and in the smoking of a *chibouk* we became cooled down into a delightful temperature, apparently very little warmer than that of the outer atmosphere. We now proceeded into the next room, which was much larger than the first, and doubly charged with steam. Notwithstanding our previous seasoning, the heat was almost insupportable; and so dense was the vapour, that for a moment we appeared to be in a cloud, and could scarcely distinguish objects a foot beyond us. Soon, however, the view began to open, and disclosed to us an odd assemblage, composed principally of Turks and Armenians, old and young, in a state of almost perfect nudity, and strewed promiscuously about the floor, in every variety of grotesque and ludicrous attitude. I must here observe, *en passant*, that there is hardly a more ridiculous spectacle in the world, than a Turk in a bath, with his bearded chin, and head entirely bald with the exception of a small tuft reserved at the crown. This inner apartment was arranged much in the same manner as the adjoining one, excepting that in the middle of the floor it contained a spacious marble elevation about eighteen inches in height, upon which, after the example of the rest, we spread our napkins, and reclined at full length on our elbows. After lying in this manner for the space of ten or fifteen minutes, melting rapidly away at the pores, and almost floating in perspiration, the attendants came up to us in succession, naked to the skin, with the exception only of a diaper around their loins, and performed upon us the complicated and tormenting operation of *shampooing*, which forms so important

a ceremony in a Turkish bath. It is done in the following manner. The subject is first laid flat on his back, and the operator begins by gently patting and stroking his limbs, proceeding by degrees to jerk and stretch them with violence, and cracking, with great dexterity, nearly every joint in the body. He then squeezes the chest and sides between his hands, accommodating the degree of force to the size and strength of the individual, and concludes this branch of the operation, by crossing the arms over the breast so as to bring the shoulders as near together as possible, and then bearing suddenly down upon them with his knees, in such a manner as seldom fails to extract an involuntary grunt from his patient. He in the next place turns the person over from his supine position, and getting upon his back, falls to cracking the joints of the spine, and twisting and wrenching the limbs in various directions. The grand finale consists in straining each arm in succession over the back, to the utmost degree of which it is capable, and pressing violently upon it with the knees, as in the first position.

After submitting patiently to the whole of this deliberate torture, we sat down, each by a separate basin, and were rubbed with mittens of hair cloth from head to foot, till the outer surface of the cuticle, which had been completely soaked and softened, rolled off like putty, and we were left, like snakes in the spring, with new and delicate skins. To rinse away the cast off slough, we were then half-drowned with hot water, dipped in large cups out of the marble reservoirs, and dashed violently in our faces and over every other part of our bodies. This ablution being performed, we were rubbed all over with soap, by means of silken mops, till we were covered with a lather so thick, as entirely to conceal our persons, and to give us the appearance of shapeless masses of froth and foam. Another copious effusion of hot water, completed the long and varied process of purification.

We now went out and remained some time in the adjoining

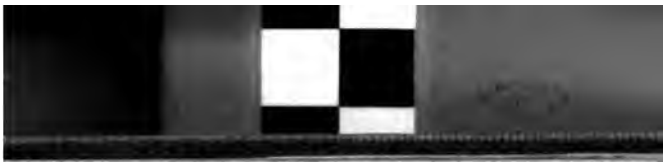


room, in order to descend by degrees from the elevated temperature to which we had so long been exposed. The same place which had felt so oppressively hot when we first entered it, now seemed like an ice-house, by contrast with the still hotter apartment which we had just left. In a few moments the attendants came and wrapped large napkins around our heads, and enveloped our bodies in warm dry cloths. When we had become sufficiently *cooled* to begin to feel the *heat* again, we slipped on our wooden shoes, and returning to the dressing-room, were bolstered up in bed in a sitting posture, and served with pipes, coffee, and lemonade. In half an hour the clothes were changed, and in about an hour, the heat and perspiration were so far gone, as to permit us to venture out with safety into the open air.

To the uninitiated, there is something rather disgusting, to say the least of it, in this mode of bathing; but persons become fond of it by habit, and if not too often repeated, it is very refreshing and renovating to the system. One feels delightfully supple and elastic for a day or two afterwards. The Turks carry it to great excess; so as frequently to injure their complexions, and debilitate their constitutions. The bath is not only resorted to as a favourite luxury, but is enjoined in many cases as a religious duty.

In the interior of the city is a large open space, called the *Etmeidan*, or place of meat, from its having formerly been appropriated to the distribution of rations among the Janizaries. Here these refractory subjects were in the habit of assembling, whenever they thought proper to mutiny, and here they assembled on the last memorable occasion in the summer of 1825. The Etmeidan will long be regarded in Constantinople with horror, and at the same time with exultation, as the scene of the final extinction of that turbulent and insolent body, which for centuries had dictated to the throne, and ruled the empire, and filled the capital with sedition, and riot, and conflagration, and bloodshed. It was in the Etmeidan.

that the stern energy of Mahmoud carried at length into execution that deeply hidden plan, which he had been silently preparing and maturing ever since his accession to the throne, for the subjection or the extermination of this obnoxious and detested corps. By a liberal distribution of purses and bow-strings, he had gradually succeeded in winning over the more tractable among the officers, and in removing the stubborn and unmanageable beyond the power of thwarting his views. He had even conquered their ancient prejudices so far, as to obtain their consent to furnish a hundred and fifty men from each *orta*, or regiment, to be organised and disciplined after the European manner. This was an experiment full of difficulty and danger, and one which, a few years before, had cost Selim III. his life: in renewing it, therefore, Mahmoud very wisely avoided the unpopular appellation of *Nizam-geddidi*, or new regulars, which Selim had given to his ill-fated corps, and by adopting the name of *Nizam-attic*, or old regulars, which seemed to indicate something already sanctioned by former usage, succeeded at first in blinding the eyes of the Janizaries to the real character of the innovation thus artfully introduced among them. It was not long, however, before they saw through the disguise of the name, and discovered that the discipline imposed upon them was nothing less than the abominable tactics of the *Giaours*, which they regarded with such religious abhorrence. The Sultan perceived the symptoms of discontent which broke out among them, and finding it impossible to *reform*, resolved at last to *destroy*. The preparations for the dreadful blow were all arranged with admirable judgment and foresight: a large quantity of arms and ammunition were secretly got together, the corps of *Topgis*, or Cannoniers, were enlisted on the Sultan's side, the co-operation of the Ulemas was secured, and the Agas Pasha of Yenikeui was directed to assemble and hold in readiness, near the city, a large body of troops upon whose fidelity he could depend, to march the moment the signal



should be given. The mine was now completed, and nothing remained, but to lay, and fire the train. It was for this very purpose, there is reason to believe, that a grand review of the *Nizam-attics* was ordered to take place in the Etmeidan, on the 15th of June, in presence of the Sultan himself and the principal officers of the empire. It would seem, that Mahmoud foresaw, from the growing manifestations of discontent which were visible, that a grand rebellion of the Janizaries must, sooner or later, inevitably break forth, and that he therefore purposely contrived the incident which finally led to it, in order to bring it about without any previous concert, and at a time when he was fully on his guard to meet it. On the fourteenth of the month, the day preceding that appointed for the review, the troops were called out, to undergo a preparatory exercise; and it was on this occasion, that the terrible explosion took place. The spark was applied by an Egyptian officer, who struck one of the soldiers belonging to his corps, for expressing, in a disorderly manner, his dissatisfaction at the introduction of the new system. Nothing more was wanting, to fire in an instant the inflammable spirits of the whole body of troops, who had for some time been only waiting for a pretext and an opportunity, to rise in open rebellion against the odious reforms of the Sultan. They started with a unanimous impulse from their ranks, mingled together in wild confusion and uproar, and setting themselves in motion with furious shouts and yells, rushed through the streets in a resistless torrent, plundering and insulting, with indiscriminate violence, all that fell in their way. They directed their course, in the first instance, towards the house of their Agas, who had been a zealous promoter of the new system, and whom they naturally singled out, therefore, as the first object of their vengeance; but their intended victim had provided in time for the emergency, and had removed to a place of safety, not only his own person, but the most valuable part of his harem, and other moveable treasure. They found,

however, his *Kehaya*, or Lieutenant, whom they butchered in the most cruel manner,—penetrated into the harem, where they committed outrages not to be mentioned,—and concluded by demolishing and destroying every thing upon which they could lay their hands. They then resumed their tumultuous march, increasing in fury as they advanced, tearing off, and trampling in the dirt, and spitting upon their uniforms, those accursed signs of their humiliation, and in this manner arrived at length at the palace of the Porte, where they halted for the second time. After ransacking and defacing the building, securing what plunder they could find, and committing to the flames the records and archives of the empire, they poured again into the square of the Etmeidan, from which they had first sallied forth.

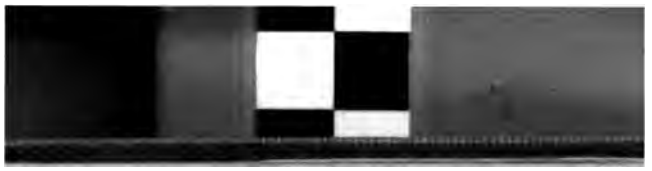
The number of the insurgents had, in the mean time, been constantly and rapidly swelling, by the accession of their comrades of the old *regime*, and an infuriated rabble, such as, at Constantinople, is always ready to join the standard of sedition. On arriving in the square, the Janizaries inverted their rice kettles, and began to beat them and call upon their blessed patron, the canonized Dervis Hadgi Bektash, according to their usual method of proclaiming their defiance of the Sultan's power. While all these events were transpiring in the city, the stern Mahmoud was at his summer residence, a short distance up the Bosphorus, surrounded by the members of his Divan, and all the principal officers of church and state, whom he summoned to a grand council, the moment the news of the insurrection reached his ears. He was not taken unawares; all the means of accomplishing his designs were at hand,—the *Topgis* were waiting for the signal to move,—the Agas Pasha and his army were within call,—and the *Bostangis* were on the alert within the Seraglio: he resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to improve the critical moment. He accordingly announced to the council his firm determination, either to quell forever the turbulent spirit



of the Janizaries, or perish in the attempt; and proposed to them, to try the experiment of displaying the sacred standard of the Prophet—a venerated relic, which was never brought forth but in cases of the most extreme urgency, and had not been exhibited for upwards of fifty years. This proposal being received with the concurrence of the whole council, the Agas Pasha and Topgi Bashi were ordered to the city with their respective corps, and the Sultan, with his court, proceeded immediately to the Seraglio, and from thence to the imperial mosque of Achmed, where the banner of the Prophet was solemnly displayed, in presence of the assembled multitude; the Sultan and Mufti pronouncing, at the same time, the curse of Heaven upon all who should refuse to rally round it, and proclaiming the dissolution, at once and forever, of the rebellious corps of Janizaries. Before resorting, however, to forcible measures, several messengers of rank were despatched to the insurgents, with offers of the Sultan's gracious forgiveness, if they would peaceably return to their allegiance. The answer was given, by putting to death the bearers of the insulting message, and demanding the heads of all the leading innovators upon the established institutions of the empire. Mahmoud now spoke the word, having first obtained the religious sanction of the Mufti's approbation, and the doom of the Janizaries was sealed. The Agas Pasha marched immediately to the Etmeidan, with a force estimated at sixty thousand men, and surrounded the square on every side, placing the artillery in front. The insurgents, finding themselves thus suddenly hemmed in, and exposed to certain destruction, made a general and tremendous rush towards one of the streets opening upon the square, calling loudly upon the name of the Prophet for protection. For a moment, the *Topgis* hesitated at the sight of the approaching torrent; until one of their officers, more resolute than the rest, at length broke the awful suspense, by stepping boldly up to one of the guns, and firing his pistol over the priming. This

discharge was immediately followed by another, and the panic-struck multitude recoiled in horrid confusion upon the square. Both of the guns were loaded with grape shot, and the havoc which they committed was terrific: hundreds were at once cut down, and the troops, pouring in from every direction, continued the work of slaughter so long as a victim remained. Many of the devoted wretches, urged on by the fury of despair, succeeded in forcing their way to the neighbouring barracks; but it was only to defer their fate a few moments longer. The building was set on fire, cannon were planted before the gates, and every avenue of escape was filled up with the Sultan's troops, and with the mob which had been drawn together by the exhibition of the sacred banner. Some were burned to death, others were killed in jumping from the windows, and others were hewn down by the vollies of grape shot, which were incessantly raking the entrances. For the two following days the gates of the city were kept shut, excepting a single one for the admission of the people from the vicinity, who flocked in crowds to the mosque of Achmed, to gratify their curiosity, and stimulate their faith, by a sight of the holy relic. During this period, such of the Janizaries as had survived the great day of slaughter, were dragged forth from their lurking places, and the most of them strangled, or otherwise destroyed: a few were imprisoned for life, and a body of Asiatics were mercifully condemned to exile, and driven away in total destitution, to languish and perish by the way. The remains of those that were slain were dragged through the streets and thrown into the water; and such was the accumulation for several days, of mangled and putrifying carcasses off the point of the Seraglio, that boats were sometimes impeded in their progress, and found difficulty in extricating themselves from the floating masses of corruption.

The scene of this horrid and revolting butchery presented, at the period when I visited it, a melancholy and affecting



picture of desolation. The barracks, and the houses of the citizens for some distance around, which were involved in the destructive conflagration, lay still in ruins; and among the blackened stones and heaps of rubbish, the bones of those that perished were in some places visible.

I now come to the greatest, by far, of all the curiosities of Constantinople; I allude to that most exalted of mortals, *whose decrees are as inevitable as those of fate*, his Sublime Majesty, the Padisha of the Ottomans—the brother of the Sun, and cousin of the Moon, (and uncle, for aught I know, of all the planets,)—the vicegerent of the Prophet—the Prince of the Potentates of the earth—the dispenser of the crowns of the universe, &c. &c. &c.* Of this august and mysterious being, I obtained a glorious vision in the person of Mahmoud II., during one of those periodical visits, which, in compliance with the sacred usage of the empire, he pays every Friday morning to the mosque, both to set an example of piety to his people, and to offer up his powerful prayers in their behalf. I was so fortunate as to get a position in the foremost rank of the crowd, and close to the gate of the seraglio, where I could enjoy an unobstructed view of the whole procession, as it slowly defiled before me. First came a party of *Bostangis*, in their ordinary costume, some on foot carrying cushions and cloths for the service, others riding on horseback; then another division of them on foot, dressed in green gowns richly embroidered with gold, and burnished helmets crowned with immensely high coloured plumes, spreading out in the form of a fan, like those carried by the side of the Pope on occasions of high solemnity. Next followed about twenty superb led horses, magnificently caparisoned, and each attended by three grooms, one at the head

* I regret that I am unable to give verbatim the titles of the Sultan, but they run very much in this style.

and one upon either side. Then came the Sultan himself, mounted on a noble Arabian of almost immaculate whiteness, with housings glittering with gold and jewels and nearly sweeping the ground. His highness wore a plain pelisse of orange coloured cloth, with a broad cape of sable hanging over his shoulders, and a graceful head-piece, composed of a *kavouk* of light blue cloth, and an exquisitely folded *sarek** of fine white muslin, ornamented in front with a star and crescent of brilliants and a single brown plume. He is a man about forty-five years of age, of a majestic form and carriage, and handsome features, with the exception of his nose, which is rather ungracefully turned up at the end. His cheeks are somewhat sunken, his complexion is unusually dark and sallow, approaching very nearly to an olive colour, and his beard, of the blackest jet. An expression of studied dignity sat upon his countenance; his head was thrown back with a lofty and imperious air; his brow was knit, and his eye glanced rapidly from side to side, but it looked at no one; it condescended not to notice the vile multitude around. He sat immoveably erect in the saddle, managing his mettled steed without any visible effort, as if almost unconscious of the snorting, and prancing, and curveting of the impatient animal. The moment his Sublimity issued from the gate, the band struck up a march from *Moses in Egypt*, the soldiery, who were drawn up in two opposite lines from the palace to the mosque, presented arms and inclined their bodies forward, the horsemen bent their heads to the saddle-bow, and all the people made a low and reverent obeisance. A short distance behind the Sultan, rode the *Kislar Agas*, or chief of the black eunuchs; a great ox of a fellow, about seventy years old,

* The *kavouk* is a sort of cap, shaped something like the crown of a hat, which forms the foundation of the turbans worn by the Turkish grandees. The *sarek* is the cloth wound around it.

and as hideous a piece of deformity as I ever beheld. He was richly dressed, and mounted on a fine horse, and evidently seemed to consider himself the greatest man in the procession. He bowed and waved his hand from side to side, with as complacent an air as his sour and wrinkled visage was capable of assuming, and the people saluted him with a homage almost as profound as that which they paid to the Sultan himself. He was followed by eight or ten of his tribe, all in white turbans and splendidly mounted. Next in order rode the *Selikdar*, or sword-bearer, the *Chiokadar*, or cloak-bearer, and other officers of distinction, carrying upon their arms several gorgeous turbans, one of which was made to bow to the people in behalf of the Grand Seignor, and was saluted, as it passed along, in the most humble and reverential manner; for his Imperial Majesty is too stiff-necked, to bow to his vassals in person. Last of all came a superb cavalcade of several hundred chamberlains and other officers of the palace. The procession returned from the mosque in the same order, and the royal priest brought up the rear, seated upon a splendid Arabian, and displaying various feats of horsemanship for the entertainment of the admiring multitude. After all had re-entered the seraglio, an officer went round with a portfolio, and received a number of petitions; for this is the privileged day of the week, when every one has a right to lay his grievances before the throne. Whether or no he obtains redress, "is as thereafter may be."

A few days before I left Constantinople, a great excitement was produced among the people by the sudden appearance of a Dervis, covered with a black veil, and seated upon one of the altars of St. Sophia, with a cup of water on one side of him and a dish of dates on the other. Both night and day he maintained his position, without ever lying down to sleep, and taking no nourishment, during the whole twenty-four hours, but a single date and a single swallow of water. When questioned as to the object of his singular

visit, he merely replied, "Wait till the end of forty days;" and no persuasion could prevail upon him to utter a syllable more than this. Various surmises were formed among different classes of persons, to explain the perplexing mystery. The Franks imagined it to be a trick of the government, to gain credence for some prophecy which they intended to put into the Dervis' mouth, in order to work upon the religious feelings of the people, and inspire them with confidence respecting the result of the approaching war. Among the vulgar Greeks, a notion prevailed, that the ominous stranger was one of the saints whose picture adorned the walls of St. Sophia when it was a Christian temple, and that he had returned to life to communicate some important revelation; dressing himself in black, on account of its being Passion week. What was the result of the affair, or whether the dates and the patience of the Dervis held out till the end of the forty days, I have never been able to learn.

Another event of deep interest, which was much talked of at this time, was the departure of a deputation of Greeks for the Morea, to endeavour to recall their revolted countrymen to their allegiance. They were sent by the Sultan's command, and carried extorted letters from the Patriarch and Synod of Constantinople, recommending to the rebels, to embrace the overtures of reconciliation, which their sovereign was in mercy extending to them. He most generously offered them a number of magnificent presents, to induce them to return beneath his parental authority; viz. all the tribute which they owed since the commencement of their insurrection, and an exemption from all taxes for one year after their submission! In addition to this, he promised them a forgetfulness of their past ingratitude, and a free pardon to all who should surrender themselves to his clemency. The infatuated Greeks were nevertheless unmoved by the vast condescension of the Sultan, and perversely rejected all his gracious and disinterested proposals.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE is, in one respect, like a certain place described by Virgil; it is an easy matter enough to get into it, but a very different thing to get out of it. This difficulty I only discovered, when I came to apply for a firman to return by land to Smyrna, and was informed, to my great surprise and disappointment, that all applications of the kind had been for some time refused. The prospect of being able to retreat by water was equally discouraging; for all vessels, of whatsoever nation, and whithersoever bound, were detained as the Sultan's lawful prisoners, until his Omnipotence should think proper to liberate them. None had for a long time been allowed to enter the Black Sea, except upon condition of bringing the Sultan, in return, a cargo of grain at his own prices: a number from Odessa, loaded principally with tallow, had been waiting for months, for permission to pass the Dardanelles; and even some, which were entirely empty, had been detained for several weeks, without any sort of pretext. At length, however, two English brigs, bound for Smyrna in ballast, obtained their firmans by a present to the Dragoman of the Porte, and I engaged my passage in one of them, called the Tula; but it was not without repeated and wearisome applications, the result of which seemed for some days extremely doubtful, that I succeeded at last in procuring the necessary *teskaree*, or passport. There was reason indeed to apprehend a detention of all Christians, as pledges for the good behaviour of the European sovereigns. As I was about crossing over one day from the city to Galata, in company with a party of

Franks, an officer cried out to the boatman, not aware of our having an interpreter with us, "keep your eyes open—mind and not carry them on board of any vessel." These words sounded in my ears very like a death warrant, or, at least, a sentence of imprisonment; especially when I called to mind some disclosures which I had thoughtlessly made, respecting my mission to Greece, in presence of a young English renegade, who was in the service of the Capitan Pasha as Dragoman, and was supposed to be employed by his master as a spy. It was with the feelings, therefore, of a captive escaped from his dungeon, that I found myself safely embarked on board of a swift and beautiful vessel, and saw the proud structures of Constantinople rapidly fading away in the distance.

We descended the Dardanelles with a light breese, which died entirely away just before we reached the castles. We drifted down, however, with the current, without attracting any notice until we came nearly opposite to the second Asiatic castle. Here a flash and a column of smoke were sent forth, and a loud unintelligible shout was raised; but as this was not the regular visiting place, we concluded, at first, that the signal must be intended, not for us, but for some of the other fortresses. The shouts, however, continued to grow louder and louder, and the discharge of a musket left no longer any doubt, that the object of all the uproar was to bring us to. The weather being perfectly calm, and the water very deep, it was utterly impossible, either to heave to or cast anchor; but these circumstances, of course, never entered into the consideration of the garrison, who were probably all ignorant landsmen, and saw nothing to prevent a ship from standing still or turning round at pleasure, in any weather and in any water. Fearing, therefore, the consequences of enraging them, by totally neglecting their orders, I advised the captain to send the boat ashore with his papers. This gentleman was a sturdy little Englishman, of the real John Bull school, full of the naval pride of his countrymen, and the rash courage

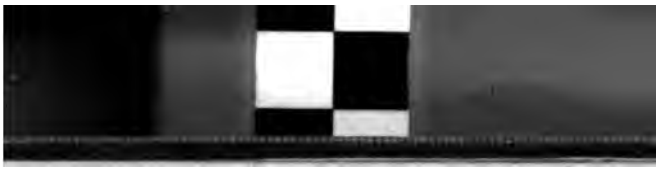


peculiarly incident to his profession. He began to talk about the justice of the case, and, as if a Turkish garrison were a court of equity, said they had no right to stop him at that castle, and he'd be d—d if he'd take any notice of the blackguards. At length, however, after much persuasion and expostulation, he yielded so far as to lower the boat and bring her alongside; but still refused pertinaciously to send her ashore. We were by this time abreast of the castle, and within so short a distance, as distinctly to hear the garrison ordering us in Greek and Italian to come to anchor. Finding all their signals and commands misunderstood or disregarded, they now resorted to a more intelligible language than either Greek or Italian, and deputed one of their big guns to be the spokesman. The voice of this deep-mouthed messenger shook, in some slight degree, the nerves of our doughty little captain, and he hastily despatched the boat with his firman and other credentials, together with a Greek boy as an interpreter, protesting lustily, at the same time, against the outrageous imposition. An officer came down to meet the boat, in a perfect paroxysm of rage, storming, and stamping, and beating the air, like a maniac; he dealt upon us all the anathemas with which his language abounds, refused to look at the papers or hear a word of explanation, and ordered us peremptorily to come to anchor. The reason for this departure from the common practice was probably some apprehension, that, as it was near night and there was no wind, we might not reach the lower castle before dark, and might perhaps attempt to pass on without undergoing the customary examination. But the boat had scarcely returned, when a fresh breeze sprang up on a sudden from the northward. The New Albion, a vessel which was sailing in company with us, and was on the other side of the straits, having taken the wind before us, was running down under full sail, and fast shooting ahead of us. The gallant Captain Coutts could not submit to this odious partiality. "They have no more right to stop

me than her!" he exclaimed—swore he wouldn't lose so fine a breeze for all the castles in Turkey—and instantly ordered all sail to be set. Then turning boldly towards the castle, "Let them fire, if they dare, upon the English flag!" he cried aloud, in a tone of magnanimous defiance, as the canvass swelled out, and the vessel began to dash rapidly through the water. The garrison, all the while, stood raving upon the battlements, looking after us with furious shouts and menacing gestures, but still hesitating to fire; for the case was not a very clear one, and they well knew, as our valorous captain observed, "that the British flag was a thing not to be trifled with." By steering close under the shore, we got out of the range of their guns, before they had time to take counsel together, as to the measures it was most expedient to adopt.

After the peril was past, we all applauded the resolute intrepidity of Captain Coutts, though, at the same time, we could not but censure him for the foolish exposure which he had made of our lives. If indeed it had been broad daylight, and the weather perfectly clear, and the *Topgis* perfectly cool and collected, so as to have been able to fire with a steady aim, the experiment would have been excusable; for the Turkish cannoniers are such extraordinary marksmen, that they are almost certain to miss, when they take deliberate aim. But to think of encountering the tremendous risk of random shots, which might so easily have strayed towards the mark in a hazy atmosphere, just as night was coming on, and under circumstances which were sure to throw the *Topgis* into confusion and trepidation, was a temerity, of which no man in his sober senses would ever have been guilty!

We lay to at the old castle of Asia to receive the usual visit, and were boarded by the Agas, as on our voyage up the straits. The old gentleman was as fat and good-natured as ever, notwithstanding the severe privations of the *Ramazan*, under which he had been suffering since our first acquaintance. He begged a bottle of Jamaica, to celebrate the *Baïram*.



which was to commence that very evening, and bidding us a hearty farewell, lowered his ponderous bulk with difficulty down the side of the vessel, and took his seat cross-legged on the lofty poop of his barge. The completion of the important ceremony was announced by the discharge of half a dozen heavy guns from the Asiatic fortress, which were answered by an equal number from the European side. Another longer and louder peal of artillery, proclaimed shortly afterwards the opening of the *Baïram*.*

Below the castles, we saw the brig Delos, of Boston, lying at anchor, waiting for the arrival of a firman to enable her to proceed up to Constantinople. The firman was shortly afterwards received, and she accomplished her voyage in safety; being the first American *merchantman*† that had ever passed the Dardanelles under the national flag.

* The feast of the *Baïram* commences with the moon *Chuval*, which immediately follows the *Ramazan*, and continues three days. "If the cloudy weather hinders their discerning the new moon," says Tournefort, in his quaint style, "they keep back the festival one day; but if the clouds continue, they suppose there ought to be a new moon, and kindle bonfires in the streets." On the first day the Sultan repairs early in the morning to one of the royal mosques, accompanied by the ministers and other great officers, civil and military, and a numerous and pompous retinue, comprehending all the splendour and magnificence of his court. On his return to the seraglio, he holds a grand levee, receives the homage of the great ones of the empire, and distributes presents among them. There is preaching in all the mosques, and after sermon the following hymn is sung; "Salvation and blessing upon thee, Mahomet, the friend of God! Salvation and blessing upon thee, Jesus Christ, the breath of God! Salvation and blessing upon thee, Moses, the familiar of God! Salvation and blessing upon thee, David, the monarch established by God! Salvation and blessing upon thee, Solomon, the faithful servant of God! Salvation and blessing upon thee, Noah, who wast saved by the grace of God! Salvation and blessing upon thee, Adam, the purity of God!"

† One of our ships of war was at Constantinople in the year 1801. Dr.

On our arrival at Smyrna, we found that the long expected news of the declaration of war by Russia, had just been re-

Clarke, who was there at the time, gives the following interesting description of this novel occurrence:

"The arrival of an American frigate, for the first time, at Constantinople, caused considerable sensation, not only among the Turks, but also throughout the whole diplomatic corps stationed at Pera. This ship, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, came from Algiers, with a letter and presents from the Dey to the Sultan and Capudan Pasha. The presents consisted of tigers and other animals, sent with a view to conciliate the Turkish government, whom the Dey had offended. When she came to an anchor, and a message went to the Porte that an American frigate was in the harbour, the Turks were altogether unable to comprehend where the country was situated whose flag they were to salute. A great deal of time was therefore lost in settling this important point, and in considering how to receive the stranger. In the mean time we went on board, to visit the captain; and were sitting with him in his cabin, when a messenger came from the Turkish government, to ask whether America were not otherwise called the New World; and being answered in the affirmative, assured the captain that he was welcome, and would be treated with the utmost cordiality and respect. The messengers from the Dey were then ordered on board of the Capudan Pasha's ship; who, receiving the letter from their sovereign with great rage, first spat, and then stamped upon it; telling them to go back to their master, and inform him, that he would be served after the same manner, whenever the Turkish Admiral met him. Captain Bainbridge was however received with every mark of attention, and rewarded with magnificent presents. The fine order of his ship and the healthy state of her crew, became topics of general conversation in Pera; and the different ministers strove who should first receive him in their palaces. We accompanied him in his long boat to the Black sea, as he was desirous of hoisting there, for the first time, the American flag; and upon his return, were amused by a very singular entertainment at his table during dinner. Upon the four corners were as many decanters, containing fresh water from the four quarters of the globe. The natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, sat down together at the same table, and were regaled with flesh, fruit, bread, and other viands; while, of every article, a sample from each quarter of the globe was presented at the same time."



ceived. A number of Russian residents, apprehensive that some violence might be attempted against them, immediately sought refuge among the ships of war in the harbour; but a firman arrived a few days afterwards from Constantinople, cautioning the people against committing any injury, either upon the persons or property of peaceable Russian subjects. This zealous observance of the rules of civilized warfare on the part of a Turk, and especially a Turk like Sultan Mahmoud, whose life has been marked by so many acts of diabolical cruelty and ferocity, is certainly a phenomenon of the most singular nature. What are the motives which have influenced him in this sudden change of policy, it is difficult to determine. Perhaps he has grown more tender-hearted of late; perhaps he has become satiated at last with blood; or perhaps (which is the most probable supposition) he fears to exasperate the Christian governments of Europe, in the present critical situation of his empire.

With respect to his own liege subjects, however, he still reserves to himself the right of being as cruel and arbitrary as he pleases. We found that the persecutions against the Armenian Catholics, which had been carried on at Constantinople with such relentless rigour, were about commencing at Smyrna. During the winter a decree was issued, requiring those who were established in the capital, either to conform to the true Armenian faith, or to leave the city, and retire with their families into the interior of Anatolia. The great body of them chose rather to encounter all the horrors of expatriation, than to submit to such a tyrannical invasion of their religious liberty. They were accordingly obliged to abandon their possessions, and to undertake in the midst of winter a long and fatiguing journey through an inhospitable region, without any of the ordinary conveniences for travelling, and almost without the means of procuring the bare necessaries of life. Many of the women and children, it is said, actually

perished on the way. Not even the liberty of choosing the place of their exile was allowed them. The sentence would have been tolerable, if they had been permitted to transfer their abode to some favourable place, where they might have resumed their occupations and retrieved their calamities; but even this poor privilege was denied them. The Sultan wanted money, and the depopulated regions of Anatolia wanted inhabitants: there and there only must they go, to perish through cold, and privation, and fatigue, or drag out a wretched and forlorn existence in the midst of poverty and disgrace. Their priests were shipped on board of some crazy Ionian vessels, and sent off to the Archipelago, as if from the purely malicious desire of depriving the people in their exile of the ministers of their religion. The number of these unfortunate beings, thus barbarously torn from their homes and cast adrift upon the world, amounted to between ten and twenty thousand.

A firman had now arrived, proposing to their brethren in Smyrna a similar alternative. They were in great tribulation, and some of their most influential men had been to the Pasha, to attempt to avert the stroke. He was a man of some reason and humanity, and promised to write to Constantinople and see what could be done in their behalf. What was the final result, I have never heard; but it was hoped that the intercession of the Pasha, aided by a present of a few hundred thousand piastres, might possibly soften the heart of the Sultan, and prevail upon him to recall the cruel decree. If such a decree should be carried into execution, the commerce of the place would be completely at a stand; for nearly all the brokers, through whose agency the merchants are under the necessity of buying and selling and transacting all their out door business, belong to this persecuted sect; and if they should be driven away, it would be no easy matter, at least for some time to come, to find any substitutes qualified to take



their place. The Porte, with their usual stupidity, were thus meditating a blow, which would inevitably rebound upon their own heads; which would be severely felt in the stagnation of trade in their principal commercial mart, and the consequent dimunition of one of the most important branches of their revenue. The prime mover and adviser of these unfeeling and impolitic persecutions was supposed to be the Grand Visier; who, it is said, was originally an Armenian slave, and naturally partook, therefore, of that rancorous hostility, which prevails among the true Armenians against the heretical sect.

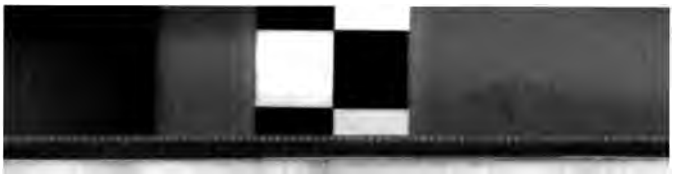
This is not the only step which the Sultan has latterly been taking towards his own ruin. Twice within a single year, he called in and adulterated the coin, in such a manner that twenty piastres, of nominal value, became intrinsically worth only twelve. The effect of so great and sudden a depreciation of the circulating medium upon the commerce of the country, may be easily imagined. But he is in such a desperate extremity for want of money, that he will not hesitate to resort to any shift, that may afford him a momentary relief from his embarrassments. Of all nations that make any pretensions to civilization, the Turks are probably the worst political economists; and even the great Mahmoud, with all the genius and intelligence which he undoubtedly possesses, appears to be little more enlightened upon this subject than the rest of his countrymen. He has acted like the silly fool, in the fable of *the goose with the golden eggs;* he has destroyed nearly all the wealthy Greeks and Armenians, upon whom he could lay his hands, in order to grasp all their treasures at once; and has thus deprived himself of a class of men, whose enterprising spirit and habits of industry rendered them the very life and soul of the capital, and a constant source of revenue to the country. In this respect, however, he has only imitated the blind policy of his predecessors and of his countrymen generally; who, to use the language of one brought up in the midst of them, "instead of

going back to the sources of wealth, have never ceased to act in opposition to their own interests, and to seek money alone, the last link in the chain of riches."*

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Camilla and Samos, two beautiful brigs of Boston, presenting a fine opportunity for returning to America, I took passage in the latter, and sailed from Smyrna in the early part of May. The U. S. ship Lexington had engaged to escort us through the piratical ground; but as she was prevented, by the severe illness of Captain Booth, from fulfilling her engagement at the appointed time, and it was uncertain how soon she would be able to sail, we placed ourselves under the protection of the Smyrna Packet, an English merchant brig carrying eight guns, the captain of which very politely consented to keep company with us through the Archipelago, and promised to stand by us in the hour of peril, if peril were destined to overtake us. The Camilla and Samos each carried two large guns, besides a *quantum sufficit* of muskets, boarding pikes, &c, ; so that we felt ourselves quite invincible. The honest Captain Bale of the Packet, elated at the idea of having two American vessels under his convoy, assumed all the dignity and importance of a commander of a squadron, and communicated to us with due ceremony the various signals by which he intended to make known his orders. To humour his vanity, we dubbed him with the title

* Jakobakes Rizos



of commodore, and submitted ourselves implicitly to his direction.

Our little fleet set sail on one of the brightest days of an Ionian spring, and soon lost sight of Smyrna. Off Ipsara we were becalmed near a schooner of a very disagreeable physiognomy, which, we made no question, was a professed pirate; for she was brimful of men, and the greater part of them were skulking behind the bulwarks to avoid observation, as could be seen from the mast-head of our vessel; but thinking probably that we were more than a match for her, she very prudently declined meddling with us. The next afternoon, between Andros and Negropont, another armed schooner, showing Ionian colours, bore down upon us from the southward, in a manner that excited our suspicions very strongly. On approaching within a few hundred yards of us, she hauled up her courses, and was evidently preparing for some developement of her intentions, when our valiant commodore, instead of avoiding the attack, ran gallantly in upon her, with a man of war's ensign and pennant flying, ports up, and every thing contrived to cut as martial a figure as possible. A wolf about to pounce upon a lamb, could hardly be more surprised to see his victim suddenly matamorphosed into a tiger, and springing to the attack instead of turning to flee, than our bold assailant, upon finding she had thus caught a Tartar. She instantly made sail again, and passed us rapidly before the wind, in manifest confusion and alarm. The commodore pursued her, and commanded her to give an account of herself. She said she was from Candia, bound to Salonica. He was now convinced, beyond all doubt, that she was a pirate, for her deck was crowded with men, and he recollected having seen her only a week before in Smyrna. As a parting piece of advice, therefore, he fearlessly let fly at her a volley of grapeshot, which cut away her peak halliards and main boom, and must inevitably have committed some havoc among her crew. Instead, however, of returning the fire,



they only endeavoured to make good their escape, and applied themselves with all haste to getting in their trisail and boom, which had fallen over the side, and were dragging in the water. We left them to repair damages in the best manner they were able, and continued on our course.

The next afternoon, not far from the same spot, (for we had made very little headway,) our suspicions were again raised by the movements of a *mystiko* under Greek colours. She appeared first near the mainland, stood to the southward, then crossed over to Zea, remained under the island for some time, and finally returned to the main again, towing astern of her two large boats. These mysterious movements indicated that there was something in the wind, and induced us to keep a strict watch during the night. It was not long before we perceived the necessity of this vigilance. It was late at night —we were in the passage between Cape Colonna and Zea— I was in my birth, and had just fallen asleep—when I was startled by the cry of "a boat! a boat! all hands on deck!" I ran hastily above, and was just able to discern a large boat, which, under cover of the extreme darkness of the night, had silently come up astern of us unobserved, and was then abreast of us, almost within pistol shot. We fired a musket to give the alarm to our companions, and hailed the boat; but no answer was returned. Our pilot told them in Greek to stand off immediately, or we should fire into them: still not a syllable of reply was given, and the boat refused to budge. We now discharged a musket towards her. All remained silent for a few moments, till at length a voice cried out, that they were no robbers, but a party of harmless fishermen. They then stood off a little, but not enough to satisfy us respecting their intentions. Our gallant protector, who was at first on the other side of us, had by this time come round, and after another fruitless warning, fired at them one of his big guns, loaded with a round shot and a number of grape. The former evidently missed, but we were unable to discover whether or



no any of the latter took effect. Finding we were in earnest, the people in the boat now set up a terrible cry, begging us not to fire again, first in Greek, and afterwards in broken English; saying, "No fire, captain—ver good man—ver good man." They immediately made off with all possible speed, and in a few moments we lost sight of them in the darkness.

The next morning we were at the mouth of the Saronic gulf. Cape Colonna, Helena,* (or Makronesi) Zea, and Negropont were behind us, Thermia and Serpho on our left, and on the right, Athens, Salamis, Ægina, Poros, Hydra, and all the other magnificent scenery of this classic region displayed for the last time to our view.

On arriving off Cerigo, the commodore made signal for us to heave to: we had now passed the dangerous ground, and he was going to take leave of us, being rather the fastest sailer. We gave him a letter of thanks for his escort, and parted company. Before night Greece was no longer visible: the last remnant of land that lingered above the horizon was the snow-clad summit of Taygetus.

*So called, because Helen was said to have landed there on her return from Troy.



APPENDIX.

No. I.

A MODERN GREEK ODE.

Ἑλλὰς ὡραία, γῆ δοξασμένη,
Μήτηρ Ἡρώων τε καὶ Θεῶν !
Τ' ἴσαισι οὕτως ἐκτεταλημμένη,
Κ' εἰς τόσην λύπην βεβυθισμένη,
Διὰ τὴν στῶσιν τῶν σῶν ναῶν ;
Παῦσον τῆς λύπης καὶ μὴ στενάζεις
Διὰ συμβὰν σοι τὸ δυσυχὲς.
Τὰ παρελθόντα μὴν ἐξετάζεις,
Ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἐλπίδα καὶ μὴ διεάζεις,
Τὸ μέλλον ἴσαι σοι εὐτυχὲς.
Μ' ὅλην σου ταύτην τὴν δυσυχίαν,
Μ' ὅλα τὰ πάθη σου τὰ σκληρὰ,
Μὲ τῶν ναῶν σου τὴν ἐρημίαν,
Τῶν Ἁγιασρῶν σου ἀποδημίαν,
Ἔμεινας πάντα Ἑλλὰς λαμπρὰ.
Σ' ὅλον τὸν κόσμον Σὺ τὰ σροικεῖα,
Ὡς τὸ σρὶν εἶχες, φέρεις καὶ νῦν,
Ὡς ἦσαν, εἶσαι μόνη καὶ μία,
Ἐξ ἧς ἀνέτειλεν ἡ σοφία,
Παντοῦ σροικεύσεις μὲ τὴν τιμὴν.
Διότι πᾶσα ἡ οἰκουμένη
Καὶ σιωπῶσα βοᾷ σρανῶς,
Διὰ σοῦ μόνης σεφωτισμένη
Ὅτι ὑπάρχει κ' εὐτυχισμένη,
Τὸ πᾶν κηρύττει τὸ σροφανῶς.
Ποία γῆ ἄλλη τῆς οἰκουμένης
Δύναται, ἄρα, νὰ καυχηθῇ,
Ὅτι σοφίας τῆς κεκρυμμένης,
Καὶ ἐκ σοῦ μόνον γεγεννημένης,
Μήτηρ ἠξίωται νὰ κληθῇ ;
Ποία γῆ ἄλλη, ἀρ', ἠξιώθη
Τοῦ νὰ γεννήσῃ, ὡς σὺ θεοὺς ;
Ποία σοὶ ἄλλη ἐξωμοιώθη,
Κ' ὡς σὺ, 'ς τὸν κόσμον ὅλον δηλώθη
Ὅσ' ἀθανάτους ἔσχεν υἱοὺς ;
Ποία, μητέρα, ἄλλη ἐκλήθη,



Ὡς σὺ ἐκλήθης μήτηρ μουσῶν ;
Ποῦ τις Ἀθήνη ἀλλοῦ γεννήθη,
Ποῦ τις Ἀπόλλων ἀλλοῦ ἐδείχθη,
Ὡς ἐκ τῶν ἕξω κόλπων τῶν σῶν ;
Ποῦ φιλοσόφων τεφημισμένων,
Ἀλλοῦ ἐδείχθη τόση πληθὺς ;
Ποῦ δὲ ῥητόρων ἐξηκουσμένων,
Ποῦ καὶ Ἡρώων ἐκθιασμένων,
Ἔλαμψε τόσον πλήθος εὐθύς ;
Ποίαν γῆν ἄλλην, ὡς σὲ, κολίζει
Ὄλυμπος, Πίνδος, καὶ Ἑλίκων ;
Κάναθος ἄλλη σοῦ ἀναβλύζει ;
Τίνος κοιλάδας ἄλλης ποτίζει
Πηγῶν σου ὕδωρ τῶν θεϊκῶν ;
Ποῦ καὶ χαρίτων τοσούτων θείων,
Ὡς τῶν ἐκεῖν σου τῶν φυσικῶν ;
Ἀλλαχοῦ πλῆθος βρύει μυρίων ;
Ποῦ ἄλλοῦ πνέει ἀὴρ γλυκίων,
Τοῦ, ἐκ σῶν κόλπων τῶν μητρικῶν
Ποίας γῆς ἄλλης θελκτικωτέρα
Γλῶσσα ὑπάρχει, καθὼς ἡ σὴ ;
Ἥτις ἐδείχθη ὡς ὑπερτέρα,
Κ' ἑκάστης ἄλλης ἐντελεστέρα,
Πλήρης ἡδύτητος καὶ χρυσὴ.
Διός' αἱ Μοῦσαι αὐτὴν λαλοῦσι.
Αὐτὴν ἐλάλουν καὶ οἱ θεοὶ·
Αὐτὴν καὶ ὅλοί ἀκολουθοῦσι,
Νὰ ἐκφρασθῶσιν ὅσοι ζητοῦσι,
Καθὼς σοῦ Κρόνου σου οἱ υἱοί.
Παῦσον τῆς λύπης καὶ μὴ ξενάζεις,
Παῦσον νὰ κλαίῃς, καὶ νὰ θρηνῇς·
Τὰ ὄμματά σου μὴν ἡσυχάζεις
Εἰς τὰ ἐρίπεια, μὴ κυττάζεις
Ἄπαυσως ταῦτα κ' ἀδημονεῖς.
Ἀλλ' ἄνω ῥέψον τὸν ὀφθαλμόν σου,
Κ' ἴδε ἀξέρα τὸν φασινόν·
Στρέψον καὶ ἴδε 'ς τὸν Ὄλυμπόν σου
Πῶς ὅλ' αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν ξέφανόν σου
Πλέκουν σπουδαίως νῦν, τὸν κλεινόν.
Ἴδ' ἀπὸ Ἄρκτον καὶ Μεσημβρίαν,
Πῶς ἀπὸ Δύσιν κ' Ἀνατολὴν,
Υἱοὶ σου σπεύδουν μὲ προθυμίαν,
Νὰ ἐπιστρέψουν πάλιν 'ς τὴν θείαν
Σὲ τὴν μητέρα τῶν τὴν καλὴν.
Ἡ τῶν Μουσῶν σου σάλπιγξ τους κράζει,
Μ' ἦχον τρανώτατον καὶ λαμπρὸν,
Ν' ἀναχωρήσουν αὐτοὺς προσάζει,



Πρὸς σὲ νὰ σπεύσουν τοὺς διατάζει,
Χωρὶς νὰ χάνουν πλέον καιρὸν.
Ὅθεν ἀνδρίζου, καὶ οἱ νεοί σου
Ἐν τάχει πάλιν Ἑλλὰς ἐγερθοῦν·
Πάντες οἱ ῥήτορες καὶ σοφοί σου
Οἱ λαμπροὶ ἄνδρες, κ' Ἡμίθεοί σου
Ἐν τάχει μέλλουν ν' ἀναηθοῦν.

II.

Η Ανεικυβερνητική Επιτροπή

Διακηρύττει πρὸς τὸ Πανελλήνιον.

Ἔφθασε κατὰ τὴν κοινὴν ἐπιθυμίαν καὶ ἔφεσιν ὁ Ἐξοχώτατος Κυβερνήτης της Ελλάδος εἰς τὴν προσωρινὴν καθέδραν τῆς Κυβερνήσεως· καὶ ἡμεῖς κατὰ τὸ ὑπ' Ἀριθ. Θ ψήφισμα της Γ' Ἐθνικης Συνελεύσεως ἀποθέντες σήμερον τὸ βαρὺ καὶ δυσβάστακτον δι' ἡμᾶς φορτίον, τὴν διεύθυνσιν τῶν πραγμάτων, κρίνομεν χρέος μας ἀπαραίτητον νὰ προσφέρωμεν χάριτας εὐγνωμοσύνης εἰς τὸ ἔθνος, τὸ ὁποῖον μᾶς ἔκρινεν ἀξίους της ἐμπιστοσύνης του.

Νομίζομεν ὅτι ἐκπληρώσαμεν τὰ χρέη μας, ὅσον αἱ δυνάμεις μας, τὰ πράγματα, καὶ αἱ περισάσεις μᾶς τὸ ἐσυγχώρησαν· ἂν δὲν κατωρθώθησαν ὅσα ἔπρεπε νὰ κατορθωθῶσιν ἂς μὴν ἀποδοθῇ τοῦτο εἰς προθυμίας ἔλειψιν, ἀλλ' εἰς τὴν ἀδυναμίαν μας, καὶ εἰς αὐτὴν τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν δεινὴν θέσιν.

Χαίρομεν ὅτι παραδίδομεν τὰς ἡνίας της κυβερνήσεως εἰς χεῖρας ἀνδρὸς σεβασμοῦ διὰ τὴν ἀρετὴν καὶ προτερήματά του, ἐμπείρου εἰς τὰ πράγματα, καὶ ἐν ἐνὶ λόγῳ τοιούτου, ὁποῖος μόνον ἐμπορῇ νὰ φέρῃ τὸ ἔθνος εἰς τὴν ἀπόλαυσιν τῶν ἀγαθῶν τῆς διὰ τοσούτων αἱμάτων ἀποκτηθείσης ἐλευθερίας του.

Ἕλληνες! δὲν εἶναι περιττὸν νὰ σᾶς ὑπενθυμίσωμεν ὅτι, ἂν ἄλλοτε ἦτον ἀναγκαία ἡ πρὸς τὴν Κυβέρνησιν καὶ τοὺς νόμους εὐσέβεια, ἤδη ἀπαραβίαστος εἶναι ἀναγκαιοτέρα· ὀφείλομεν νὰ ἀνεκλασιάσωμεν καὶ τὴν προθυμίαν, καὶ τὸν ζῆλόν μας, ὥστε ὑπηγούμενοι ἀπὸ τοιοῦτον συνετὸν καὶ ἔμπειρον ἄνδρα νὰ δυνηθῶμεν τέλος πάντων νὰ ἀπολαύσωμεν τοὺς καρποὺς τῶν ἐνταίστων ἀγώνων μας.

τῇ 12 Ἰαννουαρίου 1828, Αἴγινα.

Ἡ Ἀνεικυβερνητικὴ Ἐπιτροπή.
Γεώργιος Μαυρομιχάλης.
Ἰωάνν. Μ. Μιλαΐτης.
Ἰωαννοβλης Νάκος.
Ὁ ἐπὶ τῶν Ἐσωτερ. καὶ της Ἀσυνομ.
Γραμματεὺς της Ἐπικρατείας
Ἀναστάσιος Λόντος.



III.

Ο ΚΥΒΕΡΝΗΤΗΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ

Προς τὴν Βουλὴν.

Αἱ μεταξύ μας ἀποξέχωροι μὲν, ἀλλ' ἐλεύθεροι κ' ἔντιμοι ἐξηγήσεις, περὶ τῆς παρούσης ἀξιοδακρύτου θέσεως τῆς Ἑλλάδος, καὶ ἡ εἰσήμος διακοίνωσις τῶν 17 τοῦ παρόντος, τὴν ὁποίαν μ' ἔκαμεν ἡ Βουλὴ, δὲν μὲ συγχωροῦν πλέον ν' ἀμφιβάλλω περὶ τῆς ἀπαραιτήτου ἀνάγκης νὰ δεχθῶ τὰ μέτρα τὰ γνωστοποιούμενα διὰ τῶν ἐγκεκλεισμένων ἐγγράφων.

Γενόμενοι μέτοχοι, ὡς ἐλπίζω, τῆς κατὰ τοῦτο πεποιθήσεώς μου, θέλετε συμμεθέξει καὶ τῆς θλίψεως, τὴν ὁποίαν αἰσθάνομαι, διότι ἡ ἐν Τροιζῆνι συνέλευσις δὲν σᾶς ἐφωδίασε μὲ τὰς ἀποχρώσας δυνάμεις, διὰ νὰ ἔχετε τὴν ἐξουσίαν νὰ κυρώσετε τὴν κατάστασιν τῆς Προσωρινῆς Κυβερνήσεως, ἥτις μόνη μὲ φαίνεται, ὅτι δύναται νὰ προφυλάξῃ τὴν Πατρίδα μας ἀπὸ τοὺς ἐπικειμένους κινδύνους, μὲ τοὺς ὁποίους ἡ ἀνεστῶσα κρίσις τὴν ἐπαπειλεῖ.

Ἡ θλῖψις μου ἐν τοσούτῳ θέλει μετριασθῆ, ἐὰν ὑμεῖς ὡς πολῖται τιμηθέντες μὲ τὴν ἐμπιστοσύνην τῶν συμπολιτῶν σας κρίνετε, ὡς ἐγὼ, ὅτι εἶν' ἀδύνατον ν' ἀποφασίσω ἀλλέως, χωρὶς νὰ λείψω ἀπ' ὅλα μου τὰ χρέη, καὶ συγχρόνως νὰ κατασταθήσω εἰς κίνδυνον τὰ οὐσιωδέστατα συμφέροντα τῆς Ἑλλάδος.

Ἐὰν ἔχετε τοιαύτην πεποίθησιν, δὲν θέλετε ἀρνηθῆ τὴν ψῆφόν σας εἰς τὴν διακοίνωσιν, τὴν ὁποίαν σᾶς διευθύνω, καὶ θέλετε μὲ τὸ ἀποδείξει, ἐὰν δεχθῆτε εὐδιάθετοι νὰ μεθέξετε τῶν ἔργων καὶ τοῦ ὑπευθύνου τῆς νέας Προσωρινῆς Κυβερνήσεως.

Αἱ ὑποθέσεις ἐπισωρεύονται· αἱ στιγμαὶ εἶναι πολύτιμοι· σᾶς παρακαλῶ διὰ τοῦτο νὰ σκεφθῆτε περὶ τῆς παρούσης ἐπιστολῆς χωρὶς κἀμμίαν ἀναβολὴν, καὶ νὰ μὲ γνωστοποιήσετε τὴν γνώμην σας ὅσον τάχος.

Παραλείπω νὰ σᾶς ἐνθυμίσω, ὅτι ἤθελεν εἶσθαι ἀναρμοστότατον, νὰ λάβῃ τὸ κοινὸν παραμικρὰν γνῶσιν τῶν μέτρων, τὰ ὁποῖα μετ' ὀλίγον θέλω λάβει, πρὶν φανοῦν εἰς τὰ ὄμματά του ὑπὸ τὴν ὁποίαν σχοπῶ νὰ τὰ παρουσιάσω μορφήν.

Δεχθῆτε τὴν βεβαίωσιν τῆς πρὸς ὑμᾶς ὑπολήψεώς μου.

Ἐν Αἰγίνῃ, τῇ 17 Ἰαννουαρίου 1828.

Ο Κυβερνήτης

Ι. Α. ΚΑΠΟΔΙΣΤΡΙΑΣ.

IV.

Η ΒΟΥΛΗ ΤΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ.

Ἐπειδὴ ὁ παρὰ τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους ἐμπεπιστευμένος σὰς ἡνίας

ἐκ Κυβερνήσεως Κύριος Ἰωάννης Α. Καποδίστριας ἔφθασεν εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα·

Ἐπειδὴ αἱ δειναὶ τῆς πατρίδος περιστάσεις, καὶ ἡ διάρκεια τοῦ πολέμου δὲν ἐσυγχώρησαν, οὔτε συγχωροῦσι τὴν ἐνέργειαν τοῦ ἐν Τροιζῆνι ἐπικυρωθέντος, καὶ ἐκδοθέντος Πολιτικοῦ Συντάγματος καθ' ὅλην αὐτοῦ τὴν ἔκτασιν·

Ἐπειδὴ ἡ σωτηρία τοῦ ἔθνους εἶναι ὁ ὑπέρτατος πάντων τῶν νόμων, καὶ ἐπειδὴ ἡ Βουλὴ ἀνεδέχθη παρὰ τῶν λαῶν τὴν φρόνωσιν τῆς ἑαυτῶν σωτηρίας·

Ἡ Βουλὴ μόνον σκοπὸν ἔχουσα τὸ νὰ σωθῇ ἡ Ἑλλὰς, καὶ ὡς ἱερώτερόν της χρέος θεωροῦσα τοῦτο, καὶ τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους, τοῦ ὁποίου ἐνεπιστεύθη τὴν φρονσίδα·

Καὶ ἐπειδὴ ὁ Κυβερνήτης ἐπρόβαλε σχέδιον μεταβολῆς Διοικήσεως προσωρινῶς·

Ψηφίζει.

Α. Ο Κυβερνήτης μετὰ τῆς Βουλῆς συγκαλοῦσι τὸν Ἑλληνικὸν λαὸν εἰς Εθνικὴν Συνέλευσιν κατὰ τὸν § Δ τῆς ΚΣΓ συνεδριάσεως τῆς ἐν Τροιζῆνι τρίτης Εθνικῆς Συνελεύσεως.

Β. Η Προσωρινὴ Διοίκησις τῆς ἐπικρατείας κανονίζεται κατὰ τὰ ἐφεξῆς ἄρθρα.

(Ἐνταῦθα ακολουθεῖ τὸ ψήφισμα Α ὑπ' ἀριθμ. 4 ὁλόκληρον.)

Γ. Ἀποστίθεται ἡ Βουλὴ τὸ ὁποῖον ἀνέλαβε χρέος τῆς Νομοθετικῆς ἐξουσίας.

Ἐν Αἰγίνῃ τῇ 18 Ἰαννουαρίου 1828.

Ο. Πρόεδρος
Ν. Ῥενιέρης.

V.

Ο ΚΥΒΕΡΝΗΤΗΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ

Διακηρύττει

Πρὸς τοὺς Ἕλληνας.

"Ἐὰν ὁ Θεὸς μεθ' ἡμῶν, οὐδεὶς καθ' ἡμῶν."

Τέλος πάντων εἶμαι ἐν μέσῳ ὑμῶν, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ἀποδίδω χάριτας πρὸς τὸν Ὕψιστον.

Ἡ διάχυσις τῆς ψυχῆς, μὲ τὴν ὁποίαν μὲ ὑπεδέχθητε, καὶ τὰ δείγματα τῆς ἐμπιστοσύνης, μὲ τὰ ὁποῖα εὐαρεστεῖσθε νὰ μὲ περισκυκλῆτε, νύστουν βαθέως τὴν καρδίαν μου. Καὶ δὲν βλέπω τὴν στιγμὴν νὰ Σᾶς δώσω ὅλον ὁλόκληρον τὸ μέτρον τῆς ἀφοσιώσεως καὶ τῆς εὐγνωμοσύνης μου.

Θέλετε τὰ λάβει, ἐλπίζω, εὐθὺς, ἀφοῦ οἱ 'Αντιπρόσωποί Σας, νομίμως καταστα θέντες εἰς 'Εθνικὴν Συνέλευσιν, θέλουν γνωρίσει τὰς διαπραγματεύσεις, τὰς ὁποίας ὀφείλω νὰ κάμω πρὸς αὐτούς.

Τότε θέλετ' ἐμπορέσει νὰ βεβαιωθῆτε, ὅτι τὰ ταξειδιά μου, ὡς καὶ αἱ προσπάθειαί μου, ἀπὸ τὸν Μάϊον μῆνα, εἶχον μόνον καὶ ἐξαίρετον σκοπὸν, νὰ ἐξάξουν τὴν ἀγαπητήν μας Πατρίδα ἀπὸ τὴν ὀλεθρίαν μοναρχὴ θέσιν, εἰς τὴν ὁποίαν εἰσέτι εὑρίσκεται, νὰ τὴν καταστήσουν, ὥστε ν' ἀπολαύῃ χωρὶς ἀργοπορίαν ἐ' ἀγαθὰ, ὅσα τὴν ὑπόσχεται ὁ πρῶτος παράγραφος τοῦ προσθέτου ἄρθρου τῆς ἐν Λονδίνῳ συνθήκης τῶν 6 'Ιουλίου τοῦ παρελθόντος ἔτους, καὶ νὰ τὴν φραμηθεύσουν ἀνόμη χρηματικά τινα μέσα ἐκ μέρους ὅλων ἀνεξαιρέτως τῶν Δυνάμεων, αἵτινες ὑπέγραψαν τὴν συνθήκην αὐτὴν.

Αἱ τιμαὶ τῆς 12 (24) τοῦ παρόντος μηνὸς, ἔχουσαι ἀντικείμενον τὴν σημαίαν Σας, καὶ τὴν καθιέρωσιν τῆς νέας Κυβερνήσεώς Σας, θέλουν Σᾶς ἐνθαρρύνει νὰ πιστεύσετε μεθ' ἡμοῦ, ὅτι, ἐὰν ὁ ἀνωτέρω σκοπὸς δὲν κατωρθώθη ἀκόμη, θέλει κατορθωθῆ τὴν στιγμὴν, καθ' ἣν ἐσωτερικὴ Διοίκησις ἰσχύουσα μόνον διὰ τῶν Νόμων, θέλει δυνηθῆ νὰ Σᾶς διασώσῃ ἀπὸ τὴν φριχτὴν ἀναρχίαν, καὶ οὕτω βαθμηδὸν νὰ Σᾶς ὁδηγήσῃ εἰς τὴν πρόοδον τῆς ἐθνικῆς καὶ πολιτικῆς ἀναγεννήσεώς Σας.

Τότε μόνον θέλετε δυνηθῆ νὰ ἀποδώσετε εἰς τοὺς συμμάχους Μονάρχας τὰ δι' αὐτοὺς ἀπαραίτητα ἐνέχυρα, ὥστε νὰ μὴν ἀμφιβάλλουν πλέον περὶ τῆς ὁδοῦ, τὴν ὁποίαν θέλετε γνωρίσει, καὶ δυνηθῆ νὰ ὁδεύσετε πρὸς ἐκπλήρωσιν τῶν σωτηρίων σκοπῶν, οἵτινες ἐγέννησαν τὴν πρᾶξιν τῆς 6 'Ιουλίου καὶ τὴν εἰς αἰῶνα ἀξιομνημόνευτον ἡμέραν τῆς 8 (20) 'Οκτωβρίου.

Πρὶν τούτου δὲν ἔχετε τὸ δίκαιον νὰ ἐλπίσετε τὰς ὑποίας ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν ὑπεκαλέσθην βοηθείας, οὔτε κἀμμίαν ἄλλην συνδρομὴν, διὰ νὰ δυνηθῆτε νὰ εὕρετε τὰ μέσα νὰ εἰσάξετε τὴν ἐσωτερικὴν εὐταξίαν, καὶ νὰ φυλάξετε τὴν ὑπόληψίν Σας εἰς τὸν ἔξω κόσμον.

Τοιαῦτα συλλογιζόμενος αἰσθάνομαι ζωηρὰν θλῖψιν, ὅτι ἡ ἐν Τροιζῆνι 'Εθνικὴ Συνέλευσις δὲν ἐφωδίασε τὴν Βουλὴν μὲ ἀποχρώσας δυνάμεις, διὰ νὰ ἔχῃ τὴν ἐξουσίαν νὰ κυρώσῃ τὰ μέτρα, ἅτινα ἡ κοινὴ σωτηρία ἀποκαθιστᾷ εἰς τὸ ἐξῆς ἐξ ἀνάγκης κατεπειγούσης ἀπαραίτητα.

Νέα 'Εθνικὴ Συνέλευσις δὲν ἐμπορεῖ νὰ συνέλθῃ πανσελῶς πρὸ τοῦ 'Απριλλίου μηνός. 'Αλλ' ἐν τῷ μεταξὺ τούτῳ ἐξακολουθοῦσα ἡ ἐνεστῶσα κρίσις ἐμπορεῖ νὰ μηδενώσῃ ὅλας τὰς ἐλπίδας Σας, καὶ νὰ ἀποστερήσῃ τοὺς καρποὺς τῶν ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἱεροῦ ἀγῶνος ἀπείρων θυσιῶν, ἀγῶνος, τὸν ὁποῖον μὲ τοσαύτην ἀνδρίαν καὶ καρτερίαν ὑπεστηρίξατε.

Πεπεισμένος, μὲ πόσην ἀνυπομονησίαν ἐπιθυμεῖτε νὰ φθάσετε τοὺς καρποὺς τῶν θυσιῶν τούτων, καὶ νὰ πιστώσετε τὴν προσδοκίαν τῶν συμμάχων Δυνάμεων, ὡς καὶ τὴν ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν πρόνοιαν, μὲ τὴν ὁποίαν ὁ χριστιανικὸς καὶ πολιτισμένος κόσμος Σᾶς τιμᾷ, ἀποφασίζω νὰ Σᾶς προμηθεύσω τὸ κατ' ἐμὲ μόνον μέσον πρὸς τὸν σκοπὸν, συχαλῶν 'Εθνικὴν Συνέλευσιν τὸν 'Απρίλλιον μῆνα, καὶ ἕως τῆς συγκροτήσεως αὐτῆς δεχόμενος σύστημα προσωρινῆς Κυβερνήσεως, θεμελιωμένον ἐν τοσούτῳ ἐπάνω εἰς τὰς βάσεις τῶν πράξεων τῆς 'Επιδαύρου, τοῦ 'Αστρους καὶ τῆς Τροιζῆνος.



Δὲν ἠδύχθην μολαταῦτα τὸ σύστημα τοῦτο, εἰμὴ ἀφοῦ ἔλαβα τὴν γνώμην τῆς Βουλῆς καὶ τῶν μεταξὺ Σας ἐλεύθερα φωτισμένων ἀπὸ τὰ φῶτα τῆς τείρας. Οὔτε βάλλω τοῦτο εἰς ἐπιτέλεσιν χωρὶς τῆς συμπράξεως τοῦ ἑνὸς καὶ τοῦ ἄλλου, καὶ μάλιστα ἐκείνων, οἵτινες διὰ τῶν ψήφων τῶν ἐπαρχιῶν τῆς Ἐπιρρωτείας ἐνέδησαν ἤδη εἰς τὸν ἔντιμον βαθμὸν τῆς πρώτης Ἀρχῆς, ἡ τῆς ἀντιπροσωπείας τοῦ ἔθνους.

Κοινωνοῦντες μετ' ἐμοῦ θέλουν μεθέξει τῶν ἀγώνων καὶ τοῦ ὑπευθύνου μου. Περὶ τούτων δὲ θέλει κρίνει ἡ Ἐθνικὴ Συνέλευσις.

Ὅλη ὁλόκληρος ἡ ζωή μου, τὸ δημόσιον στάδιον, τὸ ὁποῖον διέτρεξα ἐπὶ ἐνὸς τριάκοντα χρόνων, ἡ σύνοια, τὴν ὁποίαν ἐντοῦθεν ἀκήλαυσα εἰς πολλοὺς τῆς Εὐρώπης τόπους, Σᾶς πραμηνύουν, ὅτι ὁ μόνος σκοπὸς τῆς ἀποφάσεως μου ταύτης εἶναι, νὰ καταταχθῆτε τέλος ὑπὸ τὴν αἰγίδα τῶν Νόμων, καὶ νὰ διαφυλαχθῆτε ἀπὸ τὰς ἐλεεινὰς συνεπείας Κυβερνήσεως τυραννικῆς.

Ἐν Αἰγίνῃ τῇ 20 Ἰανουαρίου 1828.

Ὁ Κυβερνήτης

Ι. Α. ΚΑΠΟΔΙΣΤΡΙΑΣ.

VI.

Ο ΚΥΒΕΡΝΗΤΗΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ

Πρὸς ἅπαντας τοὺς Πολεμιστάς.

Μὲ πλήρη πεποίθησιν εἰς τὴν θείαν βοήθειαν ἰδοὺ ἀναδέχομαι τὰς ἡνίας τῆς Ἐθνικῆς Κυβερνήσεως, τὰς ὁποίας αὐτὸ τὸ ἔθνος μ' ἐνεπιστεύθη, καὶ ἀφοσιούμενος εἰς τὴν ἐκπλήρωσιν τῶν ἱερῶν χρεῶν μου, προτίθεμαι μόνον καὶ κύριον σκοπὸν τὴν σωτηρίαν καὶ εὐδαιμονίαν τῆς φίλης Πατρίδος.

Κάνεὶς δὲν ἀμφιβάλλει, ὅτι τῶν νόμων ἡ παγματικὴ ἰσχὺς εἶναι τὸ μόνον, τὸ ὁποῖον θέλει φέρει τὴν ἐσωτερικὴν ἡσυχίαν καὶ εὐταξίαν, καὶ ἐν ταὐτῷ θέλει προμηθεύσει εἰς τὸ ἔθνος τὴν ἐξωτερικὴν ὑπόληψιν. Ἀπαιτεῖται λοιπὸν ἀπὸ μέρους ὅλων ὑμῶν ἀμυτάρρητος ὑποταγὴ καὶ ἀφοσίωσις εἰς τοὺς νόμους, καὶ πρὸς τὰς διαταγὰς τῆς Κυβερνήσεως τελεία εὐπείθεια. Ταῦτα χαρακτηρίζουν τὸν καλὸν Πολίτην.

Εἶμαι πεπεισμένος εἰς τὴν ἀνδρίαν καὶ καρτερίαν σας, καὶ δὲν ἀμφιβάλλω, ὅτι οἱ εἰς τὸ μέλλον ἀγῶνές σας θέλουν ἐπισφραγίσει τὴν δόξαν τῶν μέχρι τοῦδε κατορθωμάτων σας.

Ἀλλὰ τὸ χρέος μου ἀπαιτεῖ νὰ σᾶς προτρέψω πατρικῶς καὶ νὰ σᾶς διατάξω νὰ ἐπιμείνετε εἰς τὰς ὁποίας εὑρίσκεσθε θέσεις μαχόμενοι κατὰ τοῦ ἐχθροῦ ὑπὲρ πατρίδος, καὶ σοσῶς νὰ μὴν ἀπομακρυνθῆτε, προτοῦ λάβετε τὰς ἀναγκαίας διαταγὰς ὅθεν ἀνήκει..

Ἐκπληροῦντες ταῦτα, θέλετε δείξει τὸ πρῶτον δεῖγμα τῆς εἰς τοὺς νόμους ὑποταγῆς καὶ εὐπειθείας σας.

Ὁ ἐπισυναπτόμενος κανονισμὸς θέλει ἀπαντελεῖ τὸ σύστημα τῆς Προσωρινῆς Διοικήσεως, μέχρις ὅτου συγκροτηθῇ ἡ Ἐθνικὴ Συνέλευσις, κατὰ τὸ πνεῦμα τῆς ἤδη ἐκδοθείσης διακηρύξεως, ἀντίτυπα τῶν ὁποίων ἀγκλείονται, διὰ νὰ δημοσιευθῶσιν εἰς ὅλην τὴν περιοχήν.

Ἐν Αἰγίνῃ 20 Ἰανουαρίου 1828.

Ο Κυβερνήτης.

Ἰ. Ἀ. ΚΑΠΟΔΙΣΤΡΙΑΣ.

VII.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL MODERN GREEK WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS —COLLECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE LECTURES OF IAKOBAKES RIZOS.

ALEXANDRIDES.—History of Ancient Greek Literature.

BULGARES.—Eulogies of the Saints—Funeral Orations—Theological Conversations on the Pentateuch—Thoughts of Philosophers, or The Origin of Natural Philosophy—Translation of the Æneid into Greek verse.

CALBOS.—Odes.

CHRISTOPOULOS.—Odes and Songs—An Æolico-Doric Grammar, intended to prove that the modern Greek is a composition of the Æolic and Doric dialects of the ancient.

CHRYSOBELONES.—A Treatise on Logic and Moral Philosophy.

KORAES (CORAY.)—Translation of Beccaria's "Crimes and Punishments," with notes and prolegomena—A Treatise on the Present State of Civilization in Greece, and other political essays—Greek Library, or Collection of ancient Greek Writers, with copious notes and prolegomena.

KYPRIANOS (CYPRIEN.)—History of Cyprus.

DARVARES.—Introduction to the Knowledge of Man—Grammar of the vulgar Greek.

DIONYSAKES.—History of Wallachia.

DOUKAS.—Grammar of the ancient Greek, entitled *Terpsithea*. He is at present employed in translating Homer into modern Greek verse.

GAZES.—History of ancient Greek Literature.

MAUROKORDATOS (ALEXANDROS.)—Treatise on the Circulation of the Blood—History of the Jews from the time of Abraham to the middle of the seventeenth century—A Grammar—A Treatise on Logic—Do. on Rhetoric—Do. on Metaphysics—Odes and patriotic Songs—Apologues and Epistles in verse.

MAUROUDES.—A poem called "The Dream, or The Death of Maria Ghikas."



MELETIOS.—Ecclesiastical History.

MESIODAX.—Moral Philosophy.

PALIOURES.—History of ancient Greece.

PAPADOPOULOS OF CORFU.—History of the War between the Russians and Turks, (1770.)

PERREBOS.—History of Souli and Parga.

PHILIPPIDES.—History of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia.

PIKKOLOS.—A Tragedy on the Death of Demosthenes—Paraphrase of the Philoctetes of Sophocles.

PSALIDAS.—Perfect Happiness, or The Foundations of Religion and Morals.

RIGAS.—A popular work on Physics—Odes and War Songs.

RIZOS (IAKOBAKES.)—Aspasia, a Tragedy—Polyxena, do.—The New Patois of the Learned, a Comedy—The Rape of the Turkey, a burlesque Poem—History of the Invasion of Moldavia by Ypsilantes—Lectures on Modern Greek Literature.

SALOMOS OF ZANTE.—Odes, &c.

THEOTOKES.—A Geography—A course of Mathematics—Defence of the New Testament against Voltaire—Commentaries on sundry books of the Old Testament—Elements of Natural Philosophy.

TYANITES—The *Bosporomachia*, or Contention between the two shores of the Boephorus, a Poem.

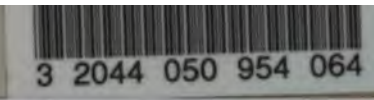
VATATZES.—History of the Expedition of Nadir-Shah against the Moguls—unpublished.

YPSILANTES (ATHANASAKES.)—History of Greece and Turkey, from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks to the middle of the eighteenth century—unpublished—History of the Lower Empire.

ZABIRAS.—History of Modern Greek Literature.



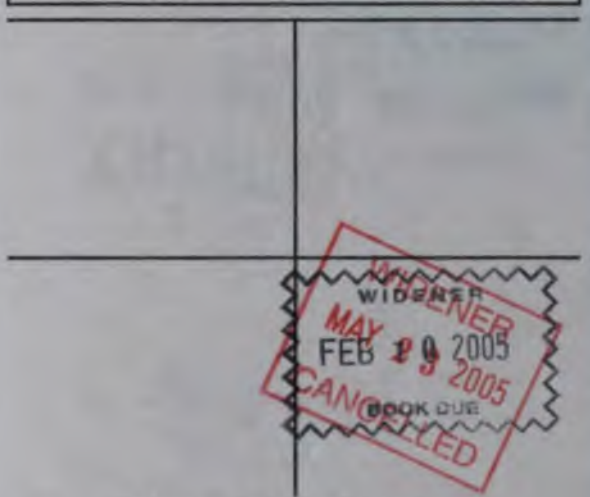



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